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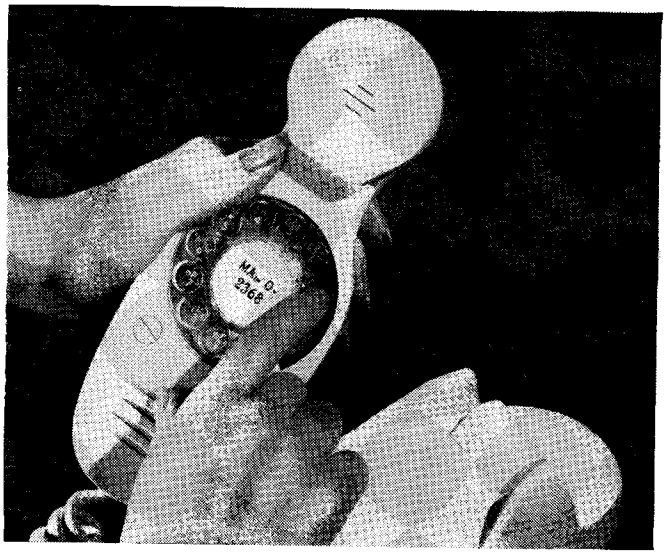

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DECEMBER

ATLANTIC

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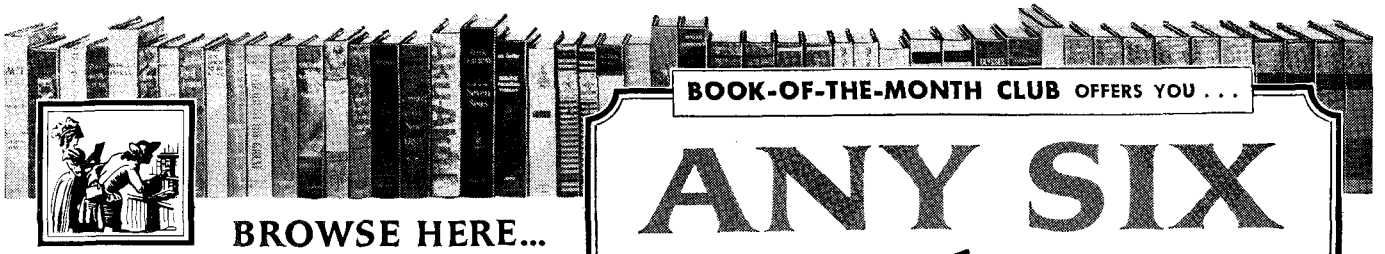

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SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

RESTING on the floor of a hangar at Princeton's Forrestal Laboratory, the Air Scooter looks like a bicycle growing out of a giant white mushroom cap. Mounting the dome, you climb gingerly into the saddle and grip the handle bars. The tiny engine roars like the power mower next door as it spins a miniature propeller. Suddenly you feel a lift, and you are drifting across the room as light as thistledown, a few inches off the floor.

This brand-new kind of vehicle neither rolls on the earth nor flies through the heavens. It operates on a device so new that there is still no agreement on what to call it — "ground effect system," "free air suspension system," "air-cushioned car," "peripheral jet vehicle."

These floating discs are of burning interest to aviation engineers — not that most of them can offer anything spectacular in practical transportation right now. As the Air Scooter's designer, Tom Sweeney, and his chief, Professor Courtland Perkins, hasten to tell you, you are not likely to do much scooting on their machine. Built of airplane fabric stretched over an eight-foot metal frame, the vehicle is steered by the seat of the pants and moves at a scant 10 mph. But it can do one thing remarkably well: weighing only 130 pounds and powered by a 5-horsepower chain-saw engine, the Air Scooter can lift three grown men (700 pounds), fifteen times the load lifted by a helicopter of the same power.

Both the eight-foot scooter and a larger, twenty-foot model are designed primarily for study of the phenomenon that makes this lift possible — ground effect. Long known to aeronautical engineers but little studied until two years ago, ground effect is today being investigated not only by Princeton but by every big aircraft manufacturer in the United States, as well as at least one major auto company, the U.S. Army and Navy, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and a variety of researchers in Europe.

Air-cushion lift

Helicopters, flying jeeps, and vertical take-off aircraft all can move straight up, but only by brute power of propeller or jet. Ground-effect vehicles take advantage of the earth's surface to multiply their lift.

The principle is simple. If a cushion of air can be trapped between the bottom of a vehicle and the ground, the air's natural resistance to compression will keep the vehicle floating in space with a relatively small output of energy. It will not rise very far, for the higher it goes, the easier it is for the air cushion to escape. The maximum altitude is figured theoretically at one to one-and-a-half times the diameter of the vehicle. In practice, the limit is considerably lower because the power demand rises rapidly with rise in altitude. Current experimental vehicles rise only a few inches.

All ground-effect vehicles create the cushion by sucking in air through the top with a fan or propeller and blowing it out the bottom. Experts differ on the best way to do this. In one method, a large column of air is continually blown out through the open bottom of the vehicle, which maintains a cushion by pushing the air in as fast as it leaks out around the edges (usually curtained to reduce such loss). Altitude is increased by increasing the flow of air.

The other basic approach, taken at Princeton, uses the annular, or peripheral, jet. In this case, the bottom of the vehicle is closed but ringed by vents that send jets of air slanting down, in, and under. These jets form a pressure curtain that

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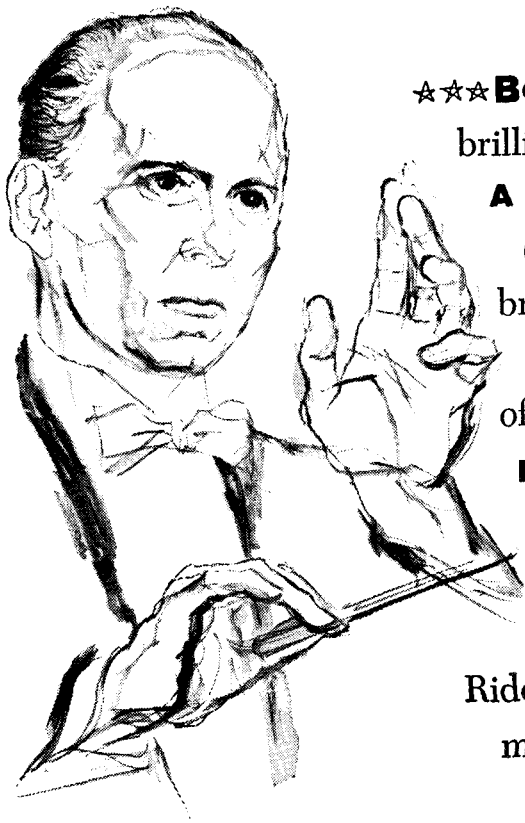

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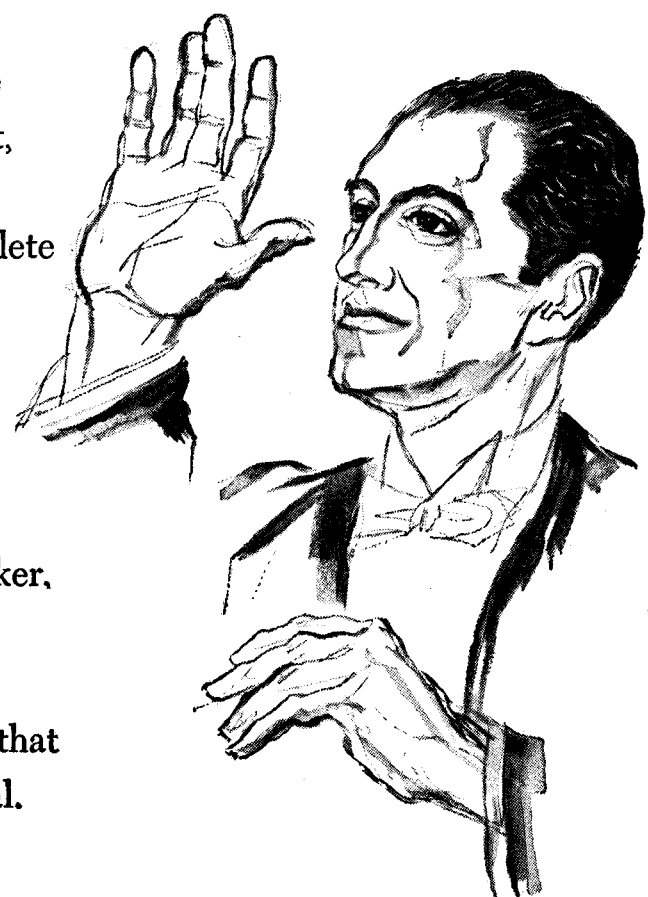

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traps an inert cushion of air under the vehicle. The annular jet can lift a heavier load per horsepower than the open-bottom type.

Curtiss-Wright's Air-Car

Principal example of the open-bottom type is Curtiss-Wright's 300-horsepower Air-Car, the only ground-effect vehicle actually scheduled for commercial production. Curtiss-Wright has demonstrated a twenty-one- by eight-foot prototype, weighing 2800 pounds with four passengers.

Fans on top suck in air to provide approximately a one-tenth-pound pressure per square inch under the vehicle. The Air-Car is designed to travel over unobstructed terrain six to twelve inches off the ground. Release of low-pressure, low-velocity air through louvers in the shell can either propel the car in any direction or brake it. Curtiss-Wright says it can climb a 6 per cent grade and reach a speed of 60 mph.

British Hovercraft

The rival peripheral-jet system is used in what is probably the most spectacular of the ground-effect vehicles, the British Hovercraft. Designed for overwater travel by inventor Christopher Cockrell, an experimental Hovercraft carried a three-man crew across the English Channel last summer in a cloud of spray. The craft, built by Saunders Roe, is a thirty- by twenty-foot oval with a broad, squat intake funnel in the center and a two-seat cabin on the forward end.

A 435-horsepower engine provides air for both the lifting jets and the propulsion jets, ducted to the stern. The inventor is working to increase its 25-knot speed fivefold and boost the lift from twelve to eighteen inches. Some observers question how the Hovercraft would behave in really rough water, but its inventor confidently predicts that it would ride triumphantly above the wave crests.

Ford's Levacar

Another variation of ground effect is used in the only vehicle developed — or, at least, announced — by an auto company, Ford's Levacar. On the underside of this 450-pound, five-foot vehicle are three "levapads" — seven-inch discs that eject air downward at pressure of fifty pounds per square inch. The car rides a quarter of an inch off the ground and therefore can make its 15-mph run only on a smooth test track. Ford engineers believe the Levacar's future is in track or monorail systems, where the air bearing would eliminate friction, permitting speeds of several hundred miles an hour.

Recently Ford has been testing a model of a low-wing plane, designed by Vertol Aircraft, in which a portion of the air stream from the propeller is ducted to peripheral jets set around the wing edges. The ground-effect lift produced beneath the wings would enable the plane to rise a few feet from the ground before starting its regular take-off. On landing, the device would permit the pilot to hover before touching down.

Certainly there is an imposing list of sticky problems to be mastered before ground-effect vehicles can become important in the transportation field. Better horizontal propulsion systems are needed. Will low-pressure air jets counteract a strong cross wind? Steering is difficult. Stability is an untried factor: How will an air-cushioned vehicle behave aerodynamically at 100 miles an hour? What about dust or spray kicked up by the downward blast of air?

Undeterred by such difficulties, ground-effect enthusiasts envisage a tremendous future for their dream boats. Ferry service is an obvious application. The Navy would like to use ground-effect craft for sub hunters and amphibious assault boats. The army sees in aerial suspension a possibility of finding vehicles that could carry ground troops over the roughest countryside at highway speeds.

Curtiss-Wright visualizes its Air-Car's operating as a bus or truck over unpaved roads made by simply running a scraper across the countryside. Carl Weiland, the Swiss inventor, talks of 350,000-ton vehicles crossing the ocean eight feet above the waves.

Automatic robots

A new automatic machine is designed to bring the advantages of automation to short-run operations. Called the TransfeRobot, it performs the simple repetitive motions normally done in manufacture or assembly by an unskilled worker. Relatively low-cost, it can be used for a wide variety of production jobs and can be quickly and easily reset for a new routine.

According to its manufacturer, Robodyne Division of U.S. Industries, the TransfeRobot can pick up, put down, hold, and transfer parts and subassemblies, it can hold and operate a variety of tools, and it can operate other machines, such as presses or riveters.

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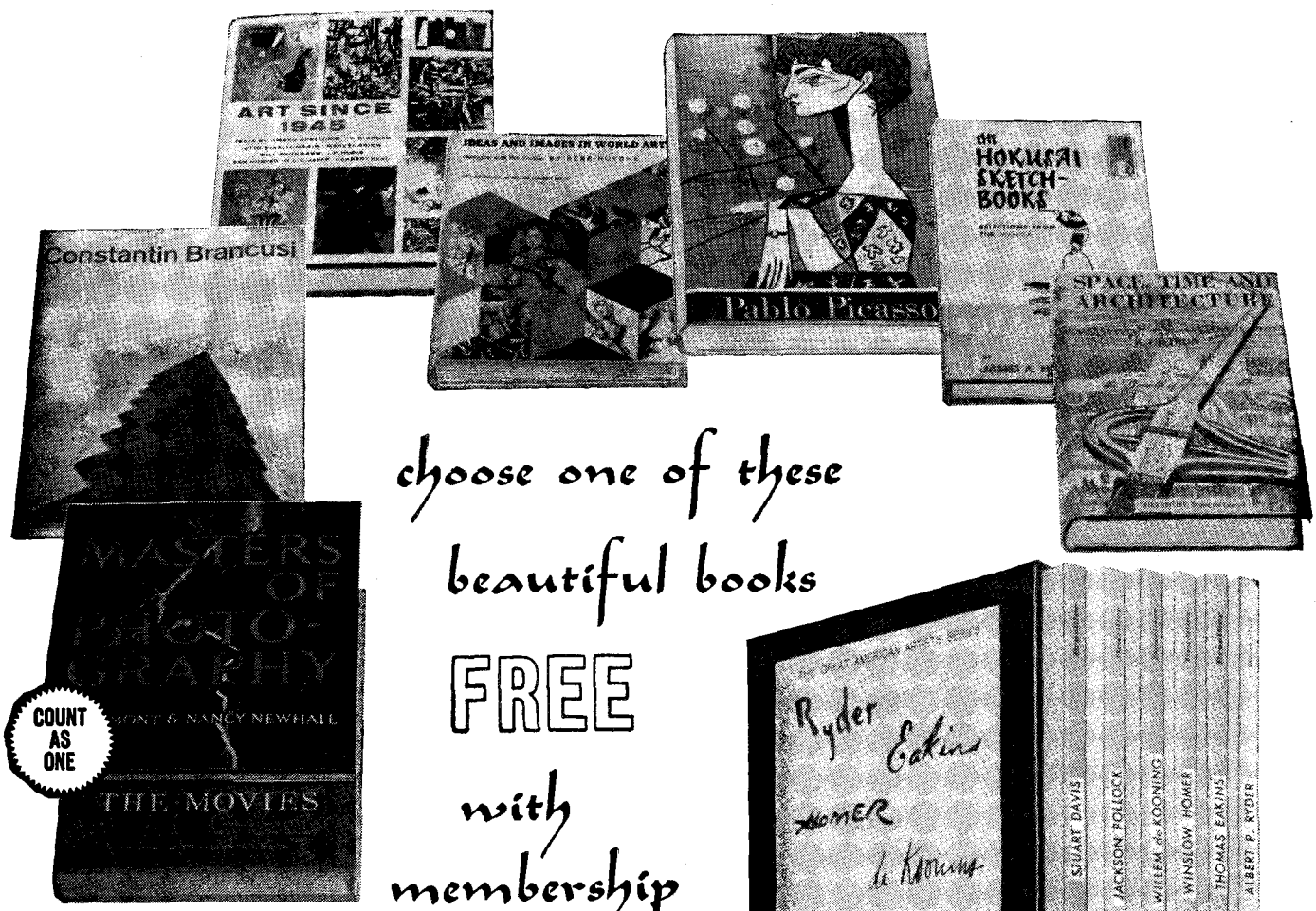

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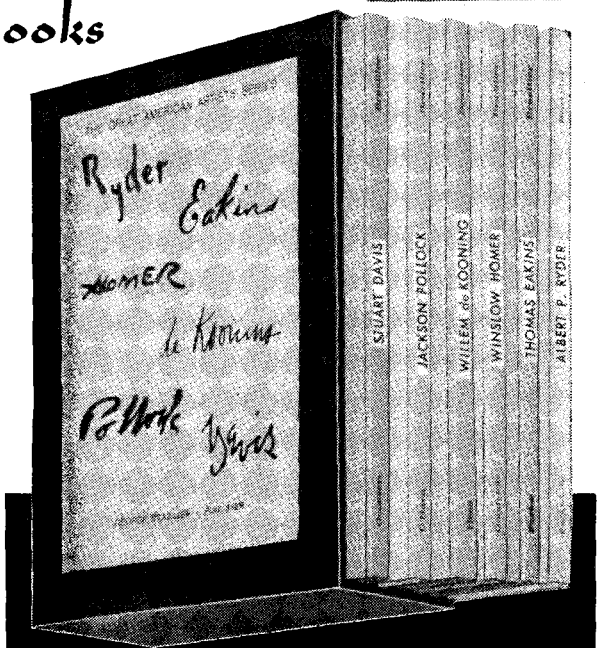

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SIC TRANSIT

It saddens us to hear that Latin—never a dead language in spite of all the efforts to kill it—is fast disappearing from school curricula everywhere, that even Oxford and Cambridge, those citadels of classical education, are thinking about dropping Latin from their list of entrance requirements.

No more will schoolboys learn to decline *hic haec hoc* and conjugate *fero ferre tuli latus*. No more will they conquer the Gauls with Caesar, prosecute Catiline with Cicero, escape from burning Troy with Virgil's Aeneas. It begins to look as if future generations won't even know the meaning of *tempus fugit* and *e pluribus unum*, of *semper paratus* and *veni vidi vici* — let alone the footnoters' favorites, *i.e.*, *e.g.*, and *ibid.* A sad state of affairs indeed!

If there is a moral here, it is probably something about the law of supply and demand in action. Latin is something like the companies of a half century ago that manufactured trolley cars and buttonhooks, kerosene lamps and ladies' bustles. They went out of business eventually because no one wanted what they made.

History repeats itself all the time. There are companies in business today whose products, however high in quality, will not always be in demand, companies that will some day go out of business because of their failure to develop new products and new markets. There's a lesson here for investors: Be sure the companies in which you own stock are managed by men who are alert and aggressive and forward-looking.

Remember, there is no rule that says a share-owner, like a sea captain, must stay with his ship.

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Science and Industry

TransfeRobot does all this with an arm which electric servos move up and down, in and out, and around in a four-foot circle. Tipped by a hand with eight fingers — four pairs of tonglike grippers on the underside of a rotating disk — the arm is mounted on a box containing the electronic controls. Once the sequence and duration of arm movements have been established, they are recorded on a template that serves as a memory to control the switches in the required order automatically. The machine can be programed and tooled without special training in about thirty minutes by the same foreman who would instruct an unskilled worker.

The TransfeRobot can be used not only for actual production but for such jobs as assembling, inspection, and packaging. Robodyne expects to find its principal market in plants with short to medium production runs, of from 5000 to 50,000 units. The machine will sell for less than $10,000.

Strip tubing

Most of the space in a carload of pipe is taken up by the holes. To save this waste space, a new kind of pipe can be squeezed flat and shipped as a long roll of metal ribbon and inflated at the site. Called Strubing by its developer, Wolverine Tube, the strip tubing can be made of a number of metals. It can be as small as a pencil lead or big enough to walk through, with walls as thin as household foil or as thick as conventional pipes.

Hydraulic pressure — for some sizes even tap water has push enough — air pressure, or mechanical methods can be used to restore the pipe to shape. Besides a wide range of conventional uses, Wolverine suggests that the strip tube might be inserted into a leaky pipe and then inflated, thus forming an inner tube. Wolverine makes the tubing by first producing conventional piping and then cold-rolling it flat, which lengthens the tube but leaves the inside diameter the same. Strubing is expected to be in production by the first of the year.

A somewhat similar tubing produced in Russia is not cold-rolled but made from hollow cast ingots, which are heated and flattened between rollers. The Russians have made flat tubing in both steel and aluminum — the latter more costly than steel but lighter and cheaper to ship and more corrosion resistant. The Russians have already laid six experimental aluminum-ribbon pipelines to carry gas and oil.

Diesel outboards

Diesel engines have been used in ships for fifty years. Until recently their great weight and high cost have limited them to large vessels. Now, however, a diesel has been designed for the smallest powercraft afloat, the outboard.

The American Marc 10 will make its debut in a 7.5-horsepower model that is said to be able to carry without loss of speed three times the load of a gasoline engine of similar capacity. A one-cylinder, two-piston opposed engine, the Marc 10 has the traditionally simple design of all diesels — no magneto, spark plugs, carburetor, valves, rocker arms, cam shafts, or push rods. Because it burns only diesel oil, fire hazard is reduced, and the fuel costs only about two fifths as much per gallon as gasoline. Fuel consumption is said to be one half that of a comparable gasoline engine. The compression ratio is twenty to one.

The weight problem that has hampered the development of small diesels in the past — they must be strong enough to stand very high compression ratios — is apparently solved in the Marc 10 by a combination of good design and extensive use of aluminum. The Marc 10 weighs 90 pounds, considerably more than the 67 pounds of a typical 10-horsepower gasoline outboard but still light enough to be handled. At the same time, it is said to be so rugged that it will outlast a gasoline engine six to one. Starting — another difficult problem, resulting from high compression — is made easy with an electric starter. The Marc 10 will cost between $350 and $450 and is scheduled by the manufacturer, American Marc Inc., to go into production in January.

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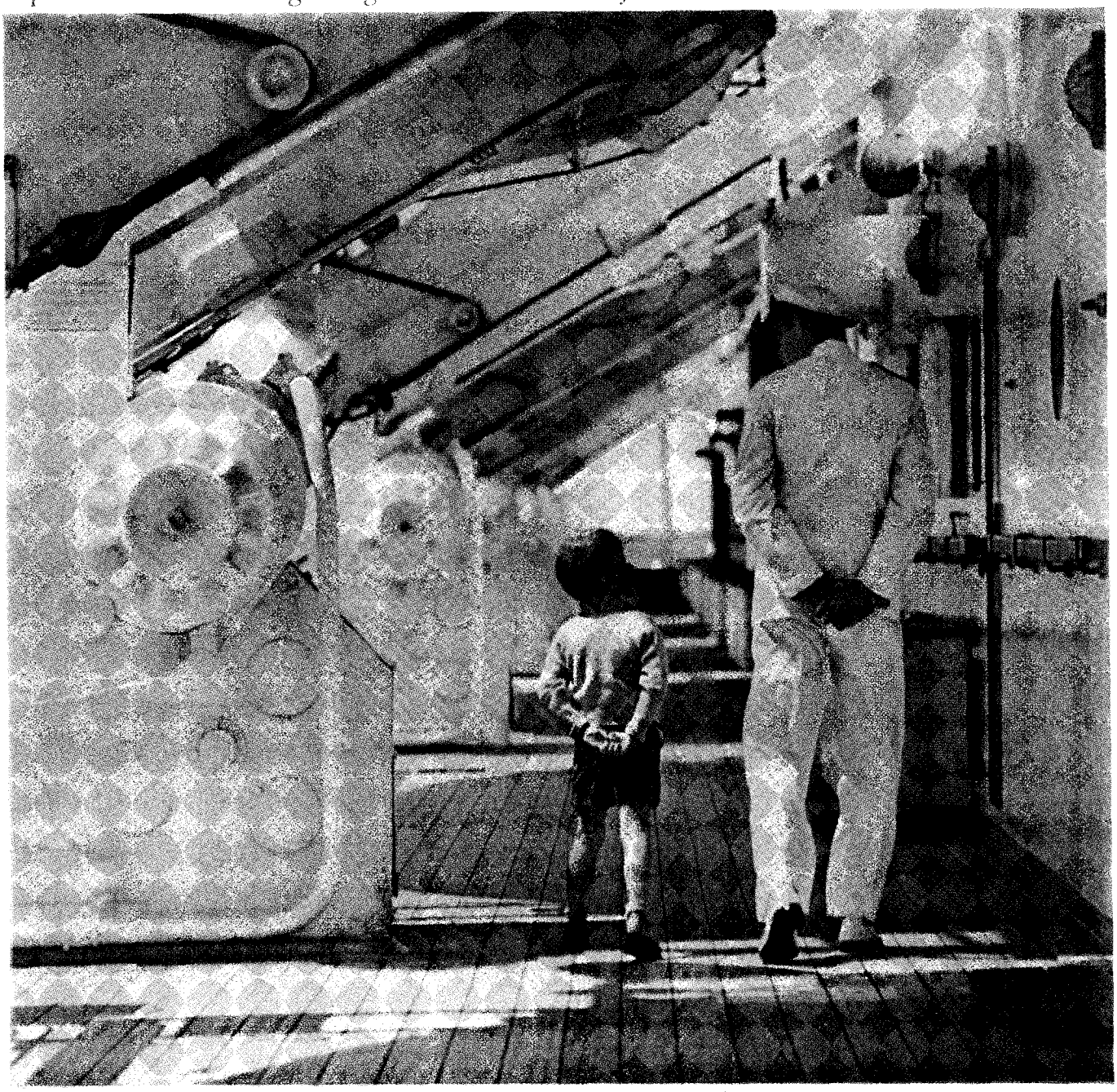

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The Atlantic Report CUBA

In the rosy dawn of the twentieth century, the United States took possession of Spain's principal island colonies: in the Pacific, the Philippines, and in the Caribbean, Puerto Rico and Cuba. American forces were welcomed by gentlemen planters in peaceful Puerto Rico, but in Cuba the Roughriders joined crusty veterans of a decade of rebellion in routing those Spanish soldiers who somehow had managed to avoid the deadly yellow fever.

During the sixty years since then, the two former Spanish colonies have pursued notably different courses. Puerto Ricans remained under American governors until after World War II, when they developed their own self-governing, free, and American-associated state. The Cubans quickly became sovereign and, with and without U.S. assistance, they went from dictator to tyrant and from revolution to rebellion until this year, when, after some four centuries, they started to reorganize the colonial social order.

The Cubans never have had workable self-government. They record as benefactors tyrants who build roads and steal about half the public treasury. Such a tyrant was President Fulgencio Batista. He improved the Havana landscape, building a long-needed tunnel under the bay. Graft was limited and regularized, though in these expansive years it was impressive — for the Batista clan, hundreds of millions of dollars. But until he was challenged, Batista was listed as a reasonably civilized dictator. Then he imitated his predecessors.

Batista's bullies tortured, mutilated, and murdered in a regime imposed upon Cuba by the army. Batista thus defended himself for some six years against a rebellion proclaimed by Fidel Castro Ruz, a twenty-seven-year-old lawyer, a first-generation Cuban of Spanish descent, the idolized son of an exceedingly religious and wealthy family. Castro, now thirty-three, is the leader of Cuba's revolutionary movement, Prime Minister, and the most popular, powerful figure on the island — and possibly in its history.

Batista escaped on January 1, 1959, during the astonishing day when his demoralized army fell apart, leaving nothing to stop Castro. So sudden and unexpected was Batista's collapse that his final communiqué, announcing the rout of Castro's militia, was widely accepted and published abroad and read to the accompaniment of radio bulletins broadcasting Castro's victory.

Castro's miracle

The victory was difficult to comprehend. Cuba had been fairly prosperous; the booming tourist trade had paid for a glittering surface on a rather firm economy. Cuba's military forces were armed and trained by an expert United States military mission suffering only from one professional ailment — the inability or unwillingness to see that *your* army can be licked by *their* militia.

There was another type of blindness in Washington: Cubans, like others, had been advancing politically and culturally. The shamefulness of life without dignity in a politically contrived cesspool was being felt more deeply and invoked increasingly strong reactions. Washington had not accurately estimated the great power of the forces corralled by Castro. They included only a scattering from the proletariat of Havana and other towns. Organized labor was afraid, cynical, perhaps even satisfied with Batista. The unlettered peasants were mostly cautious. Many Cubans of all classes could remember scars received when their parents, family, or clan jumped a little too quickly onto a hearse they mistook for a bandwagon.

Castro's forces, moreover, were ridiculous. Castro and his followers had come from Mexico in an overcrowded yacht, and only a handful of his men survived the landing and a flight into the mountains. His supporters became more numerous, but they were vastly outnumbered and outgunned, even at the end. Batista's forces had what the Pentagon sold him, including an air force. Castro had what he could smuggle in. Friends helped, planes and small ships arrived, but until he captured the army's superior equipment he was

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severely handicapped. He never, as a rebel, succeeded in organizing a revolutionary strike, and the most his associates could accomplish in Havana were courageous but ineffective acts of sabotage and terrorism.

For all these reasons, Castro's victory seemed miraculous, especially to those who conceive of revolutions as proletarian, sparked by depressions and empty stomachs in the wake of defeat in war, when the armed forces of a nation are helpless. Castro, a rich lawyer of the upper class, backed by the sons and daughters of Cuba's middle class and financed by Cubans living in the United States, liquidated a rather prosperous regime which had fought no war, which had the backing of the United States, a sound currency, and at least the passive support of organized labor.

Cuba decides to go it alone

Castro's revolution retained at the start of his government the active support of all those Americans who find thieving *caudillos* nauseating. Puerto Rico's Governor Muñoz Marin urged patience and cooperation with Castro. His voice was respected in the State Department. U.S. recognition of the Castro government was prompt. Former Costa Rican President José Figueres, who had flown arms to Castro, came to Cuba to offer advice. American journalists wrote articles lauding Castro.

But Castro openly insulted Figueres and ignored Muñoz Marin. In July, a Cuban air force major, Pedro Luis Diaz Lanz, who had gone over to Castro's rebels, deserted the Castro government and testified against it in the United States. Castro's President, Manuel Urrutia, then called Diaz a traitor, denounced Senator James O. Eastland's subcommittee for publicizing the traitor's views — that Castro was Communist — and declared, "We have absolutely nothing to do with Communists." Then Urrutia added, "The Communists have injured our country . . . they seek a second front . . . they attack the United States." He promptly was forced out

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of the presidency, charged with having invited U.S. intervention and with "immoral" conduct — that is, accepting too much salary and living too well.

On the sixth anniversary of his initial abortive strike against Batista, Castro returned himself to power before a roaring million in Havana's Civic Plaza. The crowd, with their machetes, had been assembled for his benefit; he had reconsidered after resigning to force out Urrutia. "Our symbol now is the machete!" he cried. "Let our critics abroad beware when they mouth calumnies against us."

The removal of Urrutia, his replacement by Osvaldo Dorticos — the revolution's theoretician — the mob scene, and the Castro challenge signaled a readiness to proceed with the remaking of Cuba at top speed and by force.

The second half of 1959 thus has been filled with the turmoil of Cuba's reformation. It is as if Castro decided on July 26, when he accepted the machete mandate, that Cuba was to go it alone. One of the signs was Castro's refusal to see the new American ambassador, Philip Bonsal, the State Department's specialist in neighboring revolutionary regimes, who had forwarded a softly worded note questioning Cuba's right to take away property from Americans without giving adequate compensation.

Bonsal finally saw Castro, after publicly threatening reprisals should he be kept waiting too long. There is no evidence that he succeeded in removing the men or the policies which caused the U.S. chief of naval operations, Admiral Arleigh Burke, to state in July: "The Communists will take over in Cuba."

There is abundant evidence, however, that Fidel Castro never has been and is not a Communist or a dupe, although his brother, Raul, and his Argentine associate, Ernesto Guevara, may secretly belong to the party.

After Castro had been pardoned and released from a Batista military prison, he organized his invasion of Cuba in Mexico, and he toured U.S. cities to raise funds from Cubans. No one suggested that any Communist taint existed, and anti-Communist Cubans, living in exile, contributed to his war chest.

When he was back in Cuba, after an unlucky, mishandled landing, he failed to get support from recognizable Cuban Communists. The labor unions, for instance, did not help him at all. As Castro approached victory, a clandestine Communist publication pointedly asked why he thought his two calls for general strikes against Batista had failed. Their answer: because Castro had rejected Communists.

The Comrades reappear

After Castro's victory, the Comrades rose to the surface with their Partida Socialista Popular, seizing possession — though they were later dislodged — of union headquarters and publishing their newspaper, *Hoy*. The party's leaders, Blas Roca, Lazaró Peña, and Juan Marinello, reappeared. Castro reportedly referred to them as "harmless old reactionaries." In May, they were visited by Vadim Kotchergin of Moscow, a Soviet "trade union delegate." The deputy director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Service, General C. P. Cabell, told an American Legion group in August that Kotchergin had brought "guidance on how to penetrate and exploit the government of Fidel Castro. The Party's primary targets," said Cabell, "are the agrarian reforms, trade unions, and the army."

These institutions, and the University of Havana, certainly are not now in the hands of the middle classes, from whence Castro originally drew his most effective revolutionary fighters, conspirators, and contributors. A dean and a professor resigned in October from the university faculty. Their statements hinted strongly that Communists had taken over the student body and were running the university. Many trade unions came under open or disguised Communist command, as they were under Batista.

Ernesto Guevara, the Argentine who joined Castro in Mexico after

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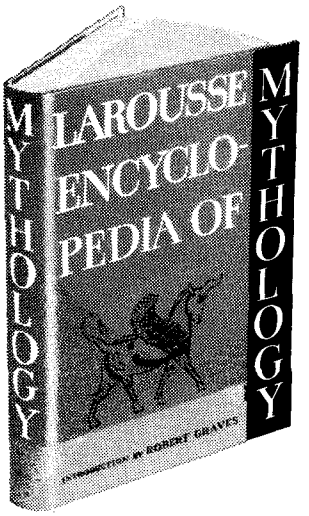

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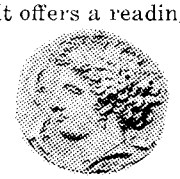

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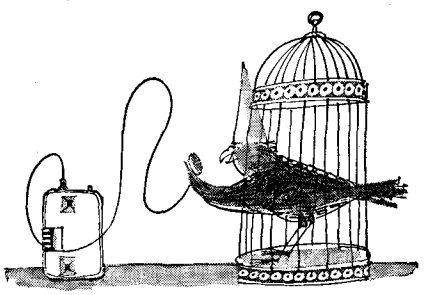

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Report on Cuba

serving under the ousted left-wingers of Guatemala, in September was awarded the industrial division of the Agrarian Reform Institute, the organization designed to remake Cuban society in a hurry. Guevara has denied Communist membership. He is avowedly anti-American and obviously a Marxist.

The announcement of Guevara's appointment was linked to the investigation of a Batista concession to an American company, Moa Bay Mining, of Cuba's nickel and cobalt mines and oil refineries, valued at $75 million to $85 million, granted while Earl E. T. Smith, a New York–Florida broker, was the American ambassador in Havana. (Smith succeeded Arthur Gardner, Batista's warm friend, in July, 1957.) Revision or cancellation of this concession may be accompanied by nationalization of large Anglo-American petroleum-processing firms, all as part of the agrarian reform.

The reform law sets a 999-acre limit on farms and a 3333-acre limit on ranches, the excess to be expropriated with bonds as compensation at values previously fixed by the owners for taxation purposes. The minimum per family is set at 67 acres, with the distribution to the landless to be made from the acquired lands. Share-cropping is banned and cooperative farming encouraged around government farm machinery centers.

The current Cuban pattern is to issue bonds, bearing 4½ per cent interest and maturing in twenty years, in payment for acquired properties. An issue valued at $100 million was authorized in September. Gold shipments were halted earlier, and currency transactions have been controlled since the take-over; Batistianos fled with much Cuban currency, which they sold at cut rates to speculators who sought to reintroduce the tainted money into Cuba at a profit.

Firms and properties acquired under Batista through graft and kickbacks were also seized. They included hotels, air lines, investment firms, and construction engineering firms, some American operated.

Power through force

Castro maintains his unquestioned popularity via television, but his power rests on his armed forces. The Defense Minister is brother Raul, and Camilo Cienfuegos was militia army chief, until his disappearance in late October. Under Raul are some 33,000 men and boys: 9000 called national policemen; 6000 in the navy; and 18,000 in the militia army.

The army's purge of 9000 this fall is charged against economy, but it could be political — the removal of men considered unreliable by Raul's commissars. A more politically reliable army well may be needed if Castro carries out his threat to jail for up to three years those wealthy Cubans who continue to live as they have been living for decades. A major part of the austerity program is high tariffs to halt the importation of luxury goods.

The executions — about 550 Cubans have been shot by firing squads — are a major cause of the misunderstanding between Cubans and Americans. No American could uphold them. Yet most Cubans, whether for or against Castro, approved. On the day Raul Castro had some seventy-five men shot and killed near Santiago, the Havana magazine *Bohemia* published hundreds of photographs showing victims of torture, mutilation, and cold-blooded shooting by Batista's policemen and soldiers. The publication said 20,000 Cubans had died in this way since 1952. And this reflected reality for the Cuban people, who seem to believe that there was a conspiracy to hide their sufferings under Batista and to accuse them unjustly of barbaric revenge under Castro.

There does exist a difference between what we know and what they know of their island society. For sixty years our association has been close; in the jet age, it is connubial. We have ruled out armed intervention in Cuba, a right we once reserved exclusively for ourselves. Only cooperation can replace the marines. If the Communists are tricking Fidel Castro, he must be made to see it

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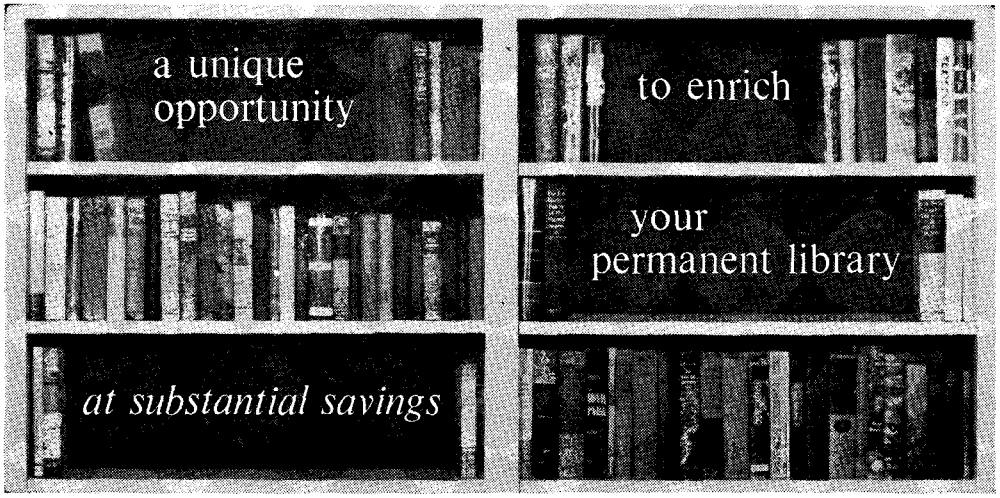

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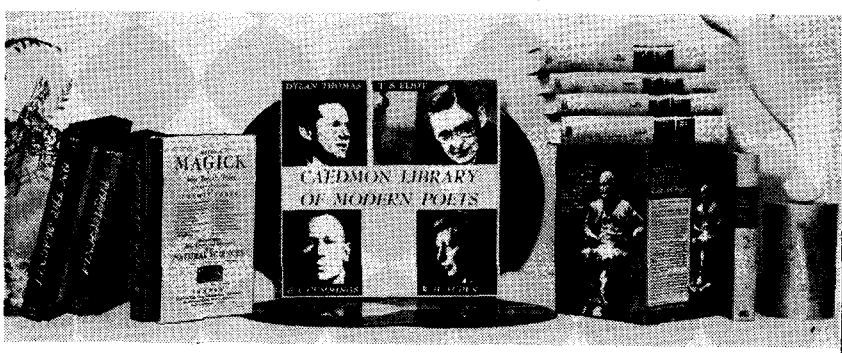

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The Atlantic Report WASHINGTON

BEFORE Khrushchev reached Washington, one of the candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination commented that, if his party was not careful, the Republicans would end up by tagging it with the "war party" label once again — and with disastrous results, the senator thought. After Khrushchev had come and gone, that seemed even more likely. For, if Khrushchev had any public response in his whirlwind tour of the United States, it was to his peace theme, to the idea that the two great powers had no escape from somehow living together on this shrinking planet.

Of the potential Democratic nominees, only Adlai Stevenson publicly embraced the Eisenhower approach during Khrushchev's visit. Senator Humphrey — though he launched his own campaign after his famous Kremlin talk with Khrushchev — and Senators Kennedy, Johnson, and Symington, as well as California's Governor Brown, have all taken a cautious approach.

In reality this makes a great deal of sense, for the meeting at Camp David solved none of the East-West issues. Considering what Khrushchev calls "the accumulations of the Cold War years," it is not easy to come to agreement in a hurry. Considering, too, the quick collapse of the "spirit of Geneva" a few months after the 1955 Summit Conference, the United States cannot afford to relax in the glow of the "spirit of Camp David."

The peace plank

Some political leaders in Washington take the cynical view that the 1960 campaign will be plagued by pie-in-the-sky talk or by hints of tax reductions and other pleasant dreams which will materialize if only *this* or *that* candidate is selected to deal with the Communists. This doubtless is a danger, and once one party has a try at it, it will be next to impossible for the other to resist.

On the Republican side, Vice President Nixon seems to consider himself in an ideal position. He was associated in the public mind with the Eisenhower invitation to Khrushchev; and, after his own trip to Russia, his stock rose in the Gallup poll — and so did that of the GOP as the party best able to keep the peace. On the other hand, Nixon took a wary view of the meaning of the Khrushchev visit, and to anyone who thought he was going soft on the Communists he could cite the harsh words spoken about him by the Soviet Premier.

Nonetheless, Nixon's challenger, Governor Rockefeller, managed to find a position on the Khrushchev affair even more cautious than Nixon's. He did this first at the Governors' Conference in Puerto Rico, before Khrushchev arrived in Washington. Rockefeller is reported to have told the President privately of his reservations about the exchange of visits with the Premier, though he was careful not to snub Khrushchev in New York, where he paid a call on him. But he followed that with a speech calling for caution in trade dealings with the Soviet Union.

The trouble for all the would-be candidates of both parties in trying to figure out how to run on a peace platform is that they do not have control of the peace plank. The other end of the plank, alas, is in Khrushchev's hands, and no one can tell when he might choose to yank it.

Disarmament talks

After the Camp David talks, the American experts in Soviet affairs were impressed by the way Khrushchev promptly carried out his part of the bargain in removing the threat to Berlin. They were considerably more impressed by the way Khrushchev publicly lectured his Red Chinese allies in Peking about not attempting to test the United States by force of arms. But they will be very much surprised if the spirit of Camp David does not receive severe strain from some careless word or phrase uttered in Moscow or Washington, with the other side answering back in kind.

There is no reason to think that a Summit conference or any other East-West conclave can quickly resolve any of the issues now outstanding. Washington observers think that an agreement on a nuclear test ban may not be far off, but that has

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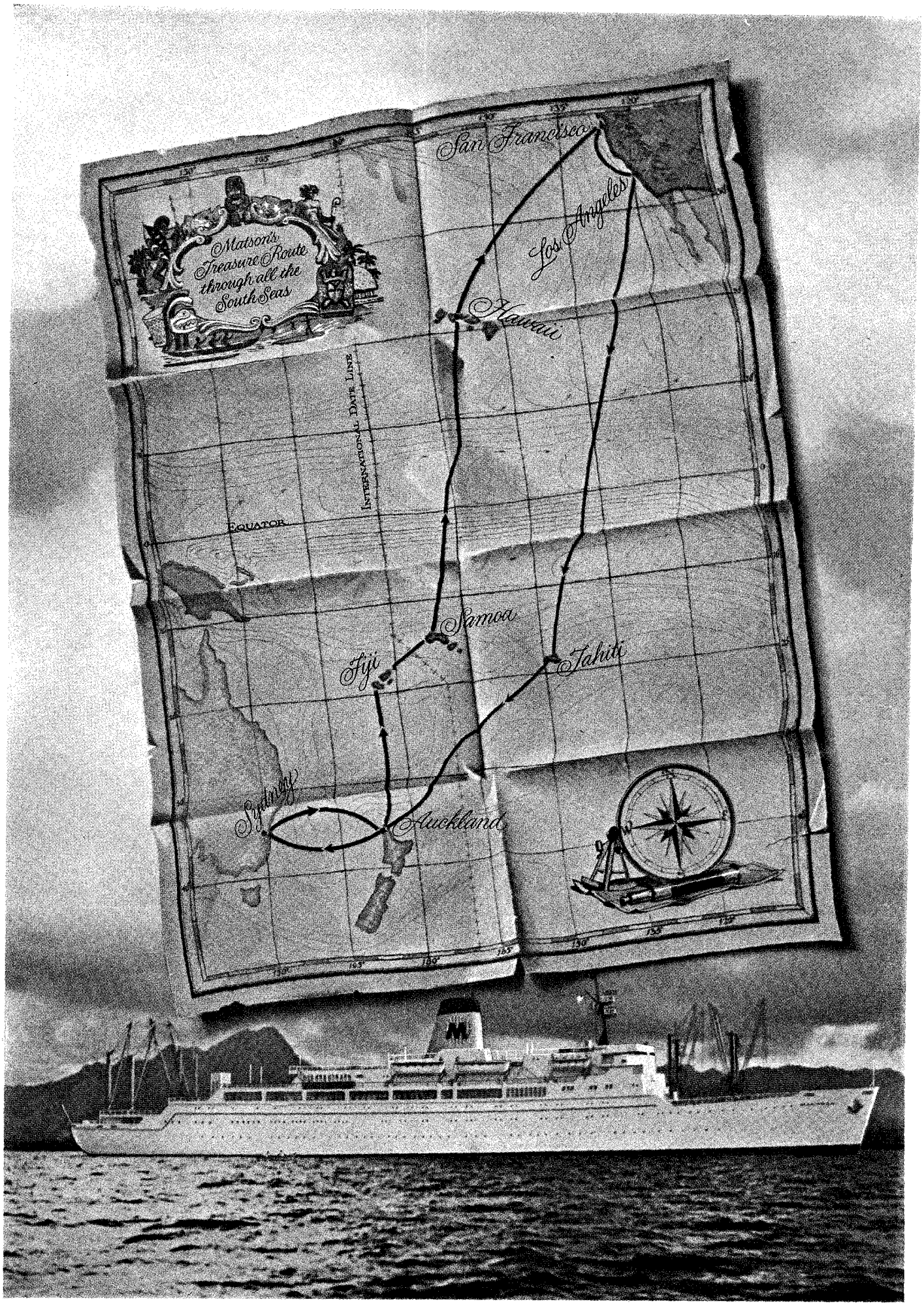

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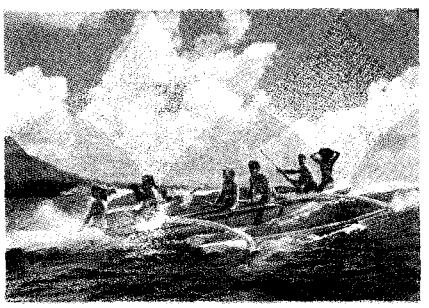

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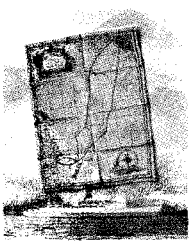

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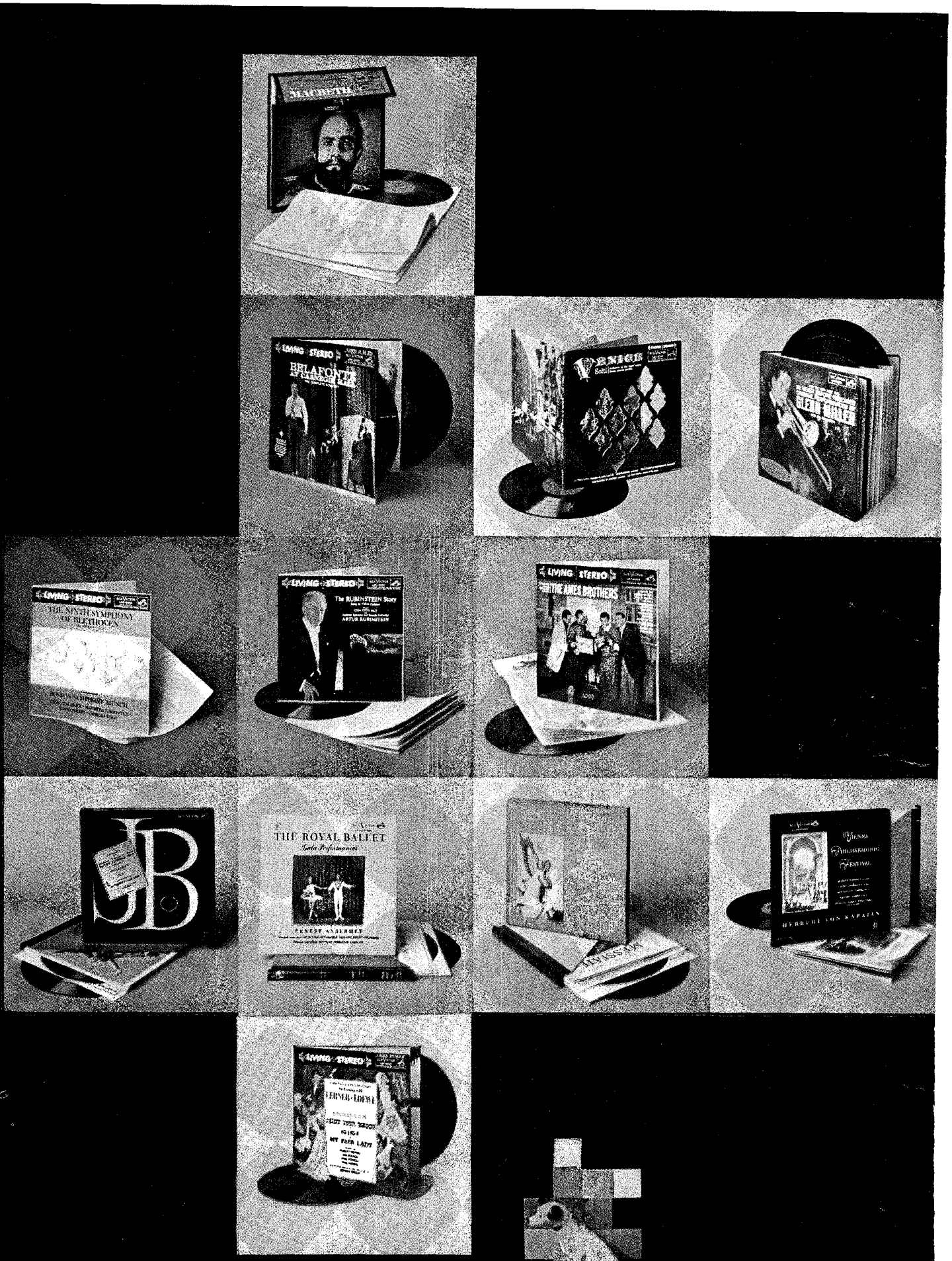

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Report on Washington

nothing to do with trimming the arms race. At best, it might help prevent it from getting worse by making it difficult for other nations, including Red China, to go into the nuclear weapons business.

Khrushchev's call at the United Nations for total disarmament was taken in Washington as a skillful propaganda gambit, though some at least do not dismiss the idea that he would like eventually to achieve that end. His private words during his visit enforced that view, given his premise that the Communist bloc can win the world struggle without resort to arms. American officials say that Russia is devoting 25 per cent of its gross national product to arms, compared with 10 per cent in the United States of a much larger gross national product. The arms expenditure is the reason that Khrushchev cannot fulfill the obvious desire of the Russian masses for the good things of life.

The need for a new policy

But before the bargaining can begin, especially in the complex area of disarmament, two things have to happen: the United States must establish a policy to replace that which was drawn up more than three years ago and which has now been outmoded in many respects by technological change; and the United States has got to sell that policy to its allies in London, Paris, and Bonn, each of whom has a different way of looking at the problem.

There seems to be no doubt that it is far more difficult to get agreement on an American, and especially an allied, policy than it is to get agreement on a comparable Soviet policy. The in-fighting in Washington over disarmament is immense every time there seems to be the slightest possibility of any agreement with the Communists. To get a State Department policy is difficult enough. To get an agreed State–Defense–Atomic Energy Commission policy is enormously difficult, so great are the conflicting interests.

Officials in Washington concede that the only man in the Eisenhower years who could really force decisions in the arms field was Harold Stassen. But he fell prey to his inordinate presidential ambitions, and his keen mind was lost to Washington. No one has yet replaced him, though a panel headed by Charles A. Coolidge, a Boston lawyer and former Pentagon official, is now trying. It is a safe prediction, however, that the Coolidge recommendations will serve as the basis for some furious arguments at the National Security Council table, with the President having to make some unpleasant decisions.

Increasing chances for error

This is not to say that there has not been some serious and important thinking in Washington. For instance, in one office with the best of access to the President, there has been a lot of discussion of what is termed the "increasing instability of the deterrent." By this is meant that, as weapons systems progress inexorably from the manned aircraft to the missile stage, there are increasingly too many buttons to be pushed and too many people with thumbs assigned to push those buttons, wired to weapons which, once launched from their pads, cannot be recalled.

This is a line of thought which for some years has been urged on the Administration by a number of outsiders, but only lately has it begun to be discussed seriously in the inner councils. One area being explored is this: to lessen the increasing instability it is necessary that each side know more about what the other is prepared to do and where; therefore, there should be some mutual system under which Soviet and American nationals are in each other's countries and in a position to tell their own governments when, by chance or error, a missile goes off which is not indicative of an attack.

Enormous problems are posed by such an idea, not to mention the suspicion such a proposal would surely arouse in the Soviets, given Khrushchev's repeated assertions that Western inspection and control schemes are designed more to gain intelligence than anything else.

At best, officials in Washington say, there cannot be any new West-

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Report on Washington

ern disarmament policy ready for the ten-nation East-West conference until around March 1. In May or June the President is scheduled to visit the Soviet Union. And in July the Democrats and Republicans plan to hold their presidential conventions.

It probably will be very difficult to keep such issues out of the campaign, considering the history of the test ban, which was injected into the 1956 election. It should not be forgotten, either, that the Stevenson proposal that year, and the Eisenhower-Nixon rejoinder that his idea was most dangerous, had the result of setting back hopes for a test ban by at least two years. Campaign statements on such complex issues have a way of creating fixed positions from which escape, upon calmer reflection, is most difficult.

New pattern for economic aid

While the bulk of public attention has been riveted for months on Soviet-American relations, a quiet revolution has been taking place within the free world, culminating in the Washington meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund this fall.

The Eisenhower Administration has been plugging, with evidence of success, a new line on the problem of how to meet the needs of the underdeveloped nations. This new way of thinking goes back a year to the preceding Bank and Fund meetings in New Delhi. There, both Treasury Secretary Anderson and Federal Reserve Chairman Martin became alarmed at what they took to be signs of a lack of confidence in the dollar. The subsequent increasing drain on American dollar reserves, related to the change in the balance of trade, brought them both to the President's office. They joined in fervent pleas to Eisenhower for the sound dollar and for the necessity of getting other major industrial nations — especially Britain, France, West Germany, and Japan — to start paying part of the bill for aid to the underdeveloped nations.

The President was most responsive. He began to put paragraphs in his speeches urging such a sharing of the burden. He was supported by the heads of both the Bank and the Fund in private talks with the finance ministers and other leaders of the industrialized nations in their visits abroad and again at the Washington gathering.

Slowly, sometimes reluctantly, the other finance ministers have agreed that the case is a good one, that their own economic health is such that they can afford such steps. In some cases there were pleas that it would be politically difficult, but indications are that even the political taboos may be surmounted.

The pattern for economic aid is not likely to be a big multinational agency, either inside or outside the United Nations, though there are political pressures for each of these schemes. More likely, aid will be given on what amounts to an *ad hoc* basis, country by country, in a plan similar to the combination of government and private bank aid which was pumped into Argentina a year ago. Tied to that loan, and almost certainly to future agreements, was a commitment by the recipient government to put its fiscal house in order in cooperation with the Monetary Fund.

This is a technique which has worked in a number of semi-industrialized countries. It probably will be more difficult in less industrialized nations. But if it were coupled with a more rational American policy on the use of our important agricultural surpluses, especially wheat and cotton, it could have enormous bearing on the struggles to meet the revolution of rising economic expectations in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

A key figure in these developments has been Per Jacobsson of Sweden, one of the keenest minds in Washington. His frequent and generally little-publicized visits to the capitals of the world and his firm insistence on fiscal responsibility to every official he meets have had excellent results. In Washington he is regarded as a superb example of the best kind of international civil servant, though he is not so well known as many other men who are actually much less influential.

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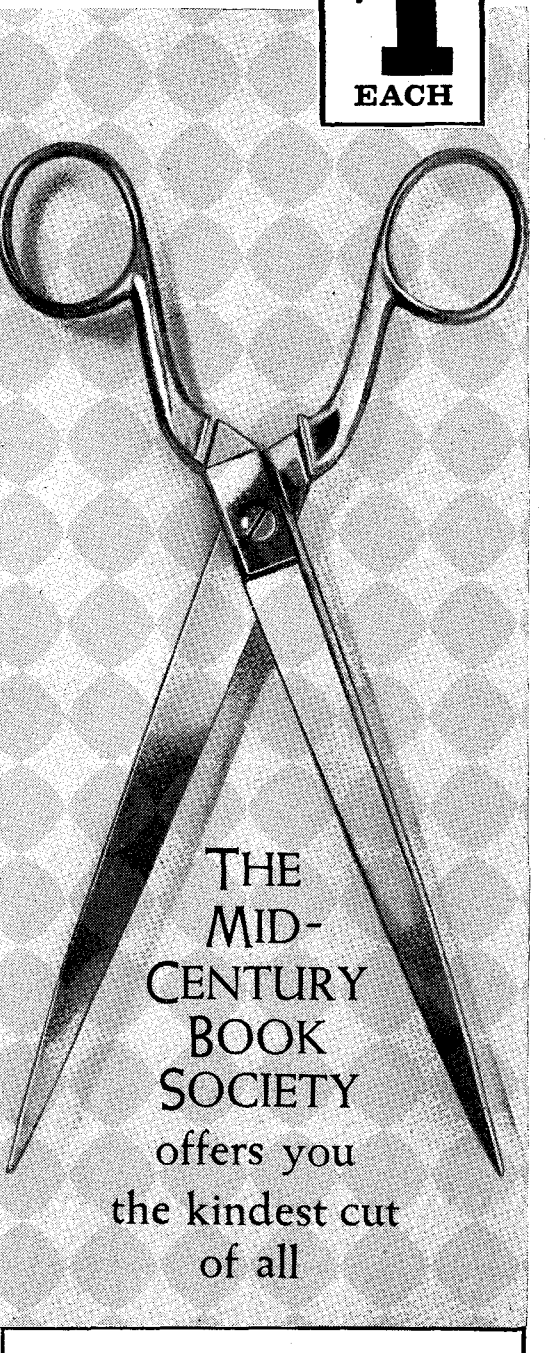

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The Atlantic Report LAOS

THROUGH the centuries, the landlocked kingdom of Laos has suffered from a surfeit of interfering neighbors. Cambodia, China, Vietnam, Siam, and Burma squeezed its borders, sacked its villages, and helped themselves to its territories. British colonialists once spilled across from the Shan states into the northwestern province of Haut Mekong. For sixty-one years the French controlled the country as a protectorate.

The latest threat to the sovereignty of Laos is not as new as last summer's headlines suggested. It dates back to 1945 and is inspired and directed by Ho Chi-minh, the bearded Vietminh revolutionary who once served as an apprentice chef at the Carlton Hotel in London and is now the head of the Communist offensive in Southeast Asia. It made considerable headway in the last years of the French protectorate and between 1954 and 1958 was helped by Laotian apathy and a Western effort that failed to achieve its basic objectives.

To a world accustomed to thinking of aggression in terms of bombs and blitzkrieg, the Communist campaign in Laos has often been unconventional and difficult to follow. But then, Laos is not a conventional country. About the size of the state of Kansas, with a population estimated in 1957 at something over a million and a half, Laos is a land of tangled mountains and turbulent rivers. Some 70,000 of its inhabitants live in Vientiane, the administrative capital, a village that lies on the banks of the River Mekong and that grew fat on American aid. Here, and in handfuls elsewhere, are perhaps a couple of hundred Laos with the education and background to perform modest administrative tasks.

For the past eighteen months there have been some signs that the government has begun to jell at the center, but basically the country is still a collection of unadministered village communities. Most of the Laos are scattered through the 9807 villages that cling precariously to the mountainsides or rise on stilts along the valleys. Many of the people even today think the world is flat. Many had never heard of their King; and, though they have been worked on for years by Communist cadres, they are unaware that they have become a critical part of the Cold War.

Desperate poverty

Spiritually, Laos is rich. Buddhism appeared in the fourteenth century and persists today as a gentle religion, a way of life that demands much of the people but also provides them with their limited cultural outlets and a large measure of their entertainment. Materially, the country is desperately poor. Though, for a time, in 1957 and 1958, television sets and automobiles figured in its list of exports, these were merely the symptoms of a vicious currency racket that has now been effectively stamped out.

Apart from small quantities of tin, the principal legal exports consist of benzoin, a gum obtained from a jungle tree, which is in great demand for the manufacture of perfumes, and stick-lac, an insect residue found in other jungle trees and subsequently used in phonograph records. More important than these, but not listed officially, are opium poppies, which are grown on burned-off bushland by tribesmen and smuggled out of the country to enter into illicit international traffic as contraband.

Rice is the staple food, but primitive methods of cultivation, extremely low yields, lack of transportation, and poor distribution of the crop make it insufficient for the needs of the people. The mountain tribesmen fare worst of all. Their crops are raised in patches where they have slashed and burned the jungle. Lacking fertilizers and plows, they enrich the soil with the ashes and use sticks to bore holes in the ground, into which they drop the seeds of corn or dry paddy.

Almost everyone is ill, from malnutrition, malaria, tuberculosis, or skin and parasitical diseases. About half the children in the capital die before they reach the age of ten; in the villages, where medicines and hygiene are unknown, the mortality rate is even higher. Electricity is a luxury confined to a few towns, and industry is non-

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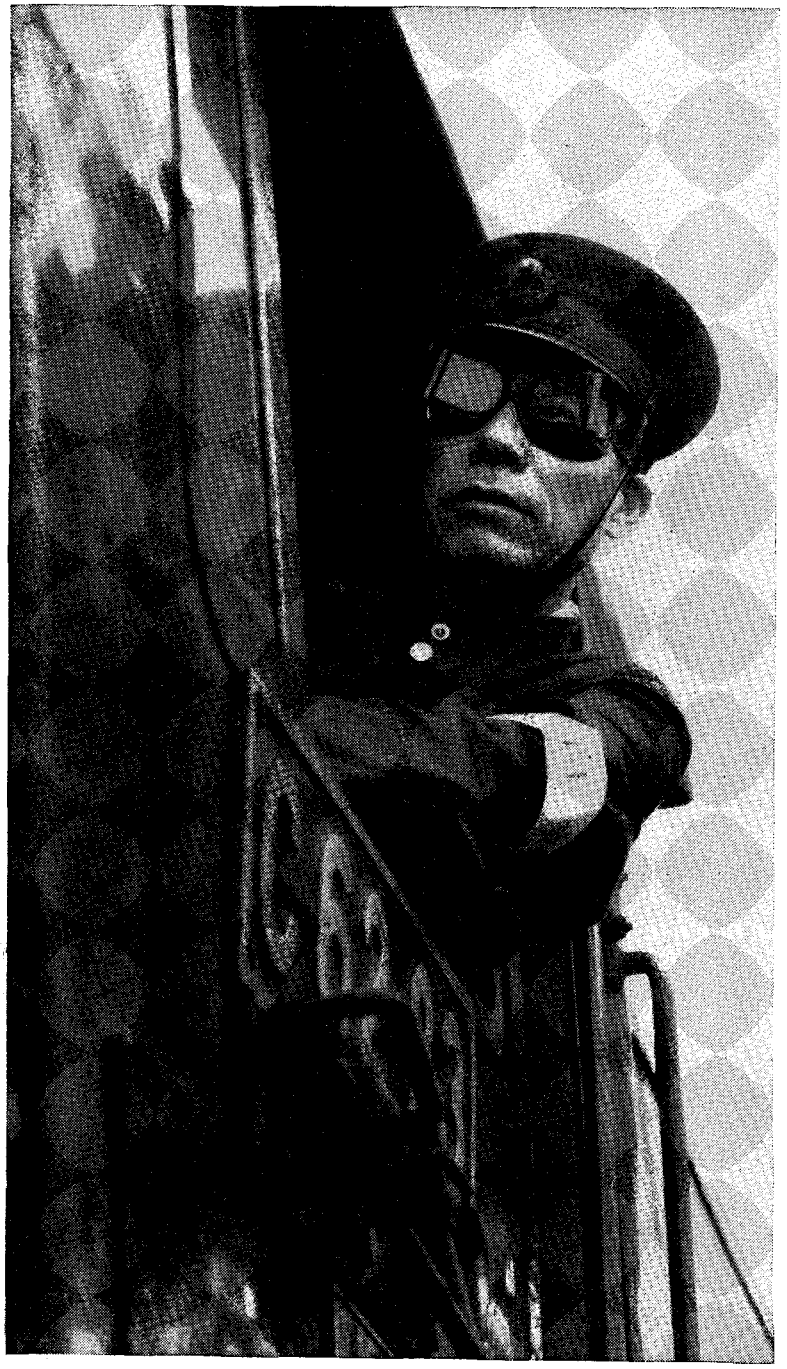

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Report on Laos

existent. Villagers spin and weave their own cloth and supplement their meager crops with what they can secure by crossbow and fishing net.

In communications, also, Laos is a very backward land. It has a railway station but no trains or lines. It has 1800 miles of road, but most of this is impassable during the summer monsoon season. Plane travel to scattered airfields is possible the year round but always hazardous. The mighty Mekong, which rises in the eastern slopes of the Himalayas, provides a valuable waterway, but its shoals are treacherous and a succession of rapids bars the way to the sea. Radio functions effectively south of the central mountain range but fails to cope with the rugged peaks and foul weather of the north. There are approximately five hundred telephone subscribers; these are concentrated in four cities and receive little return for their money, since there is no long-distance service.

In July of this year, these deficiencies in communications led to a state of affairs that could have occurred in almost no other country in Southeast Asia; Laos became a battleground, and for about two weeks no one in the government knew anything about it. On the night of July 17, Hanoi Radio, the voice of the Communist Vietminh in North Vietnam, announced that fighting was taking place in northern Laos. It blamed the Royal Lao government and accused it of having attacked the Pathet Lao, the Communist-directed armed forces.

The Hanoi report, which had been picked up in Taipeh and published in Saigon, was indignantly denied by the Royal Lao government. But Hanoi described the actions as becoming more widespread, and official Communist newspapers in North Vietnam began to denounce the "U.S. imperialists and their henchmen" for having "rekindled the civil war." It was not until July 27, twelve days after the first attack, that the Lao Cabinet, meeting in emergency session, learned that its tepid war with the Communists had suddenly become hot.

The war itself was nothing new. On and off, there had been fighting for fourteen years, ever since Prince Souphanouvong, the viceroy's younger brother, arrived from Ho Chi-minh's headquarters in September, 1945, with ten young Vietminh officers, his Vietnamese wife, and experience in guerrilla warfare.

The Free Laos movement

Few inquired or worried about Souphanouvong's political affiliations in those days, however. Prince Phetsarath, the viceroy, had proclaimed the independence of Laos and formed the Free Laos movement to resist the return of the French. Another brother, Prince Souvanna Phouma, rallied to the cause, and both welcomed Souphanouvong with open arms. The three brothers were all qualified engineers with French degrees. But whereas the two older brothers had returned to Laos after their training, Souphanouvong had moved to Vietnam. During World War II he joined the underground, led by Ho Chi-minh.

In the government established by Prince Phetsarath, Souphanouvong became minister of foreign affairs and commander in chief. To buy guns and ammunition for Souphanouvong's troops, Prince Souvanna Phouma stripped Vientiane's pagodas of their gold leaf. He even dismantled the pump from the town water supply and sold it to a Thai village across the Mekong, leaving Vientiane, to this day, without running water.

But resistance to the return of the French was short-lived. The Free Laos movement was a revolution from the top, based on a tiny, Western-educated elite, and with little popular following. In a brief engagement near Vientiane on March 21, 1946, Souphanouvong was wounded, and the defeated soldiers retreated across the river into Thailand.

The French moved quickly with constitutional reforms. In 1949, a convention confirmed the authority of Laos within the French Union and gave the country greater liberty in the conduct of foreign relations, including the right to apply for membership in the United Nations. The

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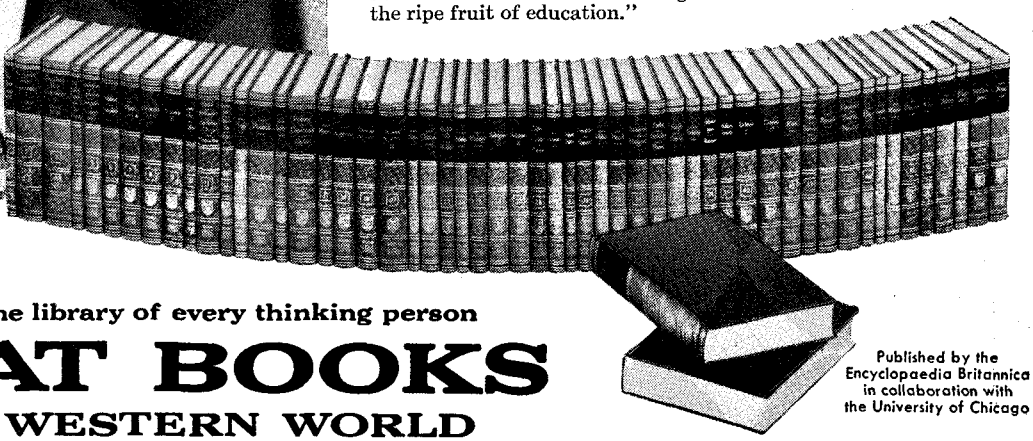

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Free Laos movement dissolved, and many of its members returned to Vientiane and to high office in government.

Souphanouvong, who had been expelled for advocating an alliance with the Communists, elected to continue the fight. From Bangkok he had organized a steady flow of recruits for training with the Vietminh, which was now fighting a full-scale war with the French. This time, instead of attempting to recruit in the towns, Souphanouvong concentrated on the villages, especially on the minorities, who account for almost half of the Laotian population. Kha tribesmen from the southern plateau, Black Thais from the valleys, and opium-smoking Maos from the mountains all rallied.

Leaving the simmering civil war that he and his agents had stirred up through the Laotian countryside, Souphanouvong and his principal followers transferred their headquarters to North Vietnam late in 1950. Here a Committee of Laotian Liberation was set up.

Communist infiltration

By 1953, Ho Chi-minh was ready for the next move. Two divisions of Vietminh "volunteers" invaded Laos and "liberated" two wild and sparsely populated northern provinces. From political schools in these provinces, mobile groups moved through the entire country to organize Pathet Lao cells and to spread antigovernment and anti-French propaganda. This long-range program took the Geneva Agreement and the end of the war in Indochina in its stride.

Though the fighting between the Royal Lao forces in the mountains and the Pathet Lao became sporadic and of insignificant proportions, Pathet Lao preparations for the ultimate assumption of power showed no signs of letting up. Nor did the Vietminh relax its hold. When Prince Souphanouvong met Royal Lao officials in Rangoon in 1955 to open unification discussions, he visited Hanoi on his way and reported back at the end of the conference. Frequently the Rangoon meetings were held up when he declared that he could not make decisions without consulting absent "colleagues."

With the final agreement on unification in November, 1957, and the demobilization of 7500 Pathet Lao troops, the organization's political front, the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party (Patriotic Front), moved overtly into the villages of central and southern Laos. Trained cadres first formed cells, and the cells split up to create groups of five to ten families, which met at regular intervals, usually once every four or five days. From these horizontal family organizations the Communists moved vertically, establishing fronts and women's, youth, and farmers' organizations.

Few outside the Pathet Lao ever guessed how much these efforts had weakened the royal cause until May 21, 1958. That day, in a supplementary election designed to bring the rallied Pathet Lao within the democratic framework and to be a curtain raiser to the national elections, once scheduled for this year, Prince Souphanouvong topped the poll in Vientiane. The Patriotic Front won nine out of the twenty-one seats, and its electoral ally, the Peace Front, four; the other eight were split among the divided conservative parties.

American aid

The new American ambassador, Horace H. Smith, a foreign service man with a wide background of Far Eastern experience, took stock and did not care for what he found. The United States had been picking up the bills for Laos since the end of the Indochina war in 1954. Fine new homes had sprung up on the outskirts of Vientiane; shops overflowed with consumer goods. Where once there had been two hundred to three hundred automobiles — the property, almost exclusively, of senior French officials — there were now several thousand, most of them owned by successful local businessmen and entrepreneurs.

At the same time, there was little evidence that American aid had had any real impact beyond the capital. A survey of sixteen villages in Vientiane province in 1956 showed that only two had even heard of

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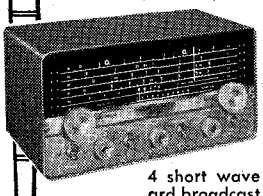

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Report on Laos

American aid; there was little to indicate that its functions were more widely known in 1958. The army wore American uniforms and slung American carbines on their shoulders, but in fighting capacity they reflected little of the $4500 that each Laotian soldier cost the U.S. government.

Under the terms of the Geneva Agreement, military training had to be left to France, which was entitled to maintain a force of fifteen hundred officers and noncommissioned officers for this purpose, in addition to a garrison of 3500 at the modern air base at Seno in southern Laos. Faced with urgent problems in Algeria and desperately short of skilled military manpower, the French cut back the Seno garrison to a caretaker guard. They also withdrew their officers from Laotian tactical units and all but abandoned their training mission.

"As I saw the task, I had four main responsibilities: to help create a stable, pro-Western government, to break the currency racket, to start some sort of rural aid program, and to help make the army combat-ready," Ambassador Smith says. "By the end of 1958 I knew I was on the way. I also knew the Communists would retaliate."

The right wing unites

With firm assurances that the United States was behind them, right-wing political groups settled their differences, and into the office of Premier for the first time came fifty-five-year-old Phoui Sananikone, head of one of the main Laotian families. Behind him, and with representatives in the Cabinet, was the youthful and anxious Committee in the Defense of the National Interest, which, again with solemn assurances of American support, began to prepare for the showdown fight with the Communists.

The Royal Lao government started to take the steps required to put its house in order. Against strong opposition from among his own supporters, many of whom found their handsome profits suddenly cut off, Phoui Sananikone devalued the kip and ended the scandal in import licenses. He planned, and partly introduced, a program for rural reform. He negotiated with the United States for technicians who could patch some of the holes in the French military training. He declared unequivocally that Laos stood four-square with the West; and, finally, on January 14, 1959, he sought and received for twelve months the special powers he needed to implement his program.

It is not a damning indictment of Phoui to remark that his efforts look better on paper than they do in reality. A few months of endeavor could not repair the neglect of years. There is, however, still no proper policy for the minorities. There is also widespread discontent and dissatisfaction among the Laos. The army remains an army in name only. It has neither professional competence at the top nor the knowledge of how to fight in the lower ranks. Time and again, its weaknesses appeared in action.

The Communists react

To Hanoi and Peking, the Phoui Sananikone government represented a dam in the path of the Communist stream. It had to be removed. The Polish, Indian, and Canadian Commission for Supervision and Control, which had adjourned sine die in July, 1958, after the supplementary election, had to be brought back. Coalition government, "true neutrality," national elections this year, and then a Communist government directly subservient to Hanoi could be expected to follow in turn. These, and not a major shooting war, were the objectives of the limited summer offensive.

Now, with the United Nations in the picture, there is a breathing space, another chance to take stock. The prospects are not bright. With China and North Vietnam ready and able to respond to every challenge, it is clear that Laos cannot be isolated from Communist contamination. The military side is therefore vital; a trained and equipped Laotian Army is a minimum requirement if defeat is to be averted. To achieve victory, the Communists must be beaten in the villages.

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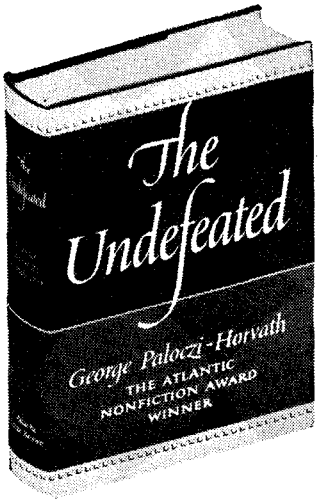

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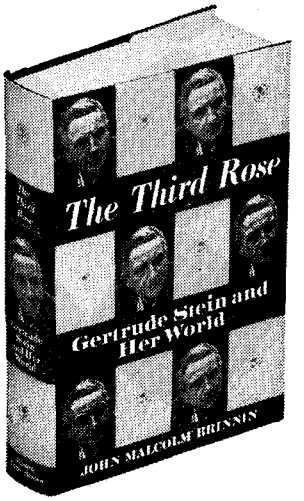

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The morals of extermination

SIR:

Congratulations to the *Atlantic* for publishing Lewis Mumford's fine article, "The Morals of Extermination," in the October issue. This is the sort of thing that some of us who have been spared the experience of being subjected to the corroding influence of McCarthyism have been hoping for. Now that Mumford has given a lead, perhaps others will be encouraged to realize that human society cannot be reared upon foundations of fear, hatred, and mendacity, and that moral force alone endures.

D. M. LEBOURDAIS
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SIR:

You are to be praised for publishing Mr. Mumford's courageous article. It is not only the general population which is in abysmal ignorance of the peril in which we live daily but our leadership as well. This ignorance is the result of a calculated policy on the part of shortsighted military and government leadership and those in science and industry who depend on bigger and better atomic weapons for their livelihood.

The Atomic Energy Program, from its inception, has been conducted on highly secretive and minutely compartmented lines. A handful of men at the top are aware of the scope and intrinsic dangers of the program, but the thousands of people actively engaged in its development and execution see only the tiny part which each performs. The proof that such restrictiveness exists has been well demonstrated by the difficulties which the Atomic Energy Program has had in obtaining and keeping qualified scientific personnel. American men of science are accustomed to a free interchange of information, and they resent intellectual isolation.

Lest people place undue blame on the scientists, I should like to point out that many responsible men who have worked on atomic weapons have made a personal crusade to try to stop their testing and use, only to be repaid by personal vilification and callous indifference. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, who was a key man in the development of the original atom bomb, is a case in point. The true blame lies with each and every one of us who, by our indifference and silence, have approved this madness.

Our civil defense program is farcical, and the noncompliance of the population with its regulations is an accurate barometer of the ignorance of all as to the extent of the danger.

EILEEN MEALS
Burnt Hills, N. Y.

SIR:

I am utterly amazed at the lack of realism in Mumford's article. Apparently his view is that the United States invented the Cold War!

After five and one half magazine pages of truths and half-truths about the Cold War, Mr. Mumford says, categorically, that "our greatest enemy is not Russia but our treacherous weapons." Who is included in "our"? Does the word apply to the United States alone, or does it include the Soviet Union?

Now, suppose we were to get rid of our (the United States's) weapons. Are we so naïve as to believe that the Soviet Union would then get rid of its weapons, or that it would not then use them on us?

Obviously not having a solution to the problem to offer, Mr. Mumford falls back on the easy out of "This is not the place or the moment to spell out a new policy." Why not? Or why not in a subsequent issue of the *Atlantic?* If Mumford has a better plan of dealing with the Soviets than that which our government is now pursuing, surely he is morally obligated to let his fellow Americans know about it.

JOHN C. SLEMP, *Editor, Missions*
American Baptist Convention
New York, N. Y.

SIR:

I thank you for publishing "The Morals of Extermination." We all need to be reminded of such facts as Mr. Mumford here brings to his readers' attention. I do not fear for mankind's future on earth because I do trust in human intelligence. Such an article strengthens my faith.

NORA WALN
Wallingford, Penn.

SIR:

Lewis Mumford states that he would rally "the forces of mercy, humanheartedness, and morality" and would turn the light of public scrutiny on the activities of individuals and organizations engaged in the fabrication and testing of nuclear weapons. Indeed, there is hope that the conversations of President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev will lead to some such conclusion.

A certain basic minimum of trust must be established between Amer-

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DONALD B. SNYDER,
(Signature of publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September 1959.

[SEAL] Arthur F. Goodeart, Notary Public
(My commission expires January 23, 1965)

ica and Russia. The alternative appears to be suicide. I like my fellow citizens and am currently enjoying life.

DAVID D. JACOBUS
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

I wish to thank Lewis Mumford for his most timely article. It is, perhaps, the most humane, pertinent, and revelatory statement I have ever read in your magazine, and I wish somehow there were a way of getting it into the hands of every one of our legislators. Maybe that might lead to a reconsideration of the nuclear path we have chosen — or have had chosen for us — a path that Mumford so aptly points out is one of doom.

GEORGE DLUGATZ
New York, N. Y.

SIR:

Mr. Mumford, in speaking of the morals of war, should first realize that, once the killing in war becomes proper, all other moral considerations are summarily resolved by the victors. There has never been a working substitute for the dictum that "Might makes right."

The significant change in moral concepts forced by air power and thermonuclear weapons is that now those who would be moralists must bear the consequences of their counsel. No longer can the politician, the theologian, the merchant send the nation's youth off to foreign war without fear for themselves. The profits of war have been negated by fear of extermination. Would that the profits of armament could be so negated.

It is indeed time that the moralists rallied to provide more realistic leadership than that of the past.

H. D. STEINBECK
Union, Mo.

SIR:

I wish to congratulate you on the phenomenal timeliness of Lewis Mumford's article and of your introduction. It should be required reading for every public officer at every level of government and for every preacher of every denomination.

It is too bad that Mr. Khrushchev had to beat us to the proposals — however general and "impractical."

HOWARD W. MORGAN
Bronxville, N. Y.

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SIR:

In "The Morals of Extermination," Lewis Mumford makes what we consider to be an incorrect appraisal of what is a serious problem, and a problem for which incorrect solutions can be a dangerous, if not a prohibitive, undertaking.

Mumford attacks the American society for trying to "solve our problems by mechanical means alone," but he continues to propose that we "renounce" nuclear weapons in a move toward what he terms "morality."

It is as unsound to attempt to solve our problems by "mechanical means alone" as it is to make such an attempt by "moral means alone," or, at any rate, without the benefit of material strength.

Mr. Mumford has fallen into the same trap which has caught many others. He forgets that the root of our problem with the Communist world is a political one and that the arms race is merely one manifestation of this. He, like so many others, seeks to present a solution for the manifestation rather than the cause. He would have us "go it alone" on "morality" while the Russians persist in the political goals they seem determined not to change.

ALLAN CHARLES BROWNFELD
Chairman of the Board
Committee for Nuclear Weapons Development
Williamsburg, Va.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is to be highly commended for its wisdom in publishing the sharp challenges to the policy of nuclear deterrence sounded by George F. Kennan's "Foreign Policy and Christian Conscience" (May, 1959, *Atlantic*) and Lewis Mumford's "The Morals of Extermination." Mumford's comparison of our military-minded leadership to a Captain Ahab madly pursuing Russia, the White Whale, in defiance of love and reason, is a figure that deserves wide circulation with Oppenheimer's image of the East and West as two scorpions in a bottle, neither of which dares strike for fear of death. The frightening thing is that Ahab did not fear death, physical or spiritual.

Kennan and Mumford lay bare with a remorseless and terrifying logic that to depend upon these weapons of extermination — with whatever rationalizations — is to erase every moral distinction between ourselves and Communists. They also show the moral effort that will be needed for national repentance and change of policy.

NORMAN K. GOTTWALD
Andover Newton Theological School
Newton Centre, Mass.

SIR:

In his article, Lewis Mumford has placed the responsibility for our present "human condition" squarely where it belongs, upon ourselves and our moral breakdown.

Here's to the widest possible circulation of the *Atlantic Monthly's* October issue, with the hope that you will publish more voices which will affirm the belief that we are capable of assuming true moral responsibility.

MARY PRITZ
Winchester, N. H.

SIR:

If there had been many men who could see as clearly and who could express themselves as courageously and forthrightly as Lewis Mumford, and if there had been a considerable body of hearers to heed the prophetic warnings, the doom inherent in genocidal weapons and in genocidal morals would never have blasted our New Yorks and Londons and Moscows into dust heaps, nor incinerated their inhabitants, nor made the great civilization of Western man one with those of the Kassites and the Hittites.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ
Mill Valley, Calif.

SIR:

I am convinced that Lewis Mumford is one of three things — an idealist, a Communist, or a slightly demented person.

His position that United States bombings with napalm and nuclear weapons during World War II were barbarian outrages is quite without a realistic basis. It is necessary to differentiate our motives from the Nazi or Japanese motives in bombing, because it is a motive that determines morality.

WILLIAM E. MCQUEENEY
Wenham, Mass.

SIR:

Lewis Mumford has constructed a cogent case against any civilized nation's engaging in the kind of mass slaughter which characterized the last war.

Each individual who supports

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modern war must realize that he or she drops the bomb quite as much as the bombardier himself. To assume a personal responsibility on the part of the bombardier which the supporting individual somehow does not share is a comfortable but transparent delusion.

The tens of thousands of men and women and children who are burned alive in modern aerial raids are the victims of each of us, backing the war in precisely the same way as if each of us were pouring gasoline on human beings standing immediately before us and then tossing a match at them. The bombardier — and, hence, each of us — can drop the bomb only because we are unable to see starkly, before our eyes, the actual consequences of our act. The height of the plane serves to shroud the enormity of the offense, to depersonalize it, and thus to make that offense thinkable.

Now we see through a glass darkly. But if we saw clearly, would any of us turn one child into a human torch in the name of patriotism? Or in the name of self-defense? Even if the failure to commit this act meant that we and our family would perish, is life itself to be purchased at such a price? Is it not infinitely better to suffer an injustice than to commit one, particularly when it is the most monstrous known to man? Has Western civilization any higher ethic than this — that we must use honorable means to achieve our ends?

REO M. CHRISTENSON
Oxford, Ohio

SIR:

This is to commend you for publishing Lewis Mumford's article. Nothing could be more timely for the uninformed and apathetic American public, which has been thoroughly brainwashed by its newspapers and magazines.

After reading Dr. Linus Pauling's speech given in Japan recently, which was published in its entirety in the *National Guardian*, I wish that this speech and the Mumford article, plus Khrushchev's speech on his return to Moscow, were must reading for all of us.

But one remembers the remark of a fairly intelligent woman who said after hearing all of Khrushchev's speeches, "Of course, I do not believe a word he said."

KATHERINE BRYANT
Rochester, N. Y.

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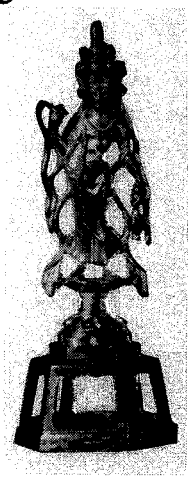

THE COMMUNIST RECORD

BY TILLMAN DURDIN

A Texan born in Elkhart in 1907 and educated at Texas Christian University, TILLMAN DURDIN *first went to the Orient in 1930 as a reporter on the staff of the Shanghai* EVENING POST. *He joined the staff of the New York* TIMES *in 1937, rose to be its chief Southeast Asia correspondent, and today has his headquarters in Hong Kong.*

ANY assessment of the first ten years of Communist rule in China is a problem in weighing both methods and material results.

Methods have been ruthless, devious, and destructive of traditional human values. The most serious political weaknesses and tensions in China today stem from the means the Communists have used to establish their system and maintain their power.

Material results, on the other hand, have been remarkable and impressive. By Draconian controls and pressures, the regime has forced, and sometimes inspired, the masses of China into productivity and social change on a scale unsurpassed, in similar circumstances, by any other country.

In 1949 the Communists took over a country devastated by more than eight years of Japanese invasion and three decades of civil war. Only one third of the nation's railways and highways were usable. Many cities were still littered with war rubble; in the countryside, neglected river-control systems gave way every year before floodwaters that ruined vast areas of fertile crop land. Agricultural output had slumped, and famine was endemic. Uncontrolled inflation had impoverished new sections of the population and made economic rehabilitation impossible. The few industries — fewer still after Russian occupation forces had removed much of the machinery from Manchuria, the country's main industrial base — functioned only sporadically.

Today, the shambles of 1949 have long since been repaired. This year, Communist China will become an important producer of steel, with a scheduled output of twelve million tons of industrial-grade steel, thirteen times the peak output in 1943. Today, the country mines four to five times more coal annually than during the best pre-Communist year and claims to have surpassed the output of the United States. The regime maintains that Shanghai alone now turns out more textiles than all of the United Kingdom. Communist Chinese factories make industrial chemicals, locomotives, power generators, machine tools, automobiles, steel plants, airplanes, ships, electronic equipment — a wide range of the products of an industrialized economy.

This year, the Chinese Communists plan — with reasonable prospects of success — to double the grain crop of 1936, the best year for total agricultural output before 1949. By the end of

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1959, Peking claims, total industrial output will have increased 10.7 times and total agricultural production 1.5 times over the 1949 level. The government trumpets the goal of achieving a higher productive capacity than Britain within, at the least, ten years.

Operating railway and highway mileage has been tripled since 1949. Airlines and telephone links now bind together almost all parts of the country, including regions that ten years ago were accessible only on foot. Old cities have doubled in population; Peking today has six million people, Shanghai, ten million. Scores of places that were only little towns and villages ten years ago are now crowded metropolises — steel-making Paotow in Mongolia, oil-producing Karamai in Sinkiang, and the big new Kwangtung port of Chankiang, for example.

Physical achievements also include vast control works along rivers whose potential for watering crops, but also for devastatingly flooding them, has often decided the rhythm of Chinese history. Vast new installations — including the huge Sanmen Gorge dam and hydroelectric station, among the biggest of their kinds in the world — have virtually tamed the terrible Yellow River, formerly called "China's Sorrow" because of its unpredictable periods of destructiveness. The mighty Yangtze and the treacherous Huai have also been curbed with dams, canals, and embankments. Nationwide irrigation and flood-control facilities have been developed to the stage where crop damage of the kind and extent that formerly led to widespread famine no longer exists.

Through the work of millions of new settlers from the overpopulated coastal provinces, agricultural and industrial developments are creating a new economic empire in China's Northwest. From Inner Mongolia to Sinkiang province, men are plowing new land, building new factories, and planting shrubs and forest belts to push back the desert and curb the damage of wind and flood. A new line through Sinkiang this year linked this vast, rich province by rail with Russia to the west and with coastal China to the east.

By their recent admission that they appreciably overstated 1958 production totals, the Chinese Communists have themselves acknowledged that their statistics are unreliable. However, Western economists accept as roughly correct Peking's claim to have achieved an annual rate of economic growth of 8 or 9 per cent during the first Five Year Plan, 1952 to 1957. The "great leap" years of 1958 and 1959 have brought claims of a still more rapidly accelerated development. Even after its recent downward revision of outputs and targets, Peking estimates 1958 agricultural production at 25 per cent above 1957 and has scheduled a further 10 per cent rise in 1959. The Communists claim to have expanded heavy industry 103 per cent in 1958 and have targeted another 25.9 per cent of growth for all types of industry in 1959.

Allowing for Communist exaggerations, it is still possible, on the basis of known factors, to put China's rate of economic growth in the last two years above first Five Year Plan achievements. This would establish a rate of economic expansion for Communist China as high as any other nation has ever attained, possibly higher. The record is especially remarkable in view of the country's low level of technical capability and experience ten years ago.

Communist China can cite other striking attainments. A nation that was less than 20 per cent literate in 1949 now claims that three quarters of its citizens can read and write. From primary classes to university, 100 million students are in schools of some kind — four times the 1949 total. Universities and other institutions of higher education now graduate nearly 100,000 students annually, compared with a few tens of thousands in 1949. Fourteen thousand students have been sent for advanced training in Russia alone; of these, 8500 have completed their courses and are back serving as experts in their homeland.

Foreign-trained and domestically trained Chinese engineers, scientists, and managers — far from numerous in pre-Communist China — are rapidly taking over the specialized tasks of the country; the consultants from Russia and other nations, who in the first years of the Chinese Communist regime were counted in the thousands, are now numbered by the hundreds. Communist China has an atomic reactor and a program of nuclear energy and general scientific development on a massive scale.

Welfare amenities such as sanitation, housing, and health services have been subordinated, as far as state expenditure is concerned, to capital construction and production. But great progress has, nevertheless, been made in these fields, largely through mobilization of mass effort. Athletics, popular drama, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, books — useful for propaganda and increased productivity — have been extensively developed. The whole world knows by now of China's dogged, never-ending, and partially successful campaign to eradicate four pests — flies, mosquitoes, rats, and grain-eating sparrows.

It should not be assumed, because of the great emphasis in Peking on material accomplishments and the multiplication of facilities for the masses, that achievement in these spheres has been the exclusive or even the main preoccupation in the

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first ten years of the Communist regime in China. Production and social programs have been only a part of a more fundamental concern with consolidation of Communist political power and the new, all-embracing Communist system. This has meant uprooting the ideas, relationships, and privileged classes in the old society, remolding minds by the hundreds of millions, establishing the full geographical unity of the country, and reasserting its long-lost military power and international influence.

Communism came to power in China through force and the effective use and mobilization of the massive discontent felt by peasants, bourgeoisie, and intellectuals. Its triumph derived, in a sense, from revulsion against the chaos that characterized the final, ineffective efforts of the Kuomintang rule. It was also the instrument of a bitter, resentful nationalism bred among sensitive and proud Chinese by a century of Western and Japanese aggression and economic exploitation.

The process of Communist consolidation was, therefore, at once political, military, and xenophobic. Red armies swept to the farthest reaches of territory that had once been Imperial China (with the exception of those Mongolian and Siberian regions under Soviet domination) and brought unity to the land mass stretching from the Amur River and the China Sea through Tibet and Sinkiang to Russian Turkestan, for the first time since the rule of Emperor Kang Hsi.

The momentum of this Communist-led upsurge was finally checked by United States and allied troops in Korea and by American and Kuomintang Chinese resistance in the Formosa Strait, leaving the island of Taiwan outside Communist China. The strong nationalist fervor generated by reunification and resurgence of Chinese power under the Communists has been a major factor in their appeal to the people of China and in their ability to enforce Communist rule.

"The army is the chief component of the political power of the state," Mao Tse-tung has said. In the first decade of Chinese Communist rule, Mao and his colleagues have carefully nurtured military power and given the Communist armed forces special treatment to keep them a loyal instrument of the Party and of its domestic and foreign policy. Communist China's military force — a regular army of 2.5 million men, a navy, and an air force, all backed by a semimilitarized adult population providing 200 million militia men — is today one of the world's most formidable. For the Communists, it is a principal manifestation of China's return to greatness, an instrument of strength in foreign policy and of defiance of foreign powers that had previously humiliated the Chinese nation.

Peking has, at the same time, one of the world's most multifaceted armies. It has been used to pioneer, control, and develop sparsely inhabited and often rebellious border areas; to build networks of irrigation and communications; to write plays and poetry; to perform "shock" jobs like collecting manure, harvesting grains, and "tidying up" the communes. It has also been an important police and power instrument to help Peking enforce its political pattern and policies.

The Chinese Communists have developed their system by methods combining great harshness with subtlety and flexibility. They have carried out main programs and policies by a succession of nationwide, high-pressure, mass campaigns and have enforced individual and group conformity and obedience by continuous thought control and surveillance.

In the first great campaign of 1950–1951, which linked distribution of lands to peasants with liquidation of landlords and all other individuals considered actually or potentially counterrevolutionary, Communist cadres aroused the rural and urban masses into vengeful mobs, or people's courts, that condemned millions to either death, imprisonment, or the status of propertyless pariahs.

In subsequent campaigns — such as those to brainwash intellectuals, to eliminate private business and indoctrinate businessmen, to build massive irrigation facilities, to liberate women and repudiate old social customs, to achieve high production targets, to collectivize farms, to rectify the Party and reindoctrinate and rediscipline the whole people, to enforce the recent economic great leap forward, and to form the communes — the Communists have used somewhat less terror and depended on more refined forms of pressure and exhortation. But sentences to forced labor or loss of income and status are still frequent penalties for noncooperation. Individuals judged to be engaged in actual counterrevolutionary subversion sometimes still receive death sentences after mass trials.

It is Chinese Communist tactics to carry most campaigns to excess, a process heightened sometimes by local cadres who are anxious to avoid the charge of lack of zeal. Many of these campaigns have distorted and delayed progress instead of helping it. However, Chinese Communist leaders have been astute in gauging the ultimate endurance level of the population and recognizing mistakes in time to pause before disaster and modify the program — the famous Leninist "two steps forward and one step back." The initial great purge of 1950–1951 eventually caused such nation-

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wide revulsion that Mao Tse-tung himself admitted it had gone too far. He called a halt, but not until the movement had achieved an initial brutal shattering of the old society and established an all-pervasive atmosphere of fear that has never been dissipated.

Ten years after its establishment, the Communist regime still has no definitive code of laws, no real civil liberties. Courts are instruments of current policies and programs; court functionaries often go into fields and factories to investigate and try noncooperative individuals, sometimes in supervised group discussions that provide indoctrination for the masses and discipline for the accused. The government controls occupation, travel, and place of residence; all mass communication media are instruments of propaganda for whatever line the regime wishes to emphasize at any given moment.

While giving lip service to freedom of religion — particularly Asian religions — the Communists have forced Buddhists, Muslims, and Christians into officially dominated associations intended mainly to serve production and facilitate state control. Believers must affirm acceptance of Communist doctrines and state policies, which frequently run directly counter to their faith.

As with religious groups, the 35 million minority peoples — fifty-two varieties, including the large Muslim Turki and Hui communities, the Buddhist Mongols and Tibetans, the Chuangs, Miaos, Shans, Thais, and Koreans — have been subjected to Communist ideology and regimentation. The "autonomous" minority areas, covering 60 per cent of the territory of China, with many of its richest mineral deposits, have considerably less real autonomy than the minority groups in Russia. While preserving tribal art and folkways as relics in museums, books, and cultural troupes, the Communists are, in fact, rapidly wiping out old beliefs and customs and turning the minority areas into communized hans, ruled as directly from Peking as is any other part of the country.

Overturning the old social order, based on Confucian precepts of family loyalties, filial piety, respect for age, supremacy of male over female, and veneration for ancestors and tradition, the Communists have reshaped China's millions into groupings determined by occupation, age, sex, political relationships, and place of housing. They have put the Chinese people under constant pressure to subordinate all other loyalties and acknowledge allegiance only to the Party and state.

In a calculated effort to create a new, loyal, Communist-minded generation, the Communists have given youth special attention and privilege. Private property has been swept away, and a nation of peasant cultivators, landlords, and entrepreneurs forced into the characteristic Communist framework of state-run and state-controlled enterprise.

THE formal structure of the Chinese regime today is the typical monolithic, highly centralized Communist system, patterned after the Soviet Union, with a cabinet, or executive branch, under Premier Chou En-lai and a chief of state, or chairman, now Liu Shao-chi. Above all and within all is the Party, under Chairman Mao Tse-tung, with its twelve million members, its Communist Youth League, Young Pioneers, and satellite groupings such as the Labor Federation, Women's Federation, and so on.

With politics in command, as Communist spokesmen incessantly emphasize, the nearly 650 million minutely controlled Chinese devote themselves, first, to conformity within the new political and administrative pattern and, second, to production. Peking's economic policy is predicated on creating as quickly as possible a powerful industrialized state. Therefore, the preponderance of investment has gone into heavy industry, and heavy industrial production has forged ahead far faster than agriculture or light industry. Yet, through their internal use and export, it is the products of agriculture, of minerals, handicrafts, and light industry that have largely financed economic expansion.

During this last ten-year period, Communist China has had less than the equivalent of 500 million American dollars in foreign credits to assist in its economic upbuilding. The remainder of the capital goods used in its economic program has been paid for out of exports. The exchange of products with Russia, the source of 50 per cent of Communist China's imports, accounts for an average annual total of $200 million in Russian materials and technical personnel.

The burden on China's agricultural sector is thus enormous. This was a major reason for the formation of the communes, the 26,000 new social-political-economic units in rural areas organized in 1958 from the merger of 750,000 collective farms.

As with other Communist campaigns, the drive to organize communes exceeded original directives and led to overcentralization of control and an extreme regimentation of China's peasant population of 500 million. Members of farm families became hardly more than units in work gangs, fed in communal kitchens, shifted capriciously from place to place, with wives separated from husbands and children put in nurseries, kindergartens, and often boarding schools.

The "tidying up" of 1959, carried out with

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army participation and supervision, has turned back most production and the control of individual incomes to subordinate units of the communes — the production brigades, roughly equivalent to the former collective farms. Eating at mess halls and sending children away from home have been made voluntary, although strong pressures are still exercised to induce people to use the communal restaurants and put younger children in communal establishments so that women can be free for full-time farming and other labor outside the home. Small family plots, taken away in last year's organization rush, have been restored; peasant families can grow vegetables and raise pigs and chickens for sale to the state and for a rehabilitated free market of a limited, supervised nature. The central commune committees, however, still dispose of labor for commune-wide projects, get a proportion of production brigade earnings, and supervise overall production plans. Commune members last year were put into military-type units, and able-bodied adults, at least nominally, made members of the militia. In this year's reorganization, militarization has been modified and de-emphasized. A revised income system puts more importance on individual work capacity, permitting higher earnings for greater effort.

Despite the confusion attending its organization and the bitter opposition to it on the part of the farm population, the modified commune system now seems to be operating with considerable effectiveness, at least in terms of production. Khrushchev has said that Russia tried it once and found the system unsuitable. But Chinese leaders show no signs of abandoning it. Indeed, they still speak of eventually returning to centralization, extending the commune system to the cities and making the communes the basis for a Communist, as distinct from the present Socialist, pattern of society.

The bold, seemingly inexorable experiment that is Communist China, with all its strength, has permanent undertones of weakness. The forced pace of economic expansion, falling most heavily on the sectors of agriculture and light industry, has prevented any considerable rise in individual living standards. Today, basic foods and clothing are still severely rationed, and the refugees that escape constantly into Hong Kong tell stories of chronic undernourishment, food queues, and general shortage of goods.

The Communists claim that they have kept availability of consumer goods far ahead of population pressures and, indeed, that by putting everybody to work they have made an asset of China's huge manpower resources. As mechanization proceeds, however, China's rapidly expanding population must become an increasingly serious problem.

The very determination of Chinese Communist leaders to build in a hurry is dangerous. Extravagant planning in 1956 led to inflation and a serious unbalance and drop in production in 1957. The excesses of the great leap and the communes in 1958 resulted in 1959 in the confession of missed targets and distorted development.

Pressures fall hardest on the local cadres in case of any failures. There is much evidence that local cadres are weary, not only from expending almost superhuman effort but from being blamed when anything goes wrong. The 1959 campaign against rightist opportunists may be aimed against the cadres' and local Party members' discontent; this discontent may also extend to high Communist personalities basically opposed to the impetuosity of the great leap and to policies that reserve material rewards for the hard-working people to a distant future.

The recent shift in leadership of the armed forces from Marshal Peng Teh-huai to Marshal Lin Piao seems also to reflect dissatisfaction in army ranks — caused possibly by the extensive use of army troops as a work force. There is a feeling of humiliation among higher officers compelled to serve for periods in the ranks, and discontent among the army rank and file, which has been largely recruited from the peasantry.

No really grave rift has occurred in the Chinese Communist leadership since the Communists conquered mainland China in 1949. There still appears to be effective collective solidarity, but Mao Tse-tung is aging. A crisis of unity cannot be ruled out. The extreme control of the people by the Peking regime makes popular revolt unlikely. The most probable way in which disruption could occur would be through a split among leaders or between power groups. At present, however, the government of Communist China seems firmly in power.

Complacent Westerners should not forget that, for many centuries before modern times, this giant nation — the Middle Kingdom — excelled all countries in cultural attainments, political stability, military prowess, and economic wealth. Today, the natural resources of the second greatest national land mass on the globe and the industriousness and creative genius of a people that make up one quarter of the world's population still exist.

If unity and the rate of economic expansion continue, this ancient land will rank, within ten to twenty years, with the United States and Russia among the great powers.

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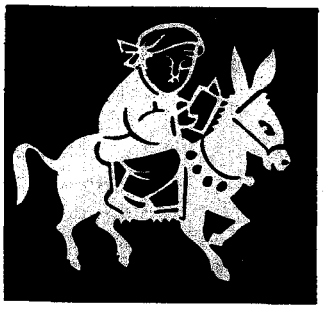

CHINESE JOURNEY

BY ALFRED FABRE-LUCE

A constant contributor to LE MONDE, ALFRED FABRE-LUCE *is a French historian and man of letters who was in China thirty years ago and again this year. His observations filled four notebooks, from which these excerpts have been selected.*

WESTERNERS once loved Peking not only for its beauty but also for the astonishing advantages they enjoyed there. In one quarter of the city they were rulers; at their feet they saw a nation of traders and artisans; and on their whims depended the coolies' hope of life — if they all took a ricksha, the runner would die within a year from heart trouble; if they all went on foot, he would die within a week of hunger. I traveled in China thirty years ago, when it was in a state of anarchy, and I had a lordly status. I now told myself: "This time I'll be cut down to my right size." Not at all. The privileges accorded the tourist have, if anything, increased.

At railway stations, I automatically began to make my way to the platform by following other travelers. But the interpreter directed me toward a luxuriously furnished waiting room decorated with flowering plants. If I moved to pick up my suitcase, it was withdrawn from my grasp indignantly, as though I were about to lose face. In the sleeping-car compartment, designed for four persons, two berths were reserved for me, and in the restaurant car, an entire table, from which Chinese were strictly turned away. I would have liked to ask them to sit down but was not sure whether I had the right. (In addition, I suppose, segregation was a quarantine measure.)

I was not, as elsewhere in the Far East, a target for touts and beggars; I didn't have to burrow every moment in wallet or pocket or keep an anxious eye on luggage. Everything fell into place around me as though by a miracle. In the train, I was not given my ticket but was entrusted by the interpreter to the guard. I was called at mealtime and conducted back to my compartment, surrounded with attention but deprived of all initiative, a silent traveler, both prince and prisoner.

I sometimes questioned the Communists with whom I was talking, but they never directly pressed me; I never found them lacking in courtesy. But why such a display of consideration? Would it really convert a bourgeois? That would be too naïve. Was it designed merely to show that the new China knows how to receive guests? Then I am happy to bear witness: the organization of tourism is perfect. Well, I have kept the rules. Now let us speak seriously.

Conversations, for the most part, are monopolized by Intourist. They ask you what you are interested in, whom you would like to meet. But your requests are not always granted. For days on end they repeat, "We are contacting. . . ." To me these mysterious words evoked a picture of endless telephoning, busy officials, the search of an ideal interlocutor. Nothing of the kind — the conversation never takes place. "Ask us anything you like! We are at your service!"

Like conjurors able to produce rabbits from a hat, they are prepared to offer you a factory, a circus, a curiosity shop, a doctor, a workers' club, and even a capitalist. I wanted to visit the rural communes; they agreed willingly. Most of the people I spoke with were young, lively, and intelligent, and our conversations were fairly

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free — more so in the South than in the North, and in the countryside rather than in the towns.

"How many Chinese are there? Four hundred million? Five hundred million? Give or take a hundred million, I really don't know."

This is what C. T. Wang, the Kuomintang Foreign Minister, said to me in 1930 as he looked at a map of China in his Nanking office. Twenty years later, Chou En-lai, Prime Minister of the People's Republic, was equally uncertain. In 1950, he adopted as a working hypothesis the higher of Wang's two figures. The census of June 30, 1953, was to show a population of more than 650 million. Was this surprise gratifying or disturbing? The sudden gift of a hundred million Chinese may explain the birth-control policy inaugurated the following year by the Government. It also explains Khrushchev's appeal to Russian women to have at least three or four children, in which some have seen an anticipation of the need to defend Siberia.

Those who examine the figures closely will notice that they include eight million Formosans, twelve million Overseas Chinese, and eight million inhabitants of the desert regions all lumped together. Even according to the *People's Daily*, a certain number of the inhabitants were recorded twice over. Many Chinese have only the haziest idea of their age (a child born on December 31 is said to be two years old on the following day, January 1). I have read a scholarly study from which I conclude that 10 to 20 per cent of this frightening figure may represent only imaginary Chinese.

The calculation of food resources is even more problematical. Last autumn, Mao Tse-tung boasted that the grain harvest had been doubled. Claims to a more modest increase would have been admitted by everybody — it was impossible for such immense efforts not to have results. But the claim to a doubled output causes raised eyebrows. What has become of this miraculous harvest? Traveling through China, I looked for signs of it but could find none. Bigger rations? On the contrary, supplies to the towns have fallen off, and I was able to ascertain in a rural commune that state deliveries had not been increased. Exports? They scarcely rose at all in 1958, and China's recent failure to fulfill some trade undertakings suggests scarcities rather than plenty. Greater supplies of animal feeding stuffs? Unlikely. Stockpiling? I saw nothing of it. What struck me most of all was the lack of conviction on the part of officials whom I questioned. I still remember the look of anguish on the face of one of them when he asked me: "Are you satisfied with my explanations?" I tend to share the almost unanimous skepticism of foreign experts.

The amount of work done is tremendous and the increase in yield real, but for the time being the consumer does not benefit. In the West, production is destined in the end to satisfy the varied tastes of the population; in China, the population has to adapt itself to what is there. As bees feed their queen, the Chinese people are feeding an invisible goddess of production. She is flourishing, as the figures show, and the Party appears to be satisfied. But what does the ordinary workman think when he reads these victory bulletins in his paper and compares them with his own modest meals? I asked a workman what he hoped for in the immediate future. I formulated my question rather ambitiously. "Would you like, first of all, better housing, more leisure?" He answered, with a timid smile of very simple desire, "We would so much like . . . a little more pork."

China," say the Communists, "has made dazzling progress." And the anti-Communists, entering into the game, add: "Yes, but only at the cost of putting all the Chinese into barracks." Using figures which cannot be checked, the two schools continue unshaken in their debate. "Soon," say the Communists, "a third of the arable area will be enough to feed the entire population. The rest will be forests, pasture, fallow land. The landscape will be changed by the hand of man to stop the wind and stabilize the rain." And the anti-Communists reply: "The old people are interned, husbands separated from wives, mothers from children. Couples are allowed to meet at rare intervals for a few minutes, while other couples await their turn."

I saw neither the miracle nor the torture in the two communes I visited. One was in Kwantung, the other, 1500 kilometers to the north, in Chekiang. In theory, the transition from cooperative to communal organization facilitates a "more rational use of labor" and the establishment in each production unit of "a happy balance between agriculture and industry." In fact, the only change that had taken place in the life of the country people with whom I spoke was the introduction of communal kitchens, and even these did not have the all-embracing character attributed to them. The dining rooms were small and equipped with family tables. There was a choice of two menus, and these could be supplemented, on payment, in a canteen, and the people were free to prepare their meals at home on "rest days" or on days when they were receiving their families or their friends. In the crèches I saw fat children wrapped in flannel, smiling happily, and I saw them claimed by their families after five in the evening. And in the Houses of Happiness — now

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called more modestly Houses of Respect — only a few old people were without the comfort of their families.

A woman with a job cannot give all her time to her household and her children. Furthermore, she can save time by eating at her place of work. The Chinese are adapting themselves to these conditions, which are becoming a common practice in all countries.

These are some of my impressions of the communes I observed; I do not wish to generalize. Elsewhere the change may have been more radical. Remuneration of agricultural workers in China consists of a small wage payment supplemented by the free allocation of goods — food, clothes, social services. These allowances are called the "ten guarantees." In Kwantung I was told that this year wages had been increased and guarantees reduced. There are differences. Unevenly put into operation in the countryside and not yet applied in the towns, communization is at an experimental stage; it is too soon to pass any final judgment on it.

Nevertheless, the system is moving in an unmistakable direction. At Hangchow I examined the plan of the future town. One of the proposed buildings struck me by its size. I asked what it was intended to be. "It's the dormitory." That was the first time I heard the word that was soon to become very familiar. A dormitory is a dwelling place for workers separated from their families. The vast amount of construction work in progress in China requires the large-scale transfer of labor. I even heard — but that was in Hong Kong — of vast labor distribution centers, not unlike concentration camps. The work is of a temporary character — constructing dikes, barrages, kilns, storing the harvest. Town dwellers take part for a few weeks or months. It is, they say, a way of getting a change of air in a country where there are no holidays and of getting to know the life of rural workers, thus promoting the fusion of classes. The system is reminiscent of the labor service introduced by the fascists.

Where exactly is the boundary between volunteering and deportation, between the organization of labor and the destruction of the family? One would have to know a great deal about life in China to be able to draw it. The agricultural contribution made by the few intellectuals I met was, it seemed to me, symbolic rather than real. The requirements of production take precedence. The doctors in a hospital I visited in Shanghai sleep at home only once a week, on Saturday ("We have to keep an eye on all the patients"), and in comparison with others they are privileged. Here is the story of a Peking family: the husband's qualifications made him more useful in Chungking, and he was sent there; his wife remained in Peking, but managed after a time to get a transfer to Chungking. All would have been well but for the fact that, just before her arrival, the administrative machine blindly dispatched the husband to a third city. The compensations? The dormitory is, as a rule, more comfortable than the individual's home; the man deprived of his wife is consoled by a shower. Bourgeois degradation — socialist progress. No doubt there is an undercurrent of triumph in seeing the roots of reactionary attitudes torn up in this way. That, at least, is the feeling among the activists, against whom Mao, the man of the center, has often had to contend.

IMAGINE yourself dictator in Peking. You are in control of a country that is backward and without large natural resources but with a vast population. You play this trump card. You raise from the sweat of the people the capital which earlier generations failed to accumulate. You enhance their capacity to produce by stirring up enthusiasms, by mobilizing against two enemies: reaction and natural disasters. That is why the day's work begins with rifle practice (the rifles are of wood) and ends with meetings denouncing floods. You try to rescue them from age-old passivity by encouraging sport and teaching them to use their wits. You praise them by saying that they can do everything and that their traditional medicine is better than modern medicine, that with their own hands they will be able to change the climate. You draw them into an exciting production romance, in which public works represent the ups and downs of life, statistics the spur; failures are sabotage. This technique of stimulation is of Soviet invention, but in Mao's China, thirty-two years behind, the drug has to be administered in larger doses. In the U.S.S.R. it is possible to envisage machines replacing men, but such a policy applied on a large scale in China would only spread unemployment. The accent is therefore placed on the first — and inverse — phase of modernization: the transformation of men into machines by psychological conditioning.

It may also be that Mao has intended to reach the stage of Communism more quickly than Khrushchev. The Soviet leader's criticism of the Chinese communes in his conversation with Senator Humphrey appears to corroborate this. But is this a matter of two Marxist and mutually jealous schools, or rather a case of two economies with different needs? Russia is an industrialized country, rich in resources, relatively underpopulated, its people well trained and even — whatever its rulers say — now rather bourgeois in outlook. China, 85 per cent agricultural, has twice as many

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peasants as the U.S.S.R. has citizens, and its technical backwardness is great. Its numbers are both its strength and its weakness; it must seek other solutions.

One evening in Shanghai, the lamps were giving only a dim light. Current was being diverted to the new industries being built in the suburbs. Since this city no longer trades with the rest of the world, a new means of livelihood had to be found for it. There are no raw materials in the locality, but it is being industrialized nonetheless. I saw the factories going up, vast buildings surrounded by wretched bamboo huts. First the machines must be set going; then the workmen can be housed. At the food shops in Hangchow, queues started forming at dawn. At Canton, from my room at the top of the Love of the Masses Hotel, I looked down on the rain-swept street. There were thousands of carts with large palm-leaf umbrellas, like walking flowers. Around each cart there was an entire family, some pulling, others pushing; it looked like an enormous beetle with human legs.

In 1956, when the Indian delegation visited the country, they were amazed to see men acting as draft animals. "But for you," they said to the Chinese, "cows are not sacred; why don't you make use of them?"

This animalization or mechanization of man has nothing sadistic about it. It is an inevitable sequel to the nature of the regime and the size of the population. Nor is it any longer imposed by bloody terror, except, I believe, in the Muslim and Buddhist outlying territories. In the middle of a commune I visited, I found a photograph of a reactionary being executed, but this kind of violence has become exceptional. The picture is reminder enough. Criticism has taken the place of direct force, and it is a powerful instrument in collectivized life.

The isolation of the Communist leaders may be their secret tragedy. They would, on occasion, like to engage in free conversation, but when they invite non-Communists to talk with them, the reply, only thinly disguised, is "Get away with you." This is the fate of a regime determined to fight against human nature; every easing of tension endangers it. It can only advance on the same road, toward power or utopia. If the scale of the undertaking justifies the maintenance of mass mobilization, it also has its uses as a diversion. A great many Chinese are kept frantically busy only in order to make them forget that they are superfluous. The newspapers are full of citations, for children who collected large quantities of leaves, for old men who killed large numbers of flies. It is not a question of what all this activity yields; everybody must be kept interested.

Formerly, a visitor to China found a measure of intellectual exchange possible; he used to share a common frame of reference with his hosts. But nobody I now met had read a line of Confucius.

In Shanghai I visited a workers' club. It was an enormous building, and the rooms were full of young men tinkering with jigsaw puzzles, making music, doing gymnastics. There was even one quiet room, where some men were sitting around a table. "Creative work," I was told respectfully as we passed through. Then I was asked for my impressions. I said: "I have seen nobody who was idle and nobody bored. Everybody seemed to be entirely wrapped up in what he was doing. This large house swarming with youth is impressive. But this I find frightening: putting forward as models men who have studied less but spent more time among the people; the student who claims to have mastered in forty-eight hours of intensive work all the knowledge of his absent teacher; the peasant woman who prides herself on having written ten thousand lines without a break; the worker who wrote in one year six stories and four hundred and twenty-three poems and now announces his intention of stepping up his output. In one of your exhibitions I saw — and in the places of honor! — inventions which were no more than childish tinkerings. What a glorification of amateurism! Doesn't all this arouse resentment among your professionals?"

The reply to this was the argument that the Chinese revolution was still in its early stages and that what was important now was to encourage people to take up creative work; later they could choose among the things created.

This is a Communist Sparta, and it is capable of still greater privations. It can plan and achieve and develop. But any flowering of personality would burst it asunder. It can reckon with war, but not with happiness. The immense labors should, logically, bring an improvement in the people's standard of living; it will be granted only with reluctance. In any event, the bourgeois pleasures of disinterested culture will certainly be denied.

Can these people be kept indefinitely in their present state of hypertension? Think of a feverish adolescent driving himself too hard, every gesture proclaiming his exaltation. Is he in good health? Or would you expect a breakdown? China is that adolescent.

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RED CHINA'S IMPACT ON ASIA

BY A. DOAK BARNETT

A. DOAK BARNETT, *who was born and brought up in China, has spent most of his professional life studying Chinese affairs. A former member of the State Department, Mr. Barnett is now program associate at the Ford Foundation. This article is drawn from his new book,* COMMUNIST CHINA AND ASIA: CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN POLICY, *to be published by Harper for the Council on Foreign Relations early next year.*

IN THE decade since the Chinese Communists established the Peking regime, Mao Tse-tung and his followers, while steadily improving their domestic base for national power, have worked persistently to achieve ambitious foreign policy goals. It is important that these goals, and the Chinese Communists' strategy in pursuing them, be understood. It is essential to ask some fundamental questions. How do the Chinese Communists look at the world? What do they feel China's role in it should be? What are they attempting to achieve, and how do their day-to-day foreign policy tactics relate to long-range strategic concepts?

There can be disagreement about many of Communist China's aims, but Peking's leaders are explicit in stating one thing: they are determined to be accepted as a great power. Premier Chou En-lai stated this bluntly in 1956; Communist China's views, he said, should be heard "in the settlement of any major international issue."

In addition, the Chinese Communists obviously accept a new version of "Asia for the Asians" and seem confident that, if Western influence can be expelled from Asia, Communist China will automatically become the dominant power in the region. One of the clearest statements of this idea was made by Chou at the Geneva Conference in 1954. "We hold," he declared, "that interference in the internal affairs of Asian nations be stopped, all foreign military bases in Asia be removed, foreign armed forces stationed in Asia be withdrawn, the remilitarization of Japan be prevented, and all economic blockades and restrictions be abolished." This was a frank and concise way of saying, leave Asia to us.

In the Chinese Communists' eyes, the United States is their principal enemy. It is the only nation now capable of counterbalancing their power and blocking the achievement of many of their basic aims. All nations allied with the United States are labeled contemptuously as mere "tools of imperialism."

Peking's leaders place special importance on the role of Japan as the key nation in terms of regional security. Liu Shao-chi, who succeeded Mao as Chairman of the Republic when Mao retired from this post, has stated this very clearly. "It would be impossible for American imperialism or any other imperialist power to launch large-scale aggressive war in the Far East without Japan as a base," Liu declared in 1953, adding, "It can be said that peace in the Far East is assured as long as it is possible to prevent the resumption of aggression and violation of peace by Japan or any other state that may collaborate with Japan."

There are other areas on China's immediate periphery which Peking also regards as being of particular importance to its national interests. Of

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prime importance, of course, is Taiwan. The Chinese Communists look on Taiwan as unliberated Chinese territory, and in this sense not a foreign policy issue at all. Although they apparently hope to win Taiwan eventually without risking a major war with the United States, they will certainly continue attempting to probe, threaten, and subvert the Chinese Nationalist and American position, and for this reason the Taiwan Strait area will undoubtedly continue to be dangerous and potentially explosive for a long time to come.

The Chinese Communists are sensitive about all their border areas, and, like most strong Chinese rulers in the past, they have exerted pressure at many points on China's circumference. Undoubtedly, Peking now regards both North Korea and North Vietnam as buffer areas of great importance, and it would probably go to great lengths to prevent any serious military threat to China arising in or from either area. It has probed the undefined boundary of Burma and created serious doubts about China's intentions regarding some of its other borders which are as yet not clearly settled. Conceivably, at some time in the future, the Chinese Communists might put forth irredentist claims elsewhere, to Hong Kong and Macao, as they have to Tibet and certain Indian and Burmese territories, and they might someday try to re-establish claims to territory in Outer Mongolia or in the Soviet Far East, where the Chinese once were predominant.

Yet, despite the fact that Peking's leaders, like the leaders of any modern nation, have a great and real concern about territorial questions, national security problems, and similar issues, these do not provide the sole key to an understanding of their view of the world. The key must also be sought in their ideological convictions. There is no doubt that these men are genuine revolutionaries, with a strong sense of mission to speed up the course of an "inevitable" world revolution. Ideology clearly molds Peking's strategy and provides the rationale for both the ends and means of its foreign policy. While the Chinese Communists are pragmatic in interpreting their ideology, it would be a great error to believe that ideology is no more than a meaningless cloak for their national interests. It is, in fact, a basic determinant of their strategy.

THE Chinese Communists see the world as engaged in a prolonged, continuous, and intense revolutionary struggle, and this simple fact has profound implications. They are not fundamentally concerned with freezing the existing status quo, stabilizing situations, or permanently solving problems. Instead, they are interested in promoting constant change, in the hope that each change, however small, will further their long-term aims. They view the world-wide struggle as one in which great social, economic, and political forces — some identified with particular national states and others cutting across national lines — are contending for supremacy.

Consequently, international relations are not only a matter of conventional dealings between governments. Government-to-government relations are regarded as important, it is true; but equally important in Peking's eyes is the necessity of using every possible means, formal and informal, overt and covert, to influence social trends, political opinions, and economic conditions within foreign countries, in order to exert an indirect influence on the policies of other governments, and, in favorable situations, to promote revolutionary changes.

Viewing the world in this fashion, the Chinese Communist leaders have a very sophisticated philosophy of power, evolved during their own struggle within China. They certainly believe that there is an intimate relationship between military and political power. In an oft-quoted statement, Mao Tse-tung declared bluntly over two decades ago: "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. . . . Anything can grow out of the barrel of a gun."

Yet the Chinese Communists also recognize that power in the modern world is the product of many complex factors — political, economic, and psychological, as well as military — a product of people and ideas as well as guns. They attach extraordinary importance, in fact, to men's minds and appear to believe that by manipulating them they can gain control over basic social forces and thereby offset the power even of enemies with greater military strength. Therefore, despite the great emphasis which they place on the need for military power, their concept of continuing world revolution is not a simple idea of military conquest. It involves a strategy which is far more complex and subtle than overt military expansionism.

In translating strategy to tactics, the Chinese Communists are masters of the zigzag. Although tactical opportunism is characteristic of Communists everywhere, Mao and his followers have elaborated a doctrine of flexibility, growing out of the revolution in China, which has a unique Chinese flavor. Thinking, as they do, in long-range terms, they are prepared to make tactical retreats when necessary, without abandoning their constant striving toward ultimate goals. "To defend in order to attack, to retreat in order to advance, to take a flanking position in order to go straight: these," Mao once said, "are the inevitable phenomena in the process of development

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of any event or matter. All of us know that in a boxing contest a wise boxer usually yields a step."

Most important of all, the Chinese Communists see an unceasing contest between two camps: Moscow, Peking, and the so-called "camp of peace" on the one side, the United States and its allies in the "imperialist camp" on the other. Each situation, each problem, and each issue is evaluated in terms of its relationship to this basic struggle and to the fundamental aim of steadily enlarging the size, strength, and influence of the Communist sphere.

Between these two poles are the colonial and semicolonial countries, the uncommitted nations, and the broad area which Lenin regarded as the "rear bases" of imperialism, without which the capitalist world would crumble. The Chinese Communists look on this area as a political battleground, a primary focus of the struggle between the two camps, and they feel that China, as the Asian partner in the Sino-Soviet alliance, must play a very large role in the Communists' approaches to this area.

WITHIN the broad framework set by its long-range goals, Peking, in close coordination with Moscow, has made several tactical shifts in its foreign policy in the past decade, and among the most important have been its changes of approach toward the non-Communist Asian nations which, in its view, belong to the colonial and semicolonial world. These shifts have had far-reaching effects on Communist China's relations with all of Asia. The most striking contrast is between the peaceful-coexistence tactics which Peking, and the entire Communist bloc, evolved during 1952 to 1954 and the militantly revolutionary posture which the Chinese Communists adopted when they first came to power.

In their first flush of victory in 1949, the Party leaders, apparently confident that their own success would give a decisive impetus to Communist insurrections throughout Asia, openly and unabashedly proclaimed their broad revolutionary aims. Calling for armed struggle wherever possible, Liu Shao-chi declared that "The path taken by the Chinese people . . . is the path that should be taken by the peoples in the various colonial and semicolonial countries in their fight for national independence and people's democracy." All the non-Communist leaders in Asia, including those in the nonaligned nations, were regarded as "running dogs" and "hirelings" of the "imperialists."

Five years later, Peking and the Communist bloc as a whole had put on a new and very different face. The Chinese Communists embarked on a major diplomatic campaign to woo the non-Communist governments of Asia, and in particular the governments of the nonaligned nations. In April, 1954, they signed an important agreement with India embodying the now famous "five principles of peaceful coexistence," in which Peking pledged its noninterference in other countries' affairs.

Chou En-lai soon converted these principles into a major theme song with which he attempted to attract the nonaligned nations into alignment with the Communist bloc in one broad "zone of peace." "Revolution is not for export," Chou blandly assured the Indians, the Burmese, and others. And then, at the Bandung Conference of Asian and African nations in early 1955, he adopted a conciliatory posture which had a wide impact on many Asians. We "come here to seek unity, not to quarrel," Chou declared at Bandung; all Asian nations should "seek common ground," and this would be found, he said, in "doing away with the sufferings and calamities of colonialism."

Since that time, the entire Communist bloc, pursuing this peaceful-coexistence approach, has made vigorous efforts to attract the non-Communist countries of Asia. Despite the recent hardening of its policies, Peking seems likely to continue these tactics for a long time, unless it decides that the balance of world forces has swung drastically in the Communists' favor. Clearly, Peking, Moscow, and their allies now feel that, with the world balance as it stands, they must concentrate on influencing the existing governments in non-Communist Asia, while standing ready to exploit revolutionary situations within these countries if and when they occur.

Peking's policy is never confined exclusively to either blandishments or pressures, however. Attraction is always mixed with intimidation and subversion, even though the recipe constantly changes. This fact is probably clear to a good many more Asians now than it was during 1955 and 1956, when the Bandung spirit was at its height. Since the latter half of 1957, Peking has shown a new militancy in its foreign policy, and this has greatly affected Communist China's relations with the rest of Asia.

Communist China has applied new pressures or threats in a variety of ways and places: by banning all trade with Japan; hinting at its willingness to send "volunteers" to the Middle East and Indonesia; using its own brand of brinkmanship in bombarding Quemoy; engaging in cutthroat economic competition in Southeast Asia; issuing warnings to South Vietnam about its activities in the Paracel Islands, which Peking claims; and exerting strong pressures on India and Laos. These

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pressures and threats have greatly tarnished the five principles, even in the eyes of Asians who have been most predisposed to view the Chinese Communist regime sympathetically.

Yet, it would be a mistake to conclude that Peking has abandoned its general tactics of peaceful coexistence. It seems likely that, while its blend of attraction and intimidation may vary from time to time, Peking will continue focusing its efforts on the short-term aim of separating the non-Communist Asian nations from the West and aligning them with the Communist bloc, while steadily working to build up Communist China's prestige and influence throughout Asia.

In pursuing its foreign policy goals, Peking has numerous instruments of policy at its command: its military power, both conventional diplomacy and "people's diplomacy," trade and aid, the Overseas Chinese, and the Communist parties throughout Asia.

Communist China's military forces, reorganized and modernized since 1949, are now probably stronger than the military establishments of all the non-Communist nations of the Far East, Southeast Asia, and South Asia combined. Peking has two and a half million men in its People's Liberation Army, backed by millions more in its reserves and its militia; 2500 planes in its air force, 1800 or more of them jets; and a navy which, although small, is nevertheless the largest indigenous naval force in the Far East. All of these forces are supported by continuing Soviet assistance and advice.

For the past several years, there has been a rough sort of balance between American atomic weapons and Chinese manpower, and Peking, in the name of peaceful coexistence, has refrained from bringing the full weight of its military power to bear on its Asian neighbors. Nevertheless, Communist China's growing strength has steadily enhanced its international prestige and its ability to make its political weight felt in Asian affairs. No country on China's periphery can today overlook the fact that Peking, even when speaking softly, carries a big stick.

But until recently, in pursuing tactics of competitive coexistence, the Chinese Communists have de-emphasized military pressure on their neighbors and have made vigorous efforts to expand their influence throughout the Asian-African world by more conventional and respectable political and economic means.

Diplomatically ostracized by the United States and excluded from most international bodies, Peking has nevertheless steadily expanded its contacts abroad. Its successes have been most notable in South and Southeast Asia and in the Middle East and North Africa, where it has been able to establish diplomatic relations with Burma, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Nepal, the U.A.R., Yemen, Ceylon, Cambodia, Iraq, Morocco, and Sudan. At the height of Chou En-lai's freewheeling drive to broaden and develop Communist China's diplomatic influence, during 1954 to 1956, the Chinese Communists signed numerous joint statements and communiqués with the leaders of nonaligned nations in Asia, and they concluded several important intergovernmental agreements with India, Indonesia, and others.

In all of its diplomatic dealings, Peking has persistently worked toward certain limited aims: to arouse and exploit anticolonial resentments, to reinforce neutralism, to highlight existing areas of agreement between the Communist bloc and the newly independent nations, to mobilize support for the Communists' views on issues such as the control of atomic weapons, and in subtle ways to align the nonaligned nations with the Communist orbit. The impact of its efforts on the Asian-African world should not be underestimated. It is true that, since the hardening of the Communists' policies in 1957, and particularly since Peking's suppression of revolt in Tibet, many Asians have taken a more critical look at Communist China. But it would be wishful thinking to assume that Peking has lost all of its power of attraction.

One of the most remarkable aspects of Communist foreign policy in recent years is the fact that, despite China's immense domestic economic problems, it has become a major participant in the Communist bloc's economic offensive, focusing on the underdeveloped areas.

Peking's total foreign trade has more than doubled in the past decade, rising from $1.8 billion in 1950 to perhaps $4.9 billion in 1958. In contrast to the years before 1949, the bulk of this trade has been with Russia and Eastern Europe, and it has consisted essentially of an exchange of Chinese agricultural products for needed capital goods. Since 1952, however, the Chinese Communists have steadily increased their trade with the non-Communist nations, and they have vigorously promoted trade with the Asian-African area. Peking's political motives undoubtedly go beyond the simple aim of purchasing good will; since 1958, its strong economic sanctions against Japan and its drastic price cutting, bordering on dumping, in Southeast Asia provide a warning that Peking may be able to use trade as an instrument of direct political pressure.

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At present, Communist China is trading with more than eighty non-Communist countries or areas. By early this year, it had signed formal, intergovernmental trade pacts with a wide range of countries in the Asian-African area: India, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia, Cambodia, the U.A.R., Lebanon, Nepal, Yemen, Tunis, Morocco, Iraq, and Sudan. Of Peking's total trade with the non-Communist world, roughly two thirds is now with the Asian-African area, and in the Far East and South and Southeast Asia, Communist China accounts for over two thirds of the entire Communist bloc's trade. In this trade, the Chinese Communists maintain a large export surplus, and they are steadily expanding their exports of manufactured goods — textiles, other consumer goods, and even some capital goods. They are beginning to compete seriously with Japan and other industrial nations. Between 1954 and 1957, Communist China's trade with the underdeveloped countries of the Far East and Southeast Asia rose by more than three quarters, at a rate over three times as fast as the increase of Japanese trade with the area.

Peking has also entered into the business of foreign aid. Since 1953, if one includes its aid to other Communist regimes, the Chinese Communists have given more than $750 million in grants and $150 million in loans (this loan figure is incomplete, since the amounts of a few loans have not been announced) to North Korea, North Vietnam, and Outer Mongolia, and have also provided more than $30 million in grants and loans to Hungary.

Communist China's aid to countries outside the Communist orbit started only in 1956, and to date it has been relatively modest. But the fact that Peking is giving any aid at all to countries in South and Southeast Asia and the Middle East is significant. All of its programs of aid to these countries fall into a definite pattern. They have been given to nonaligned nations, with the clear aim of reinforcing neutralism and building up Communist China's political prestige as well as its economic influence. Peking's promises to these countries include grants totaling more than $60 million to Cambodia, Nepal, Egypt, and Ceylon, and loans totaling over $40 million to Yemen, Indonesia, Burma, and Ceylon.

This year, Communist China plans, according to its budget, to deliver over $250 million of foreign aid to both Communist and non-Communist countries. This is particularly remarkable in view of the fact that, as far as is known, Peking itself is not now receiving any financial aid from the Soviet Union in the form of either grants or long-term loans. It is also worth noting that the total foreign aid which Peking plans to deliver this year, if expressed as a percentage of China's small national income, takes a slice out of economic output which is comparable to that which the United States is allocating to its foreign economic aid programs.

DIPLOMACY, trade, and aid are useful to Peking in its current dealings with existing governments in Asia, but Peking's ultimate objective is to encourage successful revolutions throughout Asia. In the long run, what it hopes most to export is revolution, and even though its general tactics of peaceful coexistence have forced it to play down this aim for the present and to be discreet and covert about encouraging subversion, the objective remains unchanged.

Among Peking's various instruments for promoting subversion, the Overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia have attracted wide attention in recent years. They are certainly important, and in a few key areas they will probably be decisive in determining the shape of the future. But their importance should not be exaggerated; in Peking's strategy toward Asia as a whole, their role is clearly a subordinate one.

There are about ten million Overseas Chinese living in Southeast Asia. With impressive commercial skills, they have acquired great economic power, and the large majority of them are unassimilated. Almost every Southeast Asian government regards them as a major problem and would like both to reduce their economic influence and to integrate them more fully into the local societies. A large percentage of the Overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia have retained ties of many sorts with their homeland, and both the Communists and the Nationalists have competed actively to obtain their loyalty. Ever since 1949, Peking has devoted major attention to the Overseas Chinese, and with the advantage of its growing power it has manipulated them in various ways to serve its purposes. They provide valuable sources of intelligence as well as channels for financial or other aid to local Communist and pro-Communist groups.

Where the Overseas Chinese make up a large proportion of the population, as in Singapore, Malaya, and Thailand, they are potentially an extremely important instrument of Peking's influence. In all three of these areas, the local Communist movements are essentially Chinese in membership, and without any doubt Peking regards the Overseas Chinese as the key to the future of the entire Malayan peninsula. In Singapore, specifically, the political dangers which they pose are immediate. Communist-manipulated and pro-Peking Chinese laborers and students provide

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much of the political backing for the People's Action Party, which won a landslide victory in last summer's Singapore elections. If these elements were to gain complete control of the PAP, they would undoubtedly try gradually to convert the new state of Singapore, at the crossroads of Southeast Asia, into a political satellite of Peking.

Peking's strategy elsewhere in Asia depends far more on the indigenous Communist parties than on the Overseas Chinese. Confident that these parties will eventually gain power, the Chinese Communists constantly strive to support them.

Although Communist China's people's diplomacy emphasizes so-called cultural relations, it has a strongly subversive purpose. It might, in fact, be called overt subversion. Peking distributes an enormous amount of Communist propaganda in Asia through the conventional media of communication. It has become a mecca for visitors from all over Asia and has arranged exchanges of persons on a wide scale. Even more important, it has supported the establishment within other Asian countries of numerous front organizations which mobilize the support of thousands of non-Communists behind Communist-sponsored causes. Its aim in all of these activities is to foster favorable, or at least benevolently tolerant, attitudes among key groups in other Asian countries toward Communist China, toward the Communist bloc as a whole, and toward local Communist movements. People's diplomacy aims at the cultivation of fellow travelers and potential converts to serve both as lobbyists within their own countries for the ideas and policies of the Communist bloc and as backers of local Communist causes.

The spread of Communism in Asia will not be accomplished by fellow travelers, however, and Peking's main hopes obviously rest upon the hard-core Communist parties in each non-Communist country. Since the early 1920s, the Chinese Communists have maintained links with many of these parties, and, since 1949, Peking has become, along with Moscow, a major center of guidance and support to them. During the past decade it has channeled financial support to the parties in several countries, but its major support, particularly since the world-wide shift in Communist tactics from violent insurrection to political maneuver, has been intangible. Peking has given constant encouragement and advice, and possibly training, to other Asian Communists. The stamp of the Chinese model for revolution has had a wide impact throughout Asia, even though the path of armed insurrection which Peking proclaimed a decade ago as China's strategic prescription for Asia has been subordinated, at least temporarily.

In the past few years, the growth of Communist strength has been disturbing in many areas. In Indonesia, the Communist Party's membership is claimed to have jumped from 8000 in 1952 to more than a million in 1957; and in the 1957 local elections, when it received 8 million votes, it emerged as the strongest single party on Java, the center of political power in Indonesia. In Laos, the pro-Communist Pathet Lao, converted into a legal party called the Neo Lao Haksat, won most of the seats which it contested in the 1958 elections. In India, the Communist Party, having doubled its membership between 1952 and 1957, emerged as the second strongest national party in the 1957 elections, and in mid-1959 reverted to insurrectionary tactics.

In the past year or more, the growth of Communism seems to have been checked, for the moment, in some places. Since late 1958, non-Communist military leaders have taken control or political leaders with military backing have assumed special powers in a number of Asian countries, including Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, Thailand, and Laos. Wherever this has taken place, there has been a clampdown on Communist activities, but, as events in Laos indicate, one cannot conclude that the basic Communist threat has been substantially reduced. Anti-Communist military leaders have assumed new political importance in these countries because of a breakdown of democratic institutions and processes, and it remains to be seen whether the new regimes will be able to strike successfully at the root causes of Communist growth.

In an Asia characterized by continuing revolution, instability, and an uneasy balance of power, the growing power and influence of Communist China pose a major challenge to the United States and all other nations concerned with the future of the region. The United States must recognize that it cannot avoid engaging in a long-term contest with Communist China throughout Asia, a contest which is now, and will continue to be, ideological, political, and economic, as well as military. The tasks which face the United States in this contest are formidable. In direct dealings with Communist China, it must attempt to deter aggression, avoid war, and — to the extent possible — reduce the present acute military tensions on China's immediate periphery. In meeting the broad challenge which Communist China poses throughout Asia, it must help to build strong non-Communist states which can maintain their national integrity in the face of both external pressures and internal subversion. These tasks will demand a high level of statesmanship and a far larger commitment of American resources — intellectual, moral, and material — than the United States has been willing to make so far.

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POEMS

BY MAO TSE-TUNG

These poems, written between 1928 and 1956, appeared in the first number of the Chinese monthly, POETRY, *in January, 1957. It is impossible to preserve in translation the distinctive rhythm and rhyme of the originals, yet these certainly reveal the skill of the poet Premier.*

Loushan Pass

Loushan Pass is a strategic point in the Loushan Mountains in Tsunyi County, Kweichow. The Red Army occupied Tsunyi in January, 1935, during the course of the famous Long March, and shortly afterwards entered this pass.

Cold is the west wind;
Far in the frosty air the wild geese call in the morning moonlight.
  In the morning moonlight
The clatter of horses' hooves rings sharp,
And the bugle's note is muted.

Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron.
This very day in one step we shall pass its summit,
  We shall pass its summit!
And then the blue hills will be like the sea,
And the dying sun will be like blood.

The Long March

The Red Army fears not the trials of a distant march;
To them a thousand mountains, ten thousand rivers are nothing;
To them the Five Peaks ripple like little waves,
And they slide over great Wumeng as a ball down a slope.
Warm are the cloud-topped cliffs washed by the River of Golden Sand,
Cold are the iron chains that span the Tatu River.
The myriad snows of Minshan only make them happier,
And when the Army has crossed, each face will be smiling.

Kunlun

Rising straight in the air above this earth,
Great Kunlun, you have witnessed all that was fairest in the world of men.
Your three million white jade dragons in their flight *
Freeze the sky with penetrating cold;
In summer days your melting torrents
Fill the streams and rivers over the brim,
Changing men into fish and turtles.
What man can pass judgment
On all the good and evil you have done these thousand autumns?

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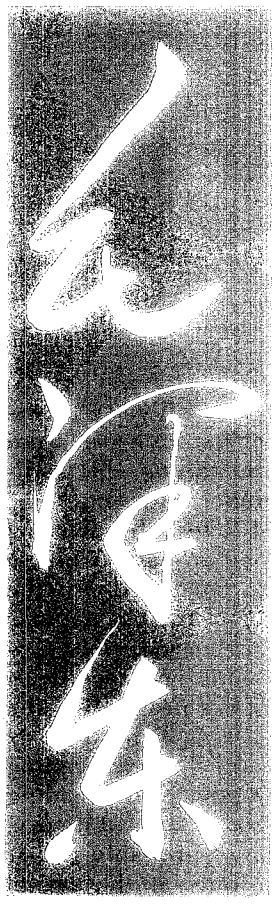
But now today I say to you, Kunlun,
You don't need this height, don't need all this snow!
If I could lean on the sky, I would draw my sword
And with it cut you into three pieces.
One I would send to Europe,
One to America,
One we would keep in China here,
So should a great peace reign in the world,
For all the world would share in your warmth and cold.

**The men of old used to say: "When the three million white jade dragons are fighting, their tattered scales flying fill the air." Thus they described the flying snow. Here I have borrowed the image to describe the snow mountain. In summer, when you climb Minshan, you look out onto a crowd of mountains, sweeping away as if in a dance, and all white. Among the common people, there was a saying that, years ago, when Monkey King passed by here, these were all Mountains of Flaming Fire; but Monkey borrowed the Palm Leaf Fan and put out the flames, and that was how they froze and turned white.* — THE AUTHOR



Peitaiho

Peitaiho is a well-known summer resort south of the island Chinwangtao in Po Hai.

A rainstorm falls on this northern land,
White breakers leap to the sky.
Of the fishing boats from Chinwangtao
There is not one to be seen on all the ocean.
Where have they gone?

More than a thousand years in the past
The Emperor Wu of Wei, wielding his whip,
"Eastwards journeyed" hither; his poem remains.
"The sad autumn wind is sighing" still today —
The world has changed!

To Mr. Liu Ya-tzu

Kunming Lake is in the Summer Palace, Peking.

I cannot forget how at Canton we were drinking tea together,
And at Chungking exchanging verses just when the leaves were yellow.
Thirty-one years have passed, we are back in the old capital;
At the season of falling flowers I am reading your beautiful lines.
Take care not to break your heart with too much sorrow;
We should ever take farsighted views of the ways of the world.
Do not say that the waters of Kunming Lake are too shallow;
For watching fish they are better than Fuchun River.

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An Atlantic Portrait

by MICHAEL LINDSAY

MAO TSE-TUNG

MICHAEL LINDSAY *is an Australian who lived in China for many years. During part of World War II he was with the Communist guerrillas and came to know Mao Tse-tung personally. Since 1951, Mr. Lindsay has been Senior Fellow of the Department of International Relations at the Australian National University of Canberra.*

WHEN a man has identified himself with a cause for the greater part of his adult life, that cause becomes part of his personality. Mao Tse-tung would certainly claim that his life was meaningless apart from the Chinese Communist Party. In attempting to portray the man, one can only trace the interaction between his personality and the movement of which he has become the leader, or go back to the original personality and the social environment which produced this identification with a cause.

One can trace family influences on Mao — a loving but unassertive mother and a conservative, narrow-minded, and domineering father, against whom the boy rebelled. This rebellion can explain Mao's refusal to accept his father's plans for his future — to settle down into the moderate ambition of developing a family business in the narrow environment of a Hunan village.

Hunan was not a very remote or backward province, but it was conservative. From Hunan had come the armies which defeated the T'aip'ing Rebellion and the great officials who, a generation before, had tried to restore Chinese society within the traditional Confucian pattern. In Mao's generation, the failure of this restoration was obvious. The Sino-Japanese War and the Boxer Rebellion had shown China's complete helplessness on the international scene, and internal problems remained unsolved. All sorts of new ideas were spreading, from revolutionary newspapers and from schoolteachers returned from Europe or Japan, and the foundations of traditional Chinese society were under criticism.

As a boy, Mao was exposed to a bewildering variety of influences. He had a basic Chinese classical education and was fascinated by the traditional rebellious literature of the old popular novels. Middle school in Changsha, the provincial capital, gave him some contact with Western learning. In a fit of enthusiasm for the 1911 Revolution, he joined the army for six months, and he spent the rest of the year reading in the provincial public library. His reading included a lot of Western history, political theory, and philosophy in translation — probably rather confused translation. It was only at the age of nineteen that he settled down to a regular course at the Hunan Teachers Training College, where the teachers included both Chinese classical scholars and students returned from Europe.

This period was probably decisive in forming Mao's personality. He became the leader of a group of young men who were patriotic and full of exciting and visionary ideas. As Mao described them to Edgar Snow twenty years later, "My friends and I preferred to talk only of large matters — the nature of men, of human society, of China, the world, and the universe!" Many of the particular ideas which Mao held then he was

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to change later. What has remained is the attitude of mind — looking at the world in terms of some broad general pattern and seeing it as a place in which men could realize their visions of an ideal society.

The next great influence was a period at Peking in the winter of 1918–1919. Peking University was then the center of intellectual life in China. The prevailing atmosphere was strongly anti-traditional, but every variety of political and social theory was hotly debated as providing the alternative to Confucianism. The most influential magazine was *New Youth*, edited by Professor Ch'en Tu-hsiu, who later became the first leader of the Chinese Communist Party.

To support himself Mao obtained a job in the university library. (He claims that he was paid only eight dollars a month, but men who were professors at the time say that the job actually paid seventeen dollars.) He also fell in love with the daughter of Yang Chen-ch'i, one of his teachers in Changsha, who had become a professor at Peking. They were married in 1920, and she was later killed during the Civil War.

Mao returned to Hunan in 1919 and engaged in revolutionary politics, editing a local magazine. It was only on a second visit to Peking in 1919 that he became seriously interested in Marxism, but by 1920 he considered himself a convinced Marxist, and in 1921 he attended the meeting in Shanghai at which the Chinese Communist Party was founded. For years Mao had been searching for a set of basic beliefs and a definite social ideal, and in Communism he felt that he had found them. He does not seem to have wavered from the "decision for Communism" which he made in the early 1920s. In later years he was to have his own ideas about the best means for establishing Communist power, but he never seems to have questioned the dogmas of Communism — the vision of a new, ideal type of human society to be reached through the power of the Communist Party and the acceptance of the Soviet Union as the guide to this new society.

WHAT makes Mao Tse-tung such a remarkable and complex person is the struggle between his ideals and his natural abilities. On the one hand, there is his identification with the Communist myth: the Communists see the world in terms of the most general theoretical system, from which they deduce the plans for building the perfect society, and they consider any sacrifices in the present worth while. On the other hand, he is a very practical man, and possesses shrewd common sense, and is slightly contemptuous of the people who take general theoretical systems too seriously.

In the 1920s, Ch'en Tu-hsiu had serious misgivings about the Comintern policy of close collaboration with the Kuomintang because of his belief in Marxian theory, though he always in the end followed Comintern directives. To someone who took his Marxism seriously, Stalin's analysis of the Kuomintang as a multiclass party was a theoretical monstrosity. Mao does not seem to have shared these theoretical misgivings. He was quite ready to collaborate with the Kuomintang so long as this seemed an expedient road to Communist power. He became secretary to Hu Han-min, one of the more conservative Kuomintang leaders, and was considered to belong to the extreme right wing of the Communist Party. His divergences with Comintern policy came on the practical issue of the extent to which Communist power could be based on the peasants and could develop without control of large cities. Mao's strategy proved to be successful, though his rivals, who believed that a Communist Party must be based on the city proletariat, were more orthodox Marxists. But even while he was ruling Communist areas with almost no industrial workers in them, he did not try to modify Marxist theory to fit his practice, but continued to maintain that the Communist Party represented the workers rather than the peasants. In his view, the peasants were a means to serve the cause of the revolution; the revolution was not a means to serve the interests of the peasants. In terms of the Communist vision of the future, the peasants could only realize their ultimate true interests by serving the working class and finally becoming part of it.

This conflict between visionary Marxism and practical common sense is clearly seen in Mao Tse-tung's writings. He is original and interesting when he writes on problems of military or political strategy; as a theorist of guerrilla warfare he is unrivaled. His writings on Communist theory show little originality. They are mostly orthodox and rather turgid Marx-Leninism.

In the beginning, the Russian Communists were suspicious of Mao's peasant-based Communism. One article in *International Press Correspondence* actually listed Maoism as a heresy. But when Mao proved successful in the countryside while the Party organization in the cities became weaker, the Russian attitude changed, though Russian publications remained evasive about his exact status in the Party, even when they recognized his position as Chairman of the Chinese Soviet Republic. In fact, Mao had a long struggle against rivals for the Party leadership. He became the recognized leader of the Chinese Communist Party only in 1935, after the

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policies followed by Russian-trained leaders had led to the loss of the Communist areas in South China and the evacuation of the Communist army on the famous Long March.

The new Communist base in Northwest China was much smaller than the areas which the Communists had controlled in the South. If Chiang Kai-shek had been able to continue the Civil War for a few more years, he probably could have won it. It was Japanese pressure on China which gave Mao his real opportunity; the Communists negotiated a truce after the Sian incident, and the agreement for wartime cooperation with the National Government followed.

THE wartime situation was exactly suited to Mao's talents. The more doctrinaire objectives of Communist policy were officially put in cold storage for the duration of the war. The main efforts of the Party were concentrated on developing guerrilla warfare and on organizing the peasant support necessary for a common-sense reformist program. This was the field in which Mao's abilities showed to best advantage. It is quite likely that, looking back, Mao would feel the Yenan period to be the most happy and successful of his life.

As the undisputed leader of the Party, Mao Tse-tung at Yenan was a slightly aloof figure. His role seemed to be that of thinking out basic strategy, leaving its detailed execution in the hands of followers whose competence and loyalty he could trust. On the personal side, though life at Yenan was primitive by Western standards, it gave a higher degree of comfort and security than Mao Tse-tung had enjoyed before. He had divorced his second wife, who had gone to Moscow in the early years of the war, and his authority in the Party enabled him to marry a young and beautiful film actress.

It was in the Yenan period that the Chinese Communists got the reputation of being merely agrarian reformers, and there was evidence to justify this reputation. The Party was carrying out a very effective reformist program, and Mao declared to visiting journalists that it did not intend to return to the former, more doctrinaire agrarian policy. In the government organization, some non-Communists did have considerable influence. Practical policies were often incompatible with strict Marx-Leninist orthodoxy. Articles were published which raised the question that Communist orthodoxy always evades: How can one be sure that the Communist Party does represent the masses? And there was a widespread undoctrinaire attitude very unusual in a Communist organization and very different from anything one found after 1949. There was, of course, another side — the uncritical acceptance of the Soviet line on international affairs, the continued expression of Marx-Leninist orthodoxy in more theoretical writings, the doctrinaire attitude remaining in some key organizations. But it was not unreasonable to hope, on the evidence available in 1944 or 1945, that the Chinese Communist Party would develop away from Stalinism under Mao's leadership.

One of the interesting "might have been" questions is: What would have happened if the Chinese Communist Party had ever faced a clear choice between Communist orthodoxy and a truly democratic system? What would have happened if, abiding by the rules of democratic process, the Party could have obtained a clear opportunity to continue reformist policies and gain power through genuine popular support? Either the Kuomintang or the United States government could have presented the Chinese Communists with this choice, which might have split the Party. But the challenge was never made. The policies of the Kuomintang and the United States never disproved the orthodox Marx-Leninist theory that a ruling class will always resort to armed force rather than make any surrender of power and a capitalist government will never mediate impartially between Communists and non-Communists.

Both General Marshall and other well-informed Chinese observers felt that some of the Chinese Communists really hoped for a settlement in the negotiations of 1945 and 1946. Mao seems to have been among them, though it is doubtful whether he ever fully faced some of the issues involved, such as the need for choosing between Chinese and Soviet loyalties. He was quite strongly criticized within the Party for having gone too far in concessions in October, 1945, and he defended his actions by arguing that it was worth taking considerable risks in the hope of sparing the Chinese people the horrors of a new civil war. There are some indications that his position in the Party was weakened in 1946 by the failure of the negotiations.

VICTORY in the Civil War came much sooner than the Communists expected, and after the establishment of the new government in October, 1949, Mao Tse-tung made his first trip outside China — a visit to Moscow. The next few years saw a process of political coordination with the Soviet Union, and most of the special features of the Yenan period disappeared. Agrarian policy went back to where it had left off in the Chinese

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Soviet Republic, and Mao came out in favor of a rapid transition to collective farming. He was now The Leader, receiving both modern and traditional honors. His portrait was displayed everywhere, and some publications treated his name like that of an Emperor, placing it always at the beginning of a new line, raised two characters above the rest of the text. For several years, like an Emperor, he lived a secluded existence, appearing in public only on ceremonial occasions.

By the end of 1956, the basic requirements for Mao's vision of the new society had been realized, at least for its first stage of socialism. Private ownership of the means of production had disappeared with the collectivization of agriculture and the taking over by the state of all industry and trade. The opposition had either been liquidated or had accepted a place in the new system. But this formal realization of socialism can hardly have satisfied the common-sense, practical side of Mao Tse-tung's personality. As socialism was in the interests of the people, the people ought to like it. Mao knew from the Yenan days what it was like to be a leader with real popular support, and he must have been shrewd enough to feel the difference in the synthetic popular support of a totalitarian system. As he began to be less secluded, he must have realized that many people were still dissatisfied. And he knew from his earlier experience that the Communist Party could make mistakes and that the comparative freedom of criticism and the real power of some non-Communists which had existed in the Yenan period had been a valuable means of enabling the Communist Party to correct its mistakes. Finally, if China could show that its socialist system had such a wide degree of popular support that it could afford to allow free criticism, it would be obvious that China was doing a better job in building socialism than the Soviet Union, which had suppressed the Hungarian revolt and was moving back toward Stalinism.

This is a speculative reconstruction of Mao's thinking, but it would explain his action in 1957, when he took the lead in the movement for encouraging free criticism and made his speech, in February, on "contradictions among the people." He probably expected that the criticism would show basic support for the regime but would indicate minor mistakes which could be corrected.

Criticism started slowly, but increased when people found that the promise not to penalize critics was apparently being observed. A great deal of the criticism was fundamental, attacking especially the privileged position of the Communist Party. What must have been most alarming was that fundamental criticism came not only from the older intelligentsia but also from Communist Party members of long standing and from the students, a group which had been the most ardent supporter of the regime in its early days. And criticism was strongest among the students of worker or peasant origin.

To admit that much of this criticism was valid and to meet its basic demands would have involved radical revisionism, going further, perhaps, than Tito's or Gomulka's. This, in turn, would have involved a purge of the Stalinist elements in the Party, who had been critical of the tolerance of criticism from the beginning. It might have involved a split with the Soviet Union, leaving China defenseless against American attack, and Mao probably believed that this was a real threat.

In fact, the critics were suppressed in the anti-rightist campaign, which started in June, 1957, but Mao must have wondered what had gone wrong. Why did it seem that Mao had less real popular support than he had had in the 1940s? To admit that people really did not like the Communist road to the perfect society of the future would have been to repudiate his basic convictions. The alternative explanation was that what China had got was not yet proper socialism, in which case the remedy was to advance more rapidly. Mao traveled more around the country and probably found that many local cadres were still enthusiastic and had visions about the possibility of a "great leap forward" toward the ultimate ideal of a Communist society. This, again, is a speculative reconstruction of Mao's thinking, but it could explain his support for the communes program in 1958 and the extravagant claims which were made for it. If the communes succeeded and the great leap forward produced its results, Mao could feel assured that his lifelong dreams of the perfect future society were being realized.

Here again, Mao's hopes were disappointed. It proved necessary to slow down and modify the development of communes. The experiment was regarded with considerable skepticism in the Soviet Union, and the more extravagant claims were not even translated in the Soviet press. The enthusiastic expectations of the great leap forward in 1958 have been largely disappointed.

Mao suffered a real setback when he retired from the presidency and was replaced by Liu Shao-chi, who had opposed the experiment in free criticism and who seems to favor following the experience of the Soviet Union in economic policy. While Mao still remains the leader of the Party and a world figure in the Communist movement, he is probably a deeply disappointed man. For nearly forty years he had been motivated by the vision of the new society which could be built in China, and he has found that the reality cannot be made to correspond to his vision.

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ART

UNDER THE COMMUNISTS

THE art created under and approved by the Communist regime in China resembles the traditional art of the country about as much as a tractor resembles an early bronze, but it would be unjust to attribute the contrast entirely to socialist realism and the doctrine that art must appeal to the masses. Chinese art was, at the time of the Communist accession to power, in a curiously unsettled condition.

The indeterminate character of Chinese art in the twentieth century resulted from the breakdown of a very old tradition. The strong, elegantly monumental work of the Han period (218 B.C. to 206 A.D.), with its predilection for human and animal figures, had been succeeded by a linear style with much emphasis on landscape. This style was supported to some extent by Chinese aesthetic theory, which held painting and calligraphy to be equal arts deriving from the same source and devoted to the same end: the expression of meaning through pictures. It was quite natural that painting, viewed as a more realistic form of picture writing, should retain the elements of calligraphic technique. Structure was created by brushwork in ink, and color was confined to washes. Once established, this style of painting proved capable of such great variety and expressiveness that it remained dominant for fifteen hundred years.

An early Chinese painting was intended to be an elaborate calligraphic symbol conveying an intellectual, philosophical, or religious meaning. Painters were members of the intellectual elite and enjoyed the respect and freedom granted that class. Their work was done for an audience of their own kind.

As early as the fifth century, one Hsieh Ho formulated six principles of painting which became the foundation of all subsequent aesthetic discussion and practice. His writings are translated in various terms by scholars, but it seems to be generally agreed that his first law enjoins the artist to render the true, inner meaning of a subject rather than the superficial appearance, while the last recommends the study and copying of older masters. The other four rules are practical admonitions on the importance of brushwork, color, composition, and accurate drawing. Acres of paper and seas of ink were lavished on the interpretation of Hsieh Ho's succinct principles, but he remained on the whole as firmly entrenched in Chinese criticism as Aristotle in medieval science.

The Chinese painter, seeking to capture the inner life and meaning of his subject, evolved a technique in which volume was defined by line and distance by the suppression of detail. Since surface realism was not the aim, a significant part could stand for a whole object. Why paint a mountain when one peak would say "mountain" to any intelligent observer? This technique en-

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abled the great landscape painters of the Sung period (960 to 1280) to translate intellectual concepts directly into pictorial symbols with concentrated power and brilliance. Their successors continued to work in the same spirit, with minor variations due to geographical location and the tastes of the reigning dynasty.

Every artistic style has its limits, however, and by the end of the nineteenth century many young Chinese painters had become dissatisfied with their native tradition. The style that had served so well to express the meaning of Buddhism and Taoism now seemed unsuited to deal with the torrent of new ideas coming into China from the West, and painters seriously feared that their art might degenerate into a mere repetition of old and now meaningless forms. Even before the Revolution of 1911, conscientious attempts were being made to extend the technique and content of Chinese painting, usually by an infusion of European methods. Young painters went to Japan to study Western art — there was an academy for this purpose in Tokyo — and, more sensibly, after the Sino-Japanese War of 1895, to Paris. They discovered perspective, plastic color, oils — a whole arsenal of alien weapons which they carried hopefully back to China.

By the middle 1920s, academies and studios in the European style existed in most of the larger cities of China, attracting pupils, public interest, and occasional scandalized outcries against life classes from the more conservative citizens. The wide variety of European styles available for borrowing led to a great deal of eclectic experiment among Chinese painters, who nevertheless fell roughly into two groups. In Shanghai, Liu Hai-su, who had studied in Europe after a thorough training in the traditional Chinese school, became the center of a group of painters who seemed determined to try out every vagary of French artistic fashion. In Nanking, Hsü Pei-hung, a very able painter of similar background, dominated a coterie which concentrated on technical proficiency. Thanks to the efforts of these men and others like them, painting in the European manner had become fairly familiar in China by the end of the thirties.

The work of these Chinese modernists was, however, hardly more related to the actual progress of events in China than that of the traditionalists had been. An exhibit of contemporary Chinese painting at the Metropolitan Museum in 1948 included Hsü Pei-hung's dashing, loosely fluid paintings of horses, and economical, vivid, heavily linear representations of crabs and vegetables by Ch'i Pai-shih, but not a painting that hinted at the turmoil of revolution, invasion, and civil war that had swept over China in the past thirty years.

Alongside the serious and somewhat detached experiments of the Chinese modernists, there developed a school of wood-block artists whose aims were primarily educational. The wood-block movement was one of the innumerable enterprises of the author, educator, agitator, and reformer Lu Hsün. He had observed that the Russian Communists used wood-block prints to convey propaganda and information to the semi-literate masses with considerable success. Wood blocks were relatively simple to make, and reproduction was quick and cheap. By 1930 he had opened a class of instruction in Shanghai.

The wood-block class immediately attracted a number of young artists who wished to use their talent for social and political reform. While not all the students were Communists, the movement was solidly political from the first, dedicated to the improvement of conditions and the enlightenment of the mass of the Chinese people. It was European in style, realistic in approach, proletarian in subject matter, blunt, emotional, and malcontent. It was detested by the authorities of the Kuomintang, and official persecution added to the messianic enthusiasm of the artists.

The Communist Government of China, then, inherited three kinds of art: painting in the traditional Chinese manner, which was little more than a moribund remnant of its former glory; the modern movement, an experimental compendium of European styles plus some fairly promising attempts to blend European and Chinese techniques; the wood-block movement, which was perhaps nearer to graphic journalism than to art, but which at its best was capable of forceful communication.

The Communist position on art is surely too well known to require elaboration. Art is the servant of the state — that is to say, the Party — and must convey those ideas which the Party wishes the citizens to accept. Artists who cannot or will not echo Party dogma in their work are induced to take up another trade, such as ditch-digging on a remote frontier. Artists who express orthodox Communist ideas with reasonable enthusiasm are rewarded with prestige and privilege. The question before the Chinese Communist Government was how to make proper political use of the available painters.

The wood-block group, always largely Communist in sympathy, was adopted by the regime with little difficulty. It was only necessary to weed out a few deviates who had drifted into the movement for non-Marxist, humanitarian reasons. The survivors continued to whittle out brisk illustra-

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tions of true Communist action, exhortations to street cleaning and prompt attendance at the assembly line, and celebrations of the triumph of workers and peasants. Unfortunately, their work lost, in the warmth of success, much of the nervous strength it had shown in the cold days of adversity. Ornament and needless elaboration crept in, and a general softening of line.

The modernist group presented a more complicated problem. Obviously, such bourgeois diversions as impressionism and personal whimsey had to go, but there was some danger that every competent painter in China would go with them. It would have been rash, for example, to hold his occasional reactionary dalliances against a man like Hsü Pei-hung, whose extraordinary versatility included the ability to turn out vast soap-and-water canvases in the most literal Victorian academy style and, moreover, to teach the trick to others. This sort of thing was exactly what was wanted for official pictures of Mao Tse-tung observing a new dam with his retinue at his heels and a group of beaming workers in the background. It also did nicely for posters. Hsü was appointed director of the National Academy of Peking and held the post until his death in 1953. His house and paintings have since been presented to the state by his widow, possibly under official pressure, and are preserved as a museum. Ch'i Pai-shih, who died in 1957 at the age of 94, was permitted to continue unmolested with his highly individual and hopelessly nonpolitical paintings of mice, birds, and plants; he had started life as a carpenter, and this respectably proletarian origin probably served him well. Some less tractable painters left the country, and others continue to do so. Chang Ta-ch'ien, a respected artist and connoisseur of painting, only recently departed to South America.

Although the Communist authorities made occasional allowances for old, established painters, the younger generation is being firmly trained in socialist realism. In September of 1950, the *China Weekly Review* reported on the result of five weeks of work by the faculty and students of the National College of Fine Arts in Hangchow, who had been sent on a field trip to paint factories and farms. The paintings they produced were exhibited and judged on "their artistic merit and their reflection of the actual life of the people in the new China." The winning entries carried such titles as *Analysis of Class Status* by Nyetai, *Spies in the Temple* by Yu Ying-ch'uan, and *Dancing on the Way to Night School* by Chang Yang-i. No reactionary doubts or capitalist pessimism disfigures any of these canvases.

Sculpture, an art never as much practiced in China as in the West, has been specifically encouraged by the Communist Government, which considers patriotic monuments indispensable.

While contemporary painting and sculpture have been faced squarely toward Moscow by the Chinese authorities, interest in Chinese archaeology has been encouraged and practical measures taken to preserve and display what the Government describes as a treasure of the Chinese people. A real effort is being made to maintain the pride of the Chinese in their great artistic past and also to impress other nations with China's attainments. As it happens, a great deal of material of historical interest has come to light through the Communist program of public works, for the digging involved in making highways, dams, and railroads has incidentally turned up many items of beauty and archaeological importance. These finds have been sorted and housed with such enthusiasm that the monthly report published by the Department of Cultural Affairs claimed, in November of 1958, that China is now the third country in the world in the number of its museums.

Activities at the caves of Tun-huang are another example of the interest in traditional art displayed by the Communist Government. Tun-huang is an oasis near the western border of China Proper, on the old silk route into Central Asia. Near it there was created, following the penetration of Buddhism into China, an agglomeration of cave temples containing religious statues and elaborately painted walls. The place was never entirely abandoned, but it was much neglected, and in the early years of this century, English, French, and Japanese explorers, getting wind of a cache of scrolls and manuscripts at Tun-huang, carried away everything portable. There was no opposition from the Chinese authorities at the time, for there was no official interest in the place, but the present Government testily refers to those particular visitors as bandits and imperialist robbers.

The Communists are making a considerable effort to protect, discreetly restore, and publicize what remains at Tun-huang.

They did not actually initiate official interest in Tun-huang. In 1942, when the place was still ten or fifteen days' travel from Peking by any transport available, the Kuomintang established the Tun-huang Research Institute, now the Art Research Institute of Tun-huang, with a crew of fifty copying the paintings. Colored copies of figures from the Tun-huang murals have been exhibited in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Japan.

All in all, the Chinese Communists must be credited with making shrewd use of most of the artists at their disposal, with improving the status of sculpture, and with a conscientious effort to preserve the great artistic heritage of their country.

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TARTARS TRAVELING ON HORSEBACK

Attributed to Li Tsan-hua
Detail from hand scroll painted on silk, 10th century
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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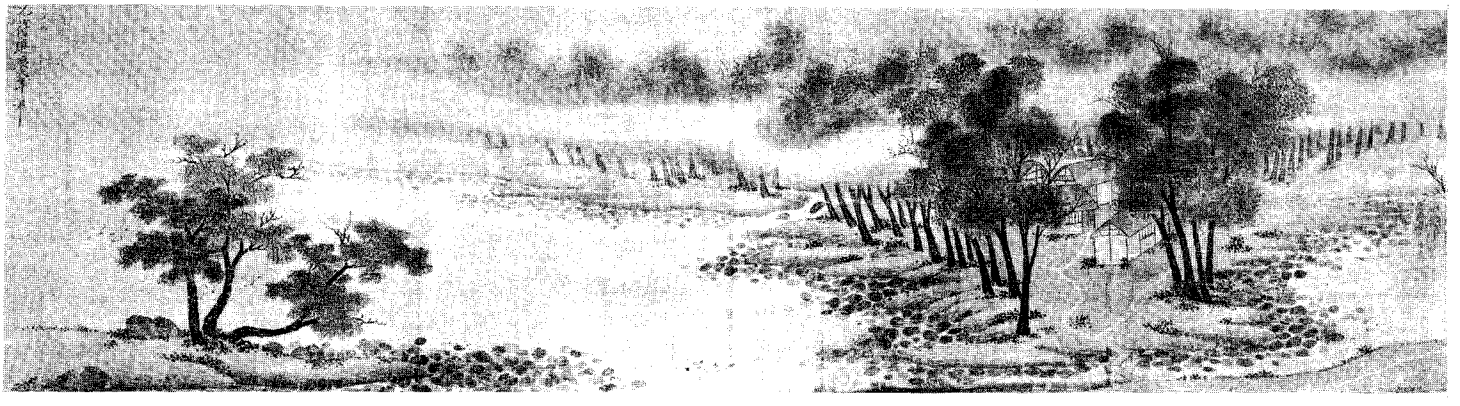
CONSCRIPTION

K'o Yang
Wood block, pre-1948
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Bost

WHARF COOLIES

Hwai Chiang
Wood block, pre-1948
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



SUMMER MIST ALONG THE LAKE SHORE

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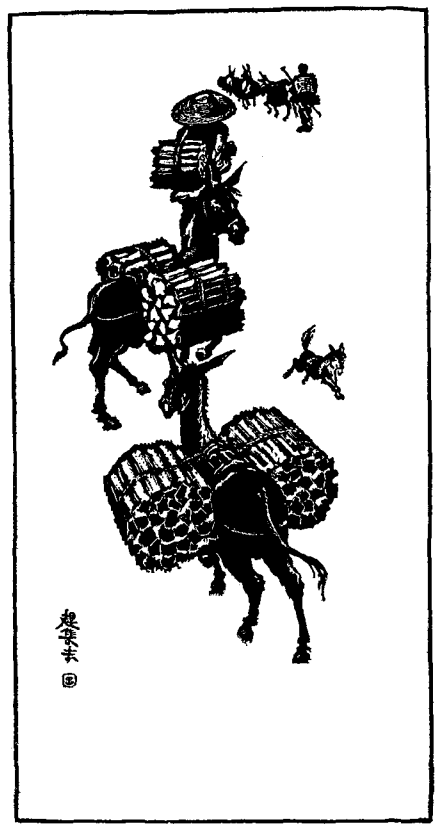
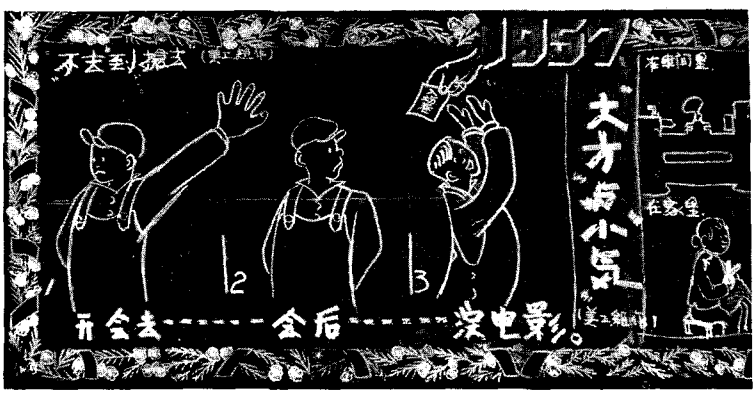
DRAGON WITH TUSKS: BRONZE SPIRAL

Middle Chou Dynasty, c. 700 BC
Courtesy of the Nelson Gallery of Art and Atkins Museum, Kansas City, Mo.



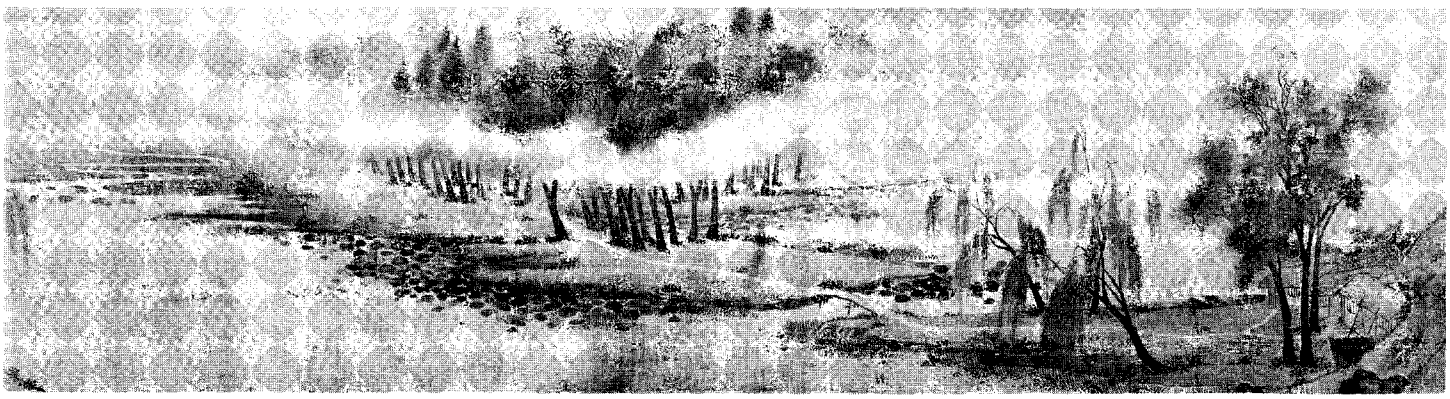
GOING TO MARKET

Lan Tien-yu
Wood block, 1959



CARTOON POSTER

"Come to the Party meeting — after the meeting — there will be a movie. No ticket necessary!"
Photograph by Marc Riboud



Chao Ling-jang, dated 1100

Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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山水有清音得
者寸心是寒泉
激石根泠泠谷口耳
何日我携家畊釣
伴雲夷念心彌
聽春風吹月過
清湘大滌子畊心并題

山先生惜笑

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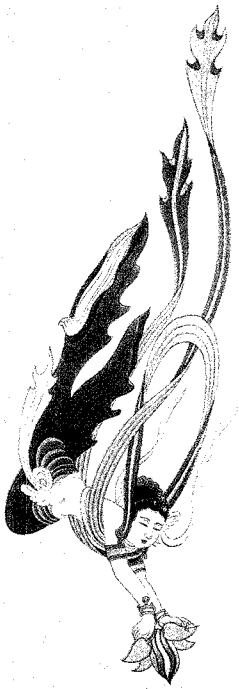


APSARA

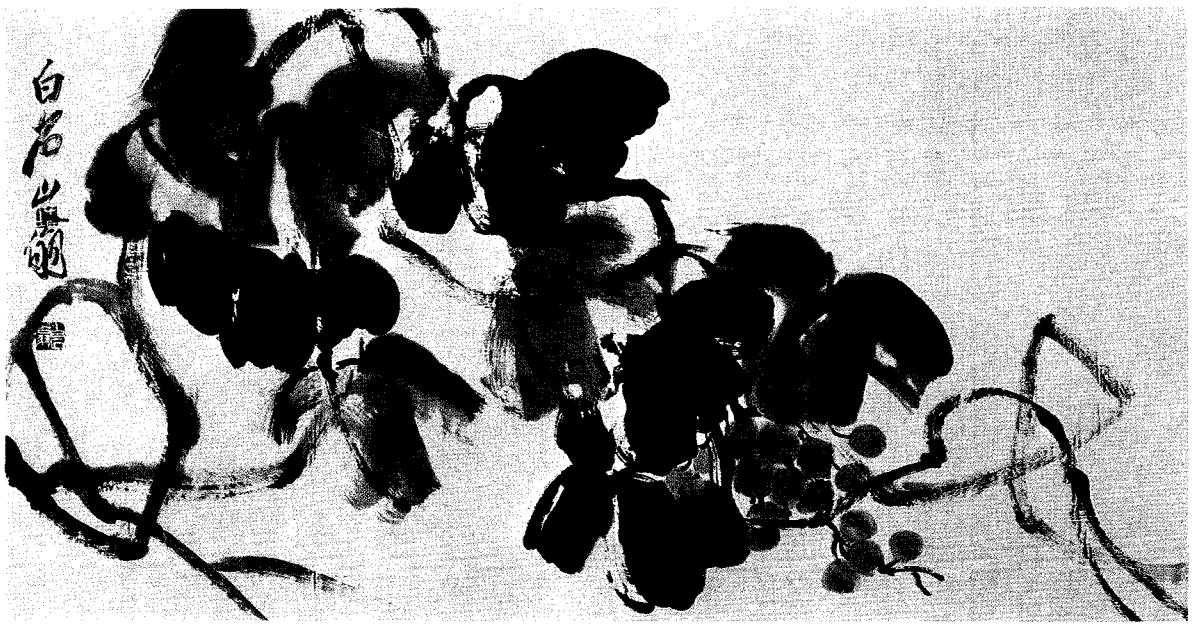
Modern wood-block print
from a Tun-huang
wall painting
c. 8th century

TARO PLANT

Chang Shu-ch'i
Contemporary

MOUNTAIN SUMMER RETREAT

Fu Pao-shih
Contemporary



GRAPE VINE AND FRUIT

Ch'i Pai-shih
Contemporary

LONE BOAT ON A STREAM

Tao-chi, dated 1703

Photographs courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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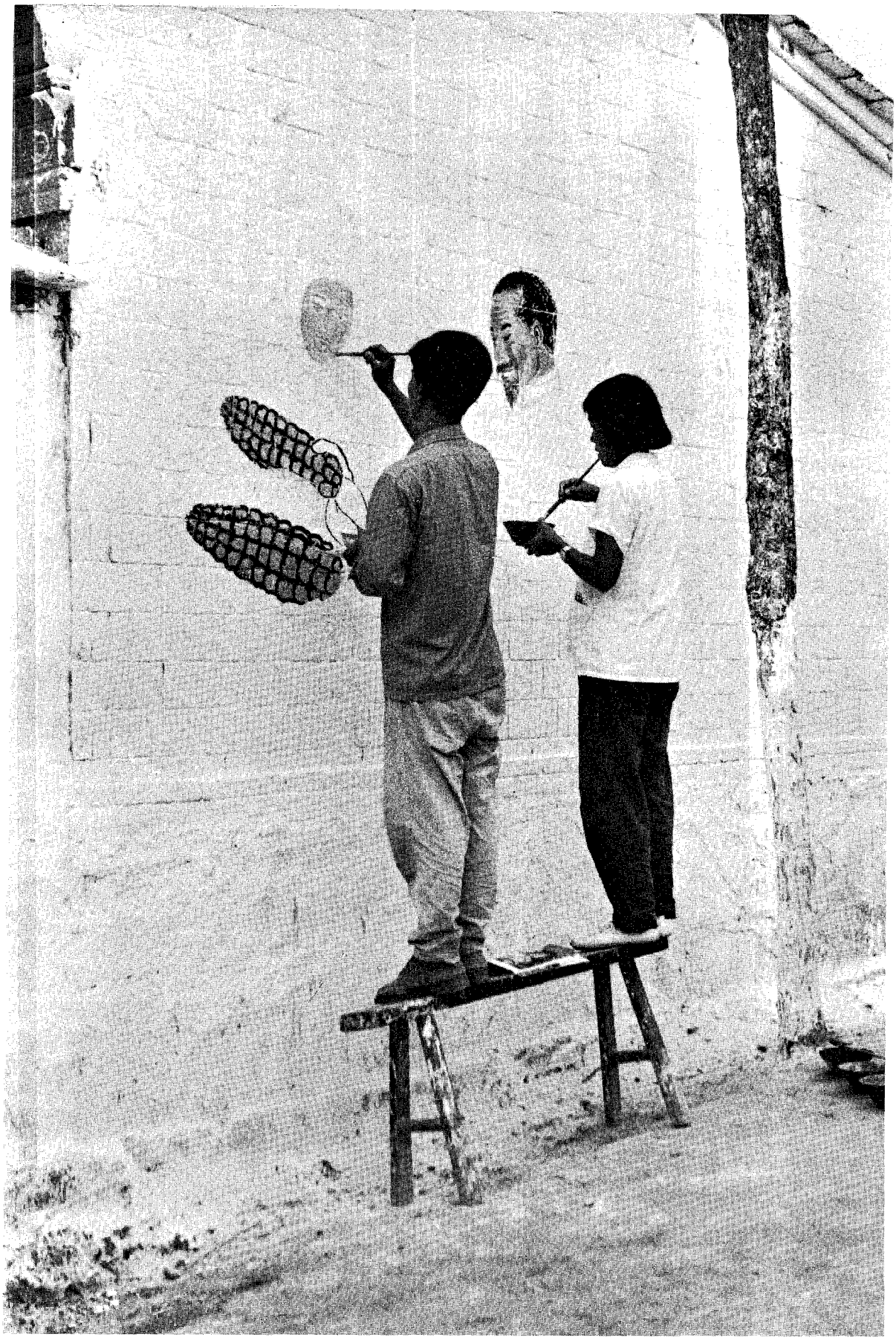

YOUNG ARTISTS

Decorating the walls of a peasant house in the Shiu-shin Commune; these artists, many of them graduates of the Central Institute of Beaux Arts in Peking, travel in teams to distant parts of the country to paint the accomplishments of the region or propaganda lessons in fresco style. Government leaders feel that those engaged in creative work "should settle down and live with the masses."
Photograph by Henri Cartier-Bresson

INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS, PEKING

Working on the preliminary model for an official monument.
Photograph by Marc Riboud

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CELEBRATING THE BUMPER HARVEST

Yang Nai-wei
Wood block, 1959

E-MEI MOUNTAIN

Chang Ta-ch'ien
Contemporary
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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"UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND CHAIRMAN MAO,
TO MAKE CHINA THE RICHEST AND STRONGEST SOCIALIST NATION"

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THOUGHT REFORM: Ideological Remolding in China

BY HARRIET C. MILLS

HARRIET C. MILLS, *who teaches Chinese at Columbia, has spent twenty-five years of her life in China. The daughter of Presbyterian missionaries, she graduated from the Shanghai American School, went to Wellesley College, and took an M.A. at Columbia. She returned to Peking in 1947 and was awarded a Fulbright scholarship. She was arrested in July of 1951, confined in the prison for counterrevolutionaries, and not released until October, 1955.*

For the past ten years the Chinese Communists have been conducting the greatest campaign in human history to reshape the minds of men. No other Communist or authoritarian state, not even the Soviet Union, has ever equaled the scope and intensity of the Chinese Communist effort.

The Chinese Communists believe that thought determines action. Thus, if 650 million Chinese can be brought to think "correctly," they will act "correctly" along lines the Chinese Communist Party considers essential for the creation of its version of a socialist China, to become at some distant date a Communist society in a Communist world.

The Chinese Communists are attempting to remold the mind as well as the face of China. Their approach combines standard techniques of the authoritarian state with a system of their own invention. Like any authoritarian state, the People's Republic of China has the power to enforce its edicts and protect official ideology by absolute control of education and all regular mass media. A vast supplementary network of village radio receivers and loudspeakers, housetop megaphone recasts, and door-to-door agents of oral propaganda carries official news, slogans, rousing songs, and propaganda skits to the illiterate in remote rural areas. In the familiar pattern of modern authoritarian societies, the whole population is thoroughly organized. Virtually every individual belongs to one or more mass organizations built around his age, residential, trade, or professional group.

However, the Chinese Communists are well aware that, effective as such regimentation may be in conditioning habits of action and response, it does not necessarily achieve genuine reorientation. They know that only if people are truly persuaded of the justice and correctness of the Communist position will they release their spontaneous creative energy and cooperate, not from necessity but from conviction. To accelerate this persuasion the Chinese Communists have developed group study, or *hsüeh-hsi*, in which everyone must participate — peasant, ex-landlord, city dweller, artisan, worker, peddler, merchant, housewife, producer, industrialist, even the political prisoner. Group study is a unique means for achieving critical rejection of old ideas in favor of new ones and a powerful weapon for ideological remolding.

Two main lines of experience have gone into group study, one Chinese, one Communist. During their twenty-odd years as guerrilla fighters, the Chinese Communists stumbled, through necessity, on one basic element of what is now group study. In teaching uneducated peasant recruits to use weapons, obey commands, live together, and protect the country people, the Communists gradually found that small discussion groups were the best way to make sure each man understood

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not only how but why. These small groups went patiently over all questions, objections, or counter-suggestions until the best method had been found and agreed upon. To the peasantry, on whom the army depended for support and cover, the Communists likewise explained their rural improvement program, rent reduction, land redistribution, public health, and literacy. Thus, they persuaded the peasants that it was to their advantage to cooperate in resisting Japan or the Kuomintang. The high morale of the guerrilla areas justified the Communists' approach.

The second objective in group study — namely, the study of Marxist theory and the discipline of criticism and self-criticism — has long been standard practice in Communist cells around the world. Out of the gradual fusion of these two traditions — Chinese persuasion and Communist dogma — contemporary group study has evolved as the ubiquitous working mechanism of thought reform in China.

TODAY every office, factory, shop, school, cooperative, commune, military or residential unit in China is divided into ostensibly voluntary small study groups of about six to twelve persons. Under elected leaders, approved by the authorities, these groups are required to meet regularly to discuss government policies, Marxist theory, or whatever has been mapped out for discussion by the central Party and government organs directing the nationwide group-study program. The function of these small study groups is to persuade members of the validity of the official position by bringing their thinking into line with that of the Party. Complex interplay of psychological and personal factors gives the technique its special character and power.

First, the study group is official. The leader represents and reports to higher authorities. Every member knows that evaluation of his thinking as reactionary, backward, bourgeois, apolitical, progressive, or zealous materially affects his future for better or for worse.

Second, everyone must express an opinion; there is no freedom of silence. In a small, intimate group, whose members know each other well and work and sometimes even live together, it can be very embarrassing to express an incorrect idea, yet over a long period it is virtually impossible to dissemble.

Third, parroting theory or the official line is not enough. Nor is mere intellectual acknowledgment of the reasonableness of the stipulated position sufficient. The important thing is to apply correct theory so as to discredit one's previous incorrect conceptions so thoroughly in one's own eyes that one gladly discards them and accepts the new. It is not sufficient for one to come to the genuine intellectual position that landlords were bad for China, yet maintain that not all landlords, one's father or a friend, perhaps, were bad. This proves unresolved sympathy with the old order. Nor can one honestly believe that America had been aggressive in China and yet feel that the U.S. system of elections is more democratic than China's. This proves insufficient understanding of the nature of the capitalist-imperialist system, which, if predatory abroad, could hardly be benign at home. Likewise, it proves unresolved pro-Americanism, which by extension becomes general sympathy with the West and therefore hostility to the Communist Party in China.

For an intellectual to admit that labor — mental and physical — is the origin of all wealth, the root of all progress, and yet be reluctant to participate in an allotted span of agricultural work proves he still retains elements of bourgeois prejudice against manual labor and is therefore still bourgeois. Raising the level of one's political consciousness through group study is considered a lifelong process. Not even Mao Tse-tung is beyond improvement.

The weapon the group uses is criticism. The ideas of each member are criticized by the others against the correct standard. In this way, everyone is forced actively to apply that standard to someone else's problem and is not permitted simply to receive it passively. The individual who is cooperative, who satisfies his fellows that he is really examining and gradually modifying his views, is "helped" in a quiet, reasoned, and friendly manner, for his attitude is good. One who stubbornly insists on maintaining his original position, who says, if not overtly, at least in effect, "I know all your arguments, but I still think I'm right," is treated as an enemy of the group, subject to intense, prolonged criticism of his attitude as well as his thoughts. Helping him may even take the form of "struggle" or verbal assault (*tou-cheng*), a humiliating combination of loud criticism interlarded with sarcasm, epithet, and — very rarely — with minor violence. It involves ostracism by, but not escape from, members of his study group and even the threat of public verbal assault before several small groups or an entire organization. Nor can the one being helped find solace among other friends or relatives, for in China a thought problem is serious. Everyone must help to solve it. No one ventures to prolong the agony by dangerous sympathy.

Self-criticism is as important as, if not more important than, criticism. One cannot merely reveal his thoughts. He must detail convincing

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reasons why he thinks they are wrong. Only thus, it is argued, can he avoid continuing to think and therefore to act in the old, incorrect way. If his fellows feel his self-criticism is genuine, though not profound, they will — again with reason, quiet, and friendliness — help him to see more deeply into his problems. If, however, they feel his self-criticism is a ruse adopted to ward off criticism, the offender will be vigorously helped and, if necessary, subjected to verbal assault until his fellows are convinced that he has begun to see the light.

WHAT are the factors which tend to make group study, tense and painful as it often is, effective? First, there is the essential human need to belong, to achieve and maintain emotional balance. To be unprogressive in China is not simply a political verdict; it is social suicide as well. Second, the constant repetition of correct ideas and particularly the application of them to the public analysis of one's own and others' problems mean that one is forced to give them detailed scrutiny. The Communists are conscious of the value of this. "From habit or pretense," they say, "it may become real." Third — and this is all too often neglected by outside observers — is the crusading idealism, the strong moral note, that runs through all discussion of political, social, and economic steps. Since it is obviously right that China should be made new and strong to assume its long overdue place as a major power, it is right to collectivize so as to mechanize and increase agricultural production. It is right to be Spartan and not demand higher wages so more effort can go into new plants, right to report opposition to the Party that is bringing medicine, schooling, and security to half a billion peasants, right to resist the "aggressive designs" of the United States in Korea, right that women should be emancipated. Fourth, there is the universal knowledge, as the highest spokesmen of the Party have frankly admitted, that in the long run no course but the correct one is open. Attempts to avoid the tensions of group study by tacit compact to go through the routine or to stick to pleasantries are blocked not only by the fact of the leader's relations with the authorities but by the ever-present possibility that some member, whether motivated by genuine change of heart or by a selfish attempt at winning official favor, might report the group. Thus, there is tremendous pressure both to fall in line and to want to fall in line.

Most important of all, however, is a sense of nationalism, a patriotic pride in China's new posture of confidence and achievement. That China, which in 1948 was economically prostrate under runaway inflation, maladministered by a weak and corrupt government totally dependent on American aid, incapable of producing motorcycles, much less automobiles, can now fight the United Nations to a draw in Korea, maintain the world's fourth largest air force, produce trucks, jet planes, even establish a nuclear reactor, is an intoxicating spectacle to the Chinese. This pride, in turn, has generated a remarkably effective and spontaneous code of public honesty, courtesy, and civic sense unknown in the old China. To be asked whether an incorrect idea is really worthy of the new China can make one feel guilty. Thousands have asked themselves, "What right have I to disagree with those who can achieve so much?" As a professor of English, remembering China's internal disintegration and international humiliation, explained to me in the spring of 1951, "Now we can again be proud to be Chinese!"

This man, a master of arts from Yale, had taught in an army language program at Harvard during World War II and knew and liked America. No left-wing enthusiast, he was slow in making up his mind about the Communists in the early period of their power, but as they brought the country under control, licked inflation, improved material conditions in the universities, and dared abrogate the unequal treaties, he proudly identified himself with the new China. For him, group study was stimulating. He looked on it as accelerating the weeding out of his undesirable bourgeois liberalism and promoting the growth of new socialist thinking. He had once enjoyed *Animal Farm*, but by mid-1951 he rejected *1984*, though his wife, a graduate of an American university in Shanghai, did not.

The valedictorian of the class of 1948 at the same university — the last class to graduate before the Communist take-over — was a brilliant student of international affairs. His English was good, his French and Japanese serviceable. His burning idealism had led him as a high school student into Christianity. Later, at the university, it led him into the student movement, which, in the last years before the fall of the Kuomintang, was dominated by the left. For months after the Communists came in, he was deeply troubled. His patriotism thrilled to the assurance and vitality of the Communists. Other aspects of his being cringed at their attack on habits and patterns of thinking which he subscribed to, including his Christianity.

One hot summer day he came to see me. "I have studied and studied," he said, using the Chinese term *hsüeh-hsi*, "and thought and thought. I have begun to feel there is more good in the Communist Party than in the Christian church. If I can satisfy myself on this score, I shall join the

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Party." Shortly afterwards he told me that he had. "Now that you are a Party member," I asked, "do you think group study is still worth your while?" "Oh, yes," he replied, his eyes burning with infectious enthusiasm, "it is indispensable."

Group study can even be exhilarating, particularly for those who, having been heavily criticized or struggled against, admit the error of their ways and are readmitted to the fellowship of the group. My good friend, a young former YWCA secretary, is only one example. Daughter of a Japanese-trained optometrist, she had graduated from the Catholic University in Peking about the end of World War II. A Protestant, she went to work for the YWCA and soon became close to young American students and diplomatic personnel who returned to Peking after the war. Transferred away for a while, she returned to Peking in early 1950 and joined the Central Relief Agency of the People's Government. She was miserable. She welcomed the material advances of the Government but felt that the price, in terms of regimentation, controlled thought, required group study, anti-Americanism, and the like, was too high. "I will go anywhere in the world," she used to remark, "where there is no group study."

Intrinsically honest, my friend's reservations about the regime were all too obvious. She could not fit into, and was therefore cut off from, the mainstream of Chinese life. Her Chinese friends pleaded with her to reconsider her attitude, particularly her relations with me, since by early 1951 I was known to be under suspicion. Her Western friends, knowing there was little possibility for her to leave China, were forced to urge her to compromise. But she remained fiercely loyal to her standards and her friends. For this she eventually landed, on my account, in the same prison cell with me.

In prison, as outside, she soon won the respect of wardens as well as prisoners for her honesty and courage. She did not pretend. Her kindnesses to me, whom the Communists had arrested as an American spy, were unobtrusive, but if discovered she courageously admitted them. For the first time in her life, she met people from many walks of Chinese life, people who, unlike herself, were uneducated, had had no contact with foreigners, people who were wholly and completely Chinese. Some had accomplished amazing things against incredible odds. She began to see a new dimension to her native land, to feel its hope lay within itself. She no longer felt that China was somehow inferior to the West. She began to discover her Chinese identity. But her habits of mind, her desire to look at both sides of a question, to undertake impartial inquiry, her reluctance to be regimented, and particularly her loyalty to her old friends died hard, and she was on one or two occasions briefly struggled against.

The result which I watched was a sort of catharsis. Her point of view changed, and with it her evaluation of past friends and associations. She remained as courageous, fair, and honest as ever, but her frame of reference was new. The joy and good feeling within the cell group that had helped her were enormous and vital. The helpers rejoiced at a black sheep brought home. She rejoiced at the psychological relief of having achieved spiritual integration. Very positive feelings of identification with and gratitude toward the small group and the larger society beyond followed.

From time to time, all means of state propaganda, including the group-study mechanism, focus the thinking of the entire nation on specific economic, political, or ideological questions in great campaigns or movements. These campaigns are building blocks in the monolithic orthodoxy which the Communists are determined to erect. Roughly, they fall into two categories. The primary purpose of one type is to discredit some existing idea, group, or system inimical to Communist ends. The second category aims to explain some program about to be enacted or some theory the Communists feel must be universally understood.

Campaigns usually begin with a series of articles and editorials in newspapers. Since newspaper reading is a political obligation in China and items of the day are often taken up in study groups, a subject which has received more than usual attention will begin to be discussed. Thus, a demand is created for further study, for which the materials and instructions are soon forthcoming. The campaign, which may last several months, is launched.

When the aim is to discredit, the initial articles will be exposés of the evil to be attacked. Some person, group, or catchword is made into a symbol. Every organization, office, factory, school, military unit, and so forth then embarks on an intense campaign of its own to find examples within its ranks. If concepts like bureaucracy, commandism, extravagance, timidity, and the like are under fire, flagrant manifestations of these are certain to be found in every organization, and most individuals will confess to similar tendencies in themselves. Serious offenders are required to examine their thoughts to uncover what causes them to act thus. Those whose examination is unsatisfactory are brought before a public meeting of the organization, which may turn into a strug-

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gle meeting. Depending on the nature of the campaign, the offense, and the outcome of organizational help, they may be remanded to a period of reflection, supervision, special full-time study, or, in serious cases where criminality is involved, to prison, where intensive thought reform and punishment are combined. The aim is *redemption through criticism*. Mass accusation meetings administering summary justice to landlords and counterrevolutionaries were used, particularly in the early years of the regime, in connection with campaigns to educate the public.

In campaigns like those against counterrevolutionaries, it is not suggested that every organization harbors a traitor. However, each study group will discuss not only the facts as presented by the Government but also what sort of thought could have produced such actions. The group will then proceed to look for traces of the same in themselves. Thus, a campaign against counterrevolutionaries provides education along many lines. Showing how counterrevolutionaries serve the exploiting classes raises the whole issue of class and the nature of the class struggle. Betrayal of the common good, as embodied in the state, by counterrevolutionaries becomes an object lesson in the meaning and duty of citizenship; enemies of the state, be they friends or relatives, must be reported. The difficulty of ferreting out counterrevolutionaries emphasizes the need to cultivate a high level of political consciousness. Promulgation of the statutes for dealing with counterrevolutionaries dramatizes the fact that harsh treatment and death are reserved for those who do not repent and reform. For those who confess and are penitent, there is leniency. So, too, the 1957–1958 anti-rightist and rectification campaign was used to educate the nation still further on the correctness of the Party in all things. Criticisms voiced during the Hundred Flowers period earlier in 1957 were refuted and discredited. A new movement to give one's heart to the Party followed.

Campaigns of explanation put the major emphasis on the Communist theory which makes impending economic or political changes both inevitable and just. A few movements, like the early campaign for the Stockholm Peace Appeal or the current Hate America campaign, are basically ideological in intent, unrelated to any impending change. Others, like the famous Resist America, Aid Korea movement, are designed both to discredit and to mobilize.

Physical labor plays a major role in thought reform in China. Invoking Marxist insistence on the dignity of labor as the origin of all value and wealth, the Communists strive to counter strong traditional Chinese scorn for manual labor. They are determined to negate a fundamental tenet of Chinese thinking formulated by Confucius 2500 years ago: "Who works with his mind rules; who works with his hands is ruled." Reform by labor goes hand in hand with reform through study in the rehabilitation of prisoners and landlords. In Peking political prisons, the right to labor comes only after a certain level of reform through study has been achieved.

Intellectuals, city office workers, and government cadres, merchants, capitalists, and students have long been urged to do voluntary labor on weekends and holidays. In a tremendous attempt to break down prejudice toward labor and increase appreciation of the leadership of the proletariat, during the past couple of years there has been regular assignment of large groups for extensive periods to agricultural and factory work.

How effective has ideological remolding been? No simple answer is possible, for it varies with and within different segments of the population. The Communists stress that thought reform is a long, arduous task which has just begun; even in theory, the perfect mentality which needs no reform must wait on a perfect society.

Particularly in the early years of the regime, the degree of organization for indoctrination through study differed sharply, from very loose among the peasants to very tight in well-defined bodies, like offices, factories, schools, and the military. Once the cooperatives were set up in the countryside, more intensive group study became possible, bringing peasants in many ways very positively into the pattern of national life. But, as a recent official summary admitted, many peasants did not clearly grasp the relation between the state, the cooperative, and the individual household; some still harbored "individual and group exclusiveness, which disregard national and collective interests." Some well-to-do peasants sabotaged or competed against the cooperative and resisted state grain policy. Unless a high level of political and social consciousness can be developed and maintained among the peasants, it is possible that, as communes are set up and proprietorship becomes more impersonal, they will be no more interested in working for the commune than they were for the landlord but will save their best efforts for their recently guaranteed private plots.

Among workers, the Communists claim — and reports tend to confirm — the ideological situation is generally good. But the influx of other than working-class elements into the labor force has led the Communists to call for a drive to help workers "recognize that they must, under the

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leadership of the Communist Party, constantly raise their own social consciousness . . . develop the excellent tradition of working hard, maintain the noble character of being just and selfless, work hard in production, save, and economize." Note that the word "raise," not "reform," is used, because under the theory that makes workers leaders of any Communist revolution, working-class mentality is, by definition, correct.

Resistance to ideological remolding has been strong among what the Communists call the "bourgeoisie" and the "bourgeois intellectuals." Both are very broad terms. "Bourgeoisie" covers roughly all private business above a one-man show, and well-to-do peasants. "Bourgeois intellectual" means not so much egghead as all students, technicians, and specialists beyond the high school level, scientists, professional men, and university personnel. From the beginning, the Communists, realizing that these groups, who generally had had the largest stake in the old order, would prove most troublesome, have given special attention to their reform.

Destruction of the bourgeoisie through the reform of its members has been declared a basic tenet of the revolutionary program. Thought reform, therefore, involves turning them into willing pallbearers at their own funeral. The 1951–1952 Five Anti Campaigns (against bribery, tax evasion, theft of state property, cheating on government contracts, and leakage of government economic secrets), designed to discredit the irresponsible selfishness of production for private profit, greatly weakened the economic position of the bourgeoisie. For many months they were required to study, examine, and confess with special intensity the errors of their thinking and conduct. Since 1953, a body established to deal with the bourgeoisie and pave the way for their compensated integration into the socialist economy has conducted thorough ideological education, urging the need to abide by law, the acceptance of socialist transformation, the teachings of Mao Tse-tung, and patriotism. The group has continually organized the bourgeoisie for participation in patriotic and social movements. But though the bourgeoisie did not resist the socialist transformation of 1956, they have not been reformed, at least in areas touching on their economic role. The Communists candidly state that the majority have come to realize there would be no way out by opposing the proletariat. But they admit that most of the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois intellectuals "are unwilling to accept the leadership of the proletariat and the Communist Party."

Most difficult of all to refashion have been the higher intellectuals — scientists, professors, and the like. They have the knowledge and the skills which the Communists lack and need, but have little patience with Communist dogmatism and interference. Communist policy toward this strategic group in the past decade has consistently aimed at securing most effective utilization of its knowledge. Zigzagging steadily toward this goal, the Communists have now attacked, now united, now criticized. Meanwhile, they are recruiting their own Red intellectuals, but have not yet had time to train a new group both Red and expert.

The importance and recalcitrance of the intellectuals, largely Western-oriented and often American-trained, have subjected them to more intense and sustained reform than that applied to any other section of the population. Like everyone else, they have gone through a decade of group study. As many came from landlord families, they were sent to the countryside during land redistribution, an experience which for the most part appears to have decisively reformed their attitude toward landlords. Participation in such activities as the Resist America, Aid Korea campaign and the Sino-Soviet Friendship Association was supposed to help change their sympathy with the West to admiration for the Soviet Union. It is hard to assess just how successful these moves have been, but it should be noted in passing that the hardening American position toward China in the last ten years has not encouraged America's sensitive and nationalistic friends there and has unwittingly played into Communist hands.

After two years of gentle courting, the Communists stiffened the ideological remolding of the intelligentsia in late 1951. Thousands were concentrated in special centers for reform, and the group study of others was greatly stepped up. The hard line continued into 1955. By 1956, the Party had become seriously disturbed by the negative response of the intellectuals chafing under brusque dogmatism, the arrogance of ignorant cadres, and time-consuming group study and public meetings. Chou En-lai, admitting errors in handling intellectuals, estimated that only 40 per cent actively supported the regime. Relaxation followed. The Government materially improved living and working conditions of the intellectuals, treated them with polite respect, urged them to speak out — even to criticize — freely and frankly. The intellectuals were grateful but wary.

Finally, after more than a year of gentle prodding and watchful waiting, the Hundred Flowers of criticism bloomed wildly for one brief month from May 8 to June 8, 1957. One after another, intellectuals delivered scathing attacks on monolithic Party power, the identification of Party and state, the sham of coalition government with minor parties, the incompetence and arrogance of

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Party cadres. Intellectuals complained of high but powerless posts, of the damaging effects of Party interference with education and research, and of something not limited to Communist societies — denial of access to research data for reasons of security. They questioned the infallibility of Marx-Leninism. They called the Party incompetent to lead in science, education, and the arts. They declared that Party bureaucratism is worse than capitalism. Forceful as the criticisms were, they were not aimed at the overthrow of the Government. Rather, they aimed at making it genuinely democratic, with democratic safeguards and a sharing of political power. The intellectuals in essence demanded a separation of Party and government, of Party and technical endeavor.

Communist response was swift. Critics were automatically identified as rightists, and rectification campaigns were launched. In late 1957, prominent critics were forced to make public confessions and were dismissed from office, but apparently not imprisoned or executed. Lesser voices confessed and repledged their support of the Party. Nineteen fifty-eight brought a new and, in many ways, unprecedentedly rigid orthodoxy. In January, 1959, a high official concluded that the intellectuals were dragging their feet, generally tired of self-remolding.

Because tired and resentful intellectuals do not release their full creative power, the tack in early 1959 has veered once again toward persuasion. Many dismissed in 1957 were reinstated, although there have been recent indications of a new tightening up. "We must conduct long, recurrent, patient, delicate, and persuasive education." At least another decade — perhaps much longer — will be required, Party spokesmen emphasize, because bourgeois intellectuals are not just those left over from the old society whom the attrition of time could remove; men trained recently have acquired the same outlook.

WHAT of the future? Mao Tse-tung has declared that there will be regular rectification campaigns. "Thought reform," he says, "is a protracted, gigantic, and complex task. As the struggle will continue to experience ups and downs, we shall have both tense and slack moments during our work and shall have to proceed in a zigzag."

To say that the Communists have not made complete Marxists out of the Chinese is not sufficient grounds for concluding that in the eyes of the Chinese people they have failed or that volcanic discontent smolders under the surface, straining to erupt. Certain expectations generated by a decade of Communist accomplishment will persist; certain attitudes have been permanently reformed by Communist education. The sense of national pride and dignity, the expectation of honest and efficient government will continue. Through group study and the experience of manifold collective living and working, the Chinese have become and will remain conscious of the interrelationship of various social elements. They may not agree with the Communist interpretation, but gone is the day when, in Sun Yat-sen's phrase, China was like a sheet of loose sand with no sense of cohesion. The thirst for modernity, for ordered, planned, and accelerated economic development by all levels of society, cannot be quenched. The farmer, who may not like the regimentation of the commune, desires not so much return to his unprotected position in the old order as more freedom to utilize for his personal profit the advantages which land redistribution, peace, market stability, and government technical assistance in seeds and fertilizer have brought. He wants to have his cake and eat it too.

Public demand for adequate health and welfare systems, for education will not abate. The shopkeeper, who may not be too happy about being socialized, nonetheless appreciates the fact that his son can finish school, and, with ability, even college. The woman who objects to placing her child in a state nursery so she may be freed for labor is still grateful for the genuine improvement in public health. As the Hundred Flowers movement showed, opposition and bitter criticism in many areas are not so much a demand for the return of the old order as for the revision of the new, under broader, not exclusively Communist leadership.

Observers recently back from China report that the crusading spirit of idealism and sacrifice so prevalent in the early part of the decade is gradually receding. There is a rising desire among the people for more material benefits *now*. Ironically, the Communists are trapped by their own success. Spectacular strides toward industrialization have unleashed tremendous, if premature, expectations, which the Communists will have to deal with both in their economic planning and their group-study program.

To date, success of group study has depended to no small degree on its invocation of moral and patriotic appeals. In the future, these may not be enough. If the system is to continue to be effective, the Communists will have to find a new focus for thought reform or resort to more pressure. How the inventors of history's most potent mechanism for ideological reform meet this challenge will be an important story of the next decade.

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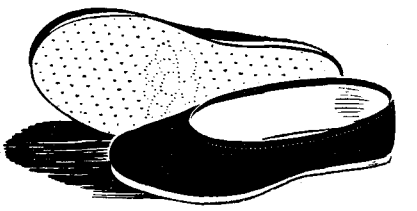
A PAIR OF SHOES

BY JU I

Ju I is a 25-year-old amateur writer of peasant origin, who since his graduation from junior middle school eight years ago has been employed as a teacher. This story originally appeared in the Communist periodical CHINA RECONSTRUCTS.



Tsui-ying was in a quandary when she came back from the meeting. She kept roaming about the house and didn't even answer when her mother asked what was the matter with her. The matter was that the Communist Youth League branch committee was calling on everyone to donate old shoes for use of the commune members digging a new reservoir, because working in all that water and mud was hard on shoes. Tsui-ying was a Youth League member and wanted to set an example for others, but since only she and her mother were at home, where was she to find men's shoes? She thought of taking out the pair of cloth shoes she had just finished making. But people would be sure to ask, "Tsui-ying, where did you get those? There's no man in your family."

It was really a fine pair of shoes that Tsui-ying had just finished. They were for her fiancé, Shuang-hsi. She and Shuang-hsi had been going steady for several years now. They had planned to get married the previous year, but the wedding date had been postponed again and again because both were so busy. Not until the fifth of this month had they finally decided to have the wedding on the sixteenth.

On the day that they settled the date, they went to a photographer's shop and had a picture taken together. Then Shuang-hsi purchased a fountain pen for her as a gift. Tsui-ying had wanted to buy something for Shuang-hsi too, but she didn't know what to get. Besides, she thought it just a bit vulgar to buy a gift in return. Then it occurred to her that Shuang-hsi's mother was getting on in years and was finding it tiring to sew, so she decided to make him a pair of shoes.

Tsui-ying, who was known as a clever girl in the village, bought a foot of black cloth and one of fine white cotton and made a pair of uppers so sturdy that they would wear for years. Even more work went into sewing together the layers of cloth for the soles. The stitches were so neat and orderly that, whichever way you looked at them, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, they all seemed to be in rows. She made the stitches in the middle of the sole in a peony pattern.

Usually Tsui-ying could finish a pair of shoes in a day and a night. But these took her seven days. For one thing, she didn't want people to know, so she couldn't work on them too long in the daytime. Not even wanting her mother to know, she did it out of the latter's sight.

When the shoes were finished, she locked them in her trunk. Now she would have to place them in front of everyone. Just thinking about it made her blush. "Oh, well, I shouldn't care about that too much now," Tsui-ying reasoned. "The important thing is that the people at the work site need shoes. Let them laugh!" And she picked up the shoes and went out.

When she arrived at the place where the shoes were being collected, she tossed her pair onto the table without waiting in line, saying, "Please register them."

"Who's donating them?" asked the commune accountant, glancing at the shoes and then at her.

"I am."

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"You have shoes like these in your home?" the accountant asked with a smile.

"I didn't steal them," said Tsui-ying quickly, a faint red coloring her cheeks.

Fortunately for her, the people in line were getting impatient. "Register the shoes," someone put in. "She could buy a pair, couldn't she?"

The accountant let her go and turned to the others. Tsui-ying was about to place her pair on the pile when the old woman who was in charge of it took them from her hands and said admiringly, "You can't buy shoes like these. Look at the stitches! What a lot of work they must have taken!" Her words brought several others over to look at the shoes. Afraid of being questioned further, Tsui-ying made up a story.

"That's a pair my mother wanted me to make for my cousin. Since he doesn't need them right now, I'm donating them to the reservoir builders."

That stopped the jesting.

When the shoes were taken to the construction site, all the old pairs were grabbed up in no time, but that one new pair sat there like an exhibition piece. No one would take them. The commune chairman offered them to several people, but met the same answer: "Tramping in mud and water is kind of hard on shoes. It'd be a pity to spoil new ones. Besides, this pair is much too fine. Better let somebody else have them."

So it became a problem to give the shoes away. At the lunch break, they became the topic of conversation. "What handsome shoes! Whoever made them must be a very fine seamstress," said one worker.

"The folks are donating their best shoes. Now we should really work hard," observed another.

One young fellow joked, "I'll bet some girl must have made those for her boy friend. Look, there are even peonies on the soles!"

"Go on." The commune chairman waved the young man aside. "It's already hard enough to give them away." Then he turned to the others. "I say, someone had better take these shoes. Since they were donated, we'd better accept the graciousness. Put them on and work hard as repayment. How about it?"

But no one would take them. Finally the young man who had noted the peonies came back and said to the chairman, "Give them to Shuang-hsi. He's going to be married on the sixteenth. New shoes for the new groom!"

They had found the right person at last, and there was a burst of cheers and applause. Naturally Shuang-hsi refused, but the chairman said, "You take them even if you don't want to wear them now. Put them on for your wedding day, as a souvenir of building the reservoir."

Finding no more excuse, Shuang-hsi accepted the shoes. He wrapped them up in three layers of paper and put them beside his pillow at the work-site sleeping quarters.

But it was only on his wedding day that Shuang-hsi finally put the shoes on. Not wanting to dirty them, he avoided walking in mud and even in those places where the dust was thick. When he met Tsui-ying at the commune registration office, he stepped just a bit higher than usual, hoping that she would notice them. But Tsui-ying had already seen the shoes from a distance and was amazed beyond words. "Is it really the pair I made?" she mused. "It's too much of a coincidence!"

Shuang-hsi caught her expression. "These were given to me when I was working on the reservoir," he said proudly. "See how fine they are! The girl who made them has a clever pair of hands."

Tsui-ying couldn't keep from smiling broadly.

"What are you smiling at?" It was Shuang-hsi's turn to be surprised.

"It's really something," replied Tsui-ying. "I'll tell you later."

CONSOLATION TO THE RETURNING FIGHTERS AGAINST THE FLOODS

BY TAO CHU, *First Secretary of the Kwangtung Provincial Committee*

The winds and rains were quite moderate during the spring,
But don't say that the lord in heaven was merciful.
Roofs crashed when the mad hurricanes swept over,
Mountains fell when the angry crests of water rushed down.

The people have the power to change the course of nature.
Snakes and scorpions cannot sting with their poisonous darts any more.
I believe that a miracle will appear after the autumn.
By then we will see no more ruins from floods, but only more new villages.

Translated by Peggy Durdin. Reprinted from the Peking PEOPLE'S DAILY.

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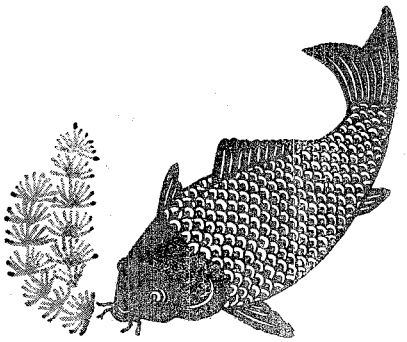

SETTING THE STAGE FOR FOREIGNERS

BY ROBERT LOH

A graduate of the University of Shanghai who studied political science at Wisconsin, ROBERT LOH *went home to help rebuild a new China. For seven years he was a mill manager and personal assistant to the biggest of Chinese industrialists, and during that time he helped to entertain foreign visitors on more than fourscore occasions.*

EVER since I succeeded, two years ago, in leaving the Chinese mainland, I have read with much interest the books and articles written about Communist China by visiting foreigners. Whatever their nationality, politics, religion, or profession, most of these travelers seem to have one point in common: they are favorably impressed by what they have seen.

I do not doubt the sincerity of these visitors. In their position, I would have had the same reactions, for they were the audience. I, on the other hand, was for seven years on the other side of the footlights, sometimes on stage, sometimes behind the scenes, in Communist-directed theater meticulously designed to woo the onlooker.

Overseas visitors to China can be classified into several groups. The first consists of heads of state, invited by Mao Tse-tung or Chou En-lai and treated as honored guests of the regime. Among these have been Clementi Voroshilov of the U.S.S.R.; President Sukarno of Indonesia; Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India; and Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia. The second group is composed of those who come to mainland China as private or more or less private individuals. In Shanghai, as in other selected cities, the Communists organized a special Committee for Reception of Visitors to receive these "friends." It employed a large number of college graduates as interpreters and receptionists, whose qualifications were, in order of importance: 1) membership in the Communist Party or Young Communist League, wholehearted devotion to socialism, and political alertness, 2) good presence and manners, 3) knowledge of at least one foreign language.

After they were engaged, they attended frequent political lessons; on duty, they were extremely busy. They had to go early in the morning to receive instructions from the reception committee; each night, after saying good night to the visitors at the official guesthouse, they had to submit a written and verbal report to the committee and discuss any problem which might have arisen during the day, such as unsympathetic attitudes or questions by the foreigners or clumsy behavior by any Chinese.

Visitors like Mr. Clement Attlee, former British Prime Minister, and M. Faure, former Premier of France, were classed in between the first and second group.

Of those in the first group, the Communists gave the most elaborate reception to President Sukarno, in September, 1956. Feverish preparations were made for many weeks before he came. Along the route he was to take, numerous arcades were erected with slogans like "We salute President Sukarno, hero of anticolonialism!" "Long live Sino-Indonesian friendship!" I was one of about 500,000 people chosen from schools, government bureaus, factories, and other organiza-

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tions to welcome him, and at the outset we were briefed on the political significance of Sukarno's visit. "To win over President Sukarno is tantamount to winning over the people of Southeast Asia in their struggle against imperialism."

All of us participating were instructed not to wear uniforms, but to put on our best clothes and remove our badges (in Communist China everyone who is employed wears a badge of identification), so that Sukarno would not notice that we all came from certain units and therefore suspect that his welcome was not spontaneous. The point was stressed that President Sukarno preferred to be called Brother Karno — in Indonesian, *Bung Karno* — instead of President. Before the meeting broke up, all of us practiced shouting "*Bung Karno.*"

On the day the Indonesian chief of state was due to arrive, buses and trolley cars began at 6 A.M. to move the half million "friends" to designated points along the route from the airport to the official guesthouse where Sukarno was to stay. Everyone carried fresh flowers and small flags of Indonesia and Communist China. All windows facing the route were ordered closed, to prevent any attempted assassination. By 9 A.M. everything was ready. Suddenly it began to rain. Nobody dared to seek shelter or to show any signs of reduced enthusiasm, because the crowd was under the watchful eyes of innumerable cadres. All 500,000 of us waited in the pouring rain until noon, with no sign of Sukarno's arrival. Then we learned that bad weather had forced the President to travel from Nanking to Shanghai by train instead of by air. Cadres gave each of us about 12 cents to buy something to eat, while the Party mobilized every available public vehicle in the city to transport the crowd of half a million from points along the way to the airport to the vicinity of the railway station at the other end of town.

At 3 P.M. Sukarno, Chen Yi, then Mayor of Shanghai, and Madame Soong Ching-ling, the widow of Sun Yat-sen, drove from the station in an open car, to the accompaniment of loud shouts of "*Bung Karno*" and the fluttering of flags and somewhat wilted flowers. The President waved, acknowledging the applause, happily unaware that because of his changed plans the Communists had spent at least an extra 200,000 American dollars and that half a million people had stood for hours in a downpour waiting for him.

In EVERY case, the Communists made the most thorough and meticulous general arrangements for visitors. First, the Party selected certain cities where the travelers could "freely choose" to go: Canton, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Hangchow, Mukden, Changchun, and Peking. The first four were centers of commerce and industry. Hangchow was renowned for its scenic beauty; the motorcar factory at Changchun and the Anshan Steel Works at Mukden represented achievements of socialism. Peking was the capital and the center of culture and historical relics.

In these cities, the best hotels were chosen for official guesthouses. Many of these, such as the New Overseas Hotel and Peace Hotel in Peking, were new. In Shanghai, older ones — the Peace Hotel (formerly the Cathay) and the King Kong Hotel (formerly Cathay Mansions) — were taken over by the regime. Local people entered these premises only by special permit. First-class attendants, cooks, hairdressers, and beauty specialists were employed after careful scrutiny and approval by the Security Bureau. Top quality consumer goods such as tea, silk, brocade, and works of art unavailable in the open market were sold to visitors at ridiculously low prices.

The forethought of the Party in assigning accommodations is illustrated by the case of former British Prime Minister Attlee. After long deliberation, the Communists put him in a suite in the Park Hotel. The reason for this decision was that the two customary guest hotels — the Peace and King Kong — had formerly belonged to a British citizen. If Mr. Attlee stayed in one of them, the authorities reasoned, he might be reminded of the unpleasant fact that, like most other British property in China, these hotels had been virtually confiscated by the regime. So Mr. Attlee was quietly ensconced in a building that had not been seized from the British "imperialists."

The Communists are well aware that most overseas visitors, especially those from non-Communist countries, want to visit places other than those designated by the Government. So, in every city the authorities made careful arrangements to give the illusion that nothing was prearranged and staged. In Shanghai, for instance, they chose one or two of the biggest and best-run factories from each industry to serve as show places; the personnel of each were specially and carefully trained. Among the cotton mills, Sun Sing Number 9, representing private mills, and Shanghai Number 1, representing state mills, were selected for visitors. If a foreigner said he wanted to visit cotton mills, the Communists would take him to one of these in the most casual manner. At both places, overseas visitors were bound to be impressed by the ardent enthusiasm of the workers. Labor heroes would make most encouraging reports, and satisfactory answers would be given to any question.

Buddhists or persons interested in religious freedom would be taken to Shanghai's beautiful Yu

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Fe or Bubbling Well Temple. There the monks would earnestly inform visitors that before the Communists came the temple buildings had been in a very dilapidated state, with almost no worshipers. Since the Communist take-over, they would say, the Government had spent a great deal of money on renovations. They explained, too, that it was only under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party that real freedom of religion was assured. What the monks never mentioned was that more than 90 per cent of Shanghai's Buddhist clergy had already left priestly for worldly lives because of Communist persecution.

In fact, before the Communist victory there were about a thousand Buddhist temples in Shanghai. Less than ten remained when I left the mainland. The Yu Fe Temple and the Bubbling Well Temple had been at first requisitioned by the Government; it was not until the Dalai Lama visited Shanghai in 1954 that the regime released them completely. At that time, it spent about 240,000 American dollars in hurriedly repairing them to make the Dalai Lama believe that the Communists not only protected religious freedom but also helped restore and rebuild the temples. These two temples were actually state operated. The Government forced the monks to study Marxism and Leninism and gave them robes and salaries, since ordinary worshipers no longer had money to contribute to their upkeep. Naturally, no visitor guessed any of this.

To meet the request of overseas "friends" for contact with private Chinese individuals, the Reception Committee made arrangements for visitors to call on people in every walk of life, to have a meal or cup of tea and chat with them. These model homes of scholars, factory workers, peasants, and capitalists were the show windows of socialism.

An increasing number of visitors from non-Communist countries were interested in the way in which Chinese Communists treated their capitalists and in the reasons why China's capitalists agreed to be reformed by the Communist Party. Peking knew that a satisfactory answer to these questions would have an immense bearing on the sympathy and support of Communist China's international friends. Comrades from Eastern European countries have also been impressed by the success of Mao Tse-tung's policy for the peaceful reform of China's capitalists. North Koreans and North Vietnamese were eager to learn from Mao Tse-tung's experience in order to apply it at home. In 1956, the year the Government took over all private business and industry, North Vietnam sent a score of their young capitalists to Shanghai to learn from their Chinese counterparts their experiences on this "peaceful transformation."

The Communist Party chose about half a dozen big capitalists or directors of large enterprises to serve as typical examples of contented capitalists who had voluntarily given their enterprises to a socialist regime. The chief exhibits were the Chen brothers, leading figures in the textile and flour businesses and the biggest capitalists in China; David Koo, an Overseas Chinese from Australia, managing director of the great Wing On Textile Mills in Shanghai; L. S. Koo, managing director of a well-known department store; C. Y. Wu, a British-trained textile specialist and mill manager of China's largest private cotton mill; and J. Liu, a graduate of Cambridge University who had been the managing director of Shanghai's biggest match factory.

The Party allowed — or, rather, arranged for — these capitalists to enjoy a high standard of living, with servants, big mansions, and cars, so that from time to time they could entertain and impress overseas visitors. However, these men were far from free. They were subjected to severe indoctrination. The Party regularly rehearsed them, and the other members of their families as well. In fact, in one of Shanghai's few lavishly furnished bourgeois sitting rooms, the wives of China's show capitalists were often gathered around a handsome young man. He was the son of a vice mayor of Shanghai, indoctrinating the women on how to play their parts correctly when called upon to meet overseas visitors. These few remaining Chinese capitalists and their families, well trained, were the friendly hosts with whom unsuspecting visitors lunched or spent a pleasant evening in Shanghai.

When receiving visitors from so-called "imperialist" countries, the hosts were to make it quite clear by their demeanor that Communist China's position had been raised. The politeness of the Chinese was combined with dignity and a touch of mild arrogance. Most important, the guests were made to realize that the welfare of all Chinese had greatly improved since the advent of the Communists. The hosts would explain that, although they had had money before the Communists came, the currency had never been stable. Their enterprises had been shaky and uncertain; even their lives had been in danger because of the unsettled social conditions. The Chen brothers would tell their guests how their father had been kidnaped and they had ransomed him for 500,000 American dollars under Kuomintang rule right after World War II. They carefully avoided telling their visitors that the old gentleman after his

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retirement had died almost penniless and broken by Communist treatment.

Whenever women overseas visitors appeared, it fell to the hostess to do most of the entertaining. The callers invariably received an impression of an extremely contented family unit, which removed any doubts the visitors might have had about the prospects of a happy family life under Communist rule.

One autumn afternoon, a man in uniform called on the Chen brothers at their home. He was an important member of the Committee for Reception of Visitors and also one of the most accomplished directors of the acts put on to impress foreigners. That evening, two distinguished French industrialists who had just ended trade talks in Peking were to call with their wives on the Chen family. The Frenchmen were considered to be difficult to impress because they had not troubled to hide their disbelief of the Communist statements that Chinese capitalists had accepted renunciation of their enterprises and socialist transformation voluntarily. They had requested a visit and an opportunity to talk directly to a Chinese capitalist.

The Communists had given even more than usual thought to this particular visit because of the high intelligence of these Frenchmen and their considerable influence at home. The committee had already spent some days studying the various aspects of the reception with the Chen brothers. But the director of the play, still doubtful, had come again just before the arrival of the guests to give his final instructions and see that every detail had been taken care of.

At five in the afternoon, the two French couples arrived, with the usual pig-tailed Communist girl interpreters. When the guests were admitted to the sitting room, they could not hide their amazement at the luxurious standard of living these ex-capitalists were enjoying under Chinese Communist rule. Through a French window, they could see a large garden full of flowers. A neatly dressed governess was wheeling a child across the lawn, with two dogs frisking about them.

In the adjoining room, the eldest daughter was practicing the piano. Everything seemed so peaceful and natural that no one could possibly guess that each of these details had been carefully planned and rehearsed. No wonder one of the French ladies remarked, "I have never seen a more contented family."

At the guests' request, the hosts took them through the house. In their immense garage there were three cars: a Singer, a Buick, and a Mercedes Benz. Actually, two of the cars were borrowed for the occasion. The French saw two giant-sized Philco refrigerators in the kitchen and a second piano in another room. In the study there was a fine selection of books, not only by Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, but also Shakespeare. On one wall of the children's room hung a cross (to show that religious freedom existed on the mainland).

After viewing every room with real admiration, the guests sat on the balcony drinking cocktails. They asked their host, "Mr. Chen, how is it that a great capitalist like you finds it possible to endorse Communism and to abandon willingly all your property to the state?"

I had heard this same query from visitors and Mr. Chen's reply more than ten times previously. He had rehearsed it well, and his acting was perfect. He assumed a serious expression, paused for a moment, as though for thought, and answered slowly: "When the Communists first occupied Shanghai, we were very apprehensive, if not for our lives, at least for our property. We were also not sure we could rely on the Communist promise to protect national capitalists. However, they have kept the promise; we have come to realize that the Chinese Communists never deceive people. As a capitalist, I have worked in the past for several things: for my business, my country, my living, and my children. Now the country is prospering; within a few years it has achieved things which it could not do before in many centuries. My business, which was drifting before, is now growing and developing. As to my personal mode of living, it has remained the same since my business became joint with the state. Every year I receive dividends which are more than adequate. Eventually, when I have completely turned over my property to the state, I know I will receive due compensation and a good position.

"I have nothing to worry about. The education and careers of my children are all taken care of by the state. The younger generation, imbued with the ideals of socialism, realizes that gain without effort is shameful. So even if I were able to bequeath my property to them, they might refuse to accept it. Under such circumstances, there is no reason why I should not support the Communist Party and accept socialist transformation."

The French visitors nodded again and again. They did not know that since the Communist victory Mr. Chen had been forced to close down four flour mills and to sell cheaply to the Government two textile factories and a flour factory because of massive taxes or losses incurred through Government control of raw materials and prices. He had owned a modern iron works capitalized at more than two million American dollars. By cutting down the supply of raw material and at the

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same time imposing a heavy fine for "late" delivery of goods they had ordered, the Communists had deliberately driven the iron works onto the rocks. It had become a "joint state-private" concern, but the private shares had dropped to one tenth of their original value.

Mr. Chen still had, indeed, a large income. However, every item was known to the Communist Party, which had no difficulty in taking most of it by means of "voluntary" purchase of national bonds and all sorts of "voluntary" relief contributions. Not much was left him.

The Frenchmen asked whether the mode of living of other capitalists on the mainland was similar to Mr. Chen's. His answer was, "As a rule, the standard of living of the capitalists is not as high as mine, but basically it is not very different."

This was certainly a lie. It was generally known that there was not another capitalist in Mr. Chen's circumstances. In Shanghai, China's chief commercial and industrial city, for instance, there were 165,000 business units; by the time they became joint state-private enterprises in 1956 — that is, were taken over by the Government — 90 per cent of them had assets of under 2000 Chinese dollars (about 830 American dollars) each. The yearly dividend to private owners was not enough to pay for their cigarettes. Many other capitalists whose liabilities had exceeded their assets had become bankrupt long ago; their living conditions were no better than those of an ordinary factory worker. But when Mr. Chen made his remarks, his manner was so sincere that he won the confidence of visitors. The outsider cannot be critical of Mr. Chen's integrity or character; nobody who sticks to the truth can survive under Communist rule.

In any case, the French visitors were extremely pleased with all the answers. A banquet followed, and the two French industrialists, completely won over, shook Mr. Chen's hand, saying: "If the French Communists adopt the policy of the Chinese Communists, we shall have nothing to say against it." This phrase was printed in all the newspapers on the following day. Even Mao Tse-tung used it in one of his speeches many months later.

One day, the Committee for Reception of Visitors informed the Chen brothers and me that we were to entertain two English businessmen at the house. We were told that we must be extremely careful in our conversation because one of the guests intended to write a book on Communist China. A single slip could cause a great deal of damage.

The visitors arrived, and at first everything went on as usual. The men toured the Chen house and asked the questions we expected and were used to answering. But when we were having tea on the veranda, suddenly one of the guests said to me, "Mr. Loh, would you mind accompanying me to the next room? I want to have a few private words with you."

My eyes automatically turned to the interpreter. She smiled and nodded very slightly, a sign of approval. So I said, "Of course, of course," and went into the next room with the foreigner.

The moment I closed the door, he said, "Look here, Mr. Loh, we are away from the others. Whatever we say will be just between the two of us. Now, tell me frankly. Are you really a capitalist? Or are you just a Party member pretending to be a capitalist in order to win over the visitors?"

I was startled. How could this man be so naïve as to think that if I were a Party member I could betray the Party by admitting the truth to him, a capitalist from an "imperialist" country?

I spent some time convincing him that I was not only really a capitalist but in fact an American-returned student. The guest was greatly interested. Finally he said, "Since both of us are capitalists and not Communists, will you tell me honestly whether you are really in favor of the present regime or simply forced to pretend you are?"

At this point, I felt real resentment at his naïveté or selfishness. He was naïve if he thought I or anyone else could afford to say anything against the Party or Government and if he did not know that cadres minutely questioned every Chinese who had talked with foreigners. He was selfish if, without caring what would happen to me, he planned to write when he returned to England that the Chinese progressive, Mr. Loh, was really bitterly anti-Communist.

My job was to save my own neck. So I told him emphatically, "I love the Communist Party and Government more than my own life." Our private conversation abruptly ended. He seemed disappointed in me. I was certainly disappointed in him. I do not understand how a really intelligent foreign visitor could expect to have private conversation with anyone on the mainland of China.

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INDIA AND THE TIBETAN REVOLT

Developments in Tibet and elsewhere along the Chinese border have forced the Indian government to take a fresh look at its policy toward China. G. L. JAIN, *who is the author of a new book on Nepal, is chief reporter in Delhi for the* TIMES OF INDIA.

THE brutal suppression of the Tibetan people's struggle for freedom has destroyed the myth that China is an anti-imperialist and peace-loving country. The non-Communist intelligentsia in India have suddenly become alive to a new threat to their country's security. China's campaign of vilification and intimidation against India, with its ideological undertones, has compelled the realization that its professions of friendship and peaceful coexistence cannot be accepted at their face value. People at the highest level in New Delhi admit that relations with China will be strained for some time. In fact, it is highly doubtful that the breach in Sino-Indian relations can be fully repaired for many years.

A discerning observer could even earlier perceive in India's policy toward China two strands which flowed from the basically contradictory responses that the triumph of Communism in China evoked among the Indian intelligentsia. They welcomed China's Communist revolution in the mistaken belief that it was essentially an expression of the nationalist upsurge sweeping all Asia. But they also feared that the revolution might spill over into the neighboring countries and thus threaten India's newly won freedom and its infant democratic institutions. This fear became somewhat more pronounced when, in 1949, the Chinese Communist leaders began to threaten that they would liberate Tibet from "imperialist intrigues." To drive home the meaning of the threat, they organized a vilification campaign against India and its role in Tibet.

The government of India had inherited from the British the view that Tibet was the bulwark of India's defense in the North. It was the fear of Russia's intervention in Tibet that had provoked the then government of India to send the Younghusband expedition to Lhasa in 1904. In 1949, Russia was the world's second greatest power, and, with the triumph of Communism in China, there arose the strong possibility of Russia and China acting in concert in Tibet. Thus, for India, the need to act in defense of Tibet's independence, or if not independence at least a high degree of autonomy, was clear. But India was both unable and unwilling to take up the Chinese challenge.

In 1949, India was inclined to write off Tibet. That was why it took measures to strengthen the defense of the sub-Himalayan belt. The official Indian view was that the northern Himalayan

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Bhutan, Sikkim, and the Kingdom of Nepal would be the first to invite the attention of China in place of Tibet, by virtue of the fact that China had in the past claimed sovereignty over them. Also, these states were administratively weak and economically backward. In the cases of Bhutan and Sikkim, China was particularly sympathetic, since the people practiced the Tibetan form of Buddhism and had social, ethnic, and cultural ties with the Tibetans. As the first step, New Delhi thought it necessary to conclude new treaties with these border states to ensure that their rulers showed the same loyal friendship for independent India as they had for British India.

This policy of safeguarding the frontiers in distrust of China's intentions was, at least apparently, subordinated to India's desire to cultivate China at the time of Korea. As early as July 13, 1950, Prime Minister Nehru had addressed a communication to President Truman and Marshal Stalin expressing the hope that the Korean conflict would be resolved through peaceful negotiations. Nehru assumed this mediatory role more firmly when he opposed the crossing by the UN forces of the 38th parallel dividing South Korea and North Korea on the plea that, in that event, China would intervene. Within a week of the invasion of Tibet, China intervened on a massive scale in Korea.

In this juxtaposition of events, India's policy toward China was fully established. National interests demanded action on its part to help Tibet. But the fear that the extension of the Korean conflict might lead to world war imposed on New Delhi the obligation to keep on friendly terms with China. The Indian government pursued this dual approach in subsequent years. On the one hand, it provided valuable technical and economic aid to Nepal, Bhutan, and Sikkim, with a view to promoting stability and economic development as guarantees against subversion. Simultaneously, over 30,000 square miles of territory on the northeast frontier bordering on Tibet were brought under the Indian administration. A number of new roads were constructed in the sub-Himalayan belt to link it effectively with the plains. On the other hand, India espoused the cause of China's admission to the UN and stoutly opposed all schemes of regional military cooperation to contain Chinese Communism. It surrendered all its rights and privileges in Tibet under the April 29, 1954, agreement.

With Chou En-lai's visit to New Delhi in June, 1954, and Nehru's return visit to China in October of the same year there was launched the era of *Hindi-Sini Bhai-Bhai* — "Indians and Chinese are brothers." In utter disregard of all historical facts to the contrary, the view was propagated that India had had intimate cultural, social, and religious ties with China for three thousand years. An atmosphere was created in India in which it was regarded as treasonable to question the good faith of the Chinese Communists. Nehru secured China's participation in the Bandung Conference of Afro-Asian nations, and thus facilitated its task of winning acceptance and respectability.

New Delhi received a series of rude shocks at the hands of Peking in 1956. First, the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister of neighboring and friendly Burma, U Nu and U Ba Swe, made the explicit charge that certain foreign embassies had financed the election of the thinly disguised Communist organization, the United National Front, in April, 1956. The Burmese leaders spoke sharply on the question of mass, illegal, and officially sponsored immigration of Chinese nationals into their country. The Chinese troops marched into the Wa states on the plea that the frontier had never been defined and demarcated. This caused concern in New Delhi, because it was feared the Chinese might adopt the same method to settle their frontiers with India. China refuses to agree that the McMahon Line demarcates the Indo-Tibetan frontier over a stretch of 850 miles in the Northeast. Peking has consistently failed to disown or amend maps showing large parts of Indian territory within the boundaries of China.

Second, in October, 1956, China concluded an economic aid agreement with the Nepalese Prime Minister, Tanka Prasad, who had earlier headed an anti-India united front with the Communists. At its own initiative, China undertook to provide Nepal with assistance, to the tune of 60 million rupees (more than 12.6 million American dollars) in three years. Peking was thus intervening in an area which, it had acknowledged at the time of Nehru's visit to China in 1954, fell within India's sphere of influence. Since Nepal holds the key to the Indian defense system in the North, New Delhi viewed the Sino-Nepalese aid agreement with disfavor and suspicion.

Third, in the wake of the rebellion in Hungary, China emerged as the stoutest champion of Soviet armed intervention in that country. Chou En-lai himself visited India and other Asian countries to persuade them to accept Soviet suppression of Hungary's bid for freedom as justified. This Chinese policy helped many in New Delhi to realize that the "five principles" of peaceful coexistence and noninterference meant different things to the Indians and to the Communists.

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Fourth, when the Dalai Lama came to India to participate in the twenty-five-hundredth anniversary of Lord Buddha in November, 1956, in disregard of Peking's advice, he told Nehru how the Chinese had violated the 1951 Sino-Tibetan agreement guaranteeing autonomy to the Tibetans. The Dalai Lama has confirmed that he was unwilling to go back to Lhasa, and he agreed to return only when Nehru secured from Chou En-lai the assurance that Tibet's autonomy would be respected. To ensure that the promise was kept, Nehru was to visit Lhasa in August, 1958. He was prevented by the Chinese from keeping his promise.

Fifth, to continue the process of drawing Nepal close to China, Chou En-lai found time to visit Katmandu in January, 1957. His speeches referring to blood relations between the Nepalese and the Chinese, his emphasis on the need to defend Nepal's independence, and his promise of economic assistance did not please Nehru and Indian officials, who were trying to prevent Nepal from being drawn into China's sphere of influence.

Finally, during his travel in India and Nepal, the Chinese Prime Minister was repeatedly asked to define his government's policy on Kashmir. He studiously avoided firm commitment in favor of India, thus lending indirect support to the view that he was prepared to do horse trading with Pakistan on the Kashmir issue. Ladakh, now a part of Kashmir state, was under Tibetan hegemony until 1834, when it was annexed to the Indian principality of Jammu.

Normally, an intelligent assessment of these developments would have induced the Indian government to take a fresh look at its policy toward China. But no reappraisal was undertaken, primarily because New Delhi continued to regard Pakistan, in military alliance with America, as constituting the greater and more immediate threat to the country's security. Also, a shift in the policy toward China would have made it necessary for Nehru and his advisers to reshape the whole structure of Indian foreign policy. While a dent had been made in the wall of faith in China, the Indian rulers continued to behave publicly as if nothing had happened. The Indian intelligentsia and press remained as if they were dazed by professions of Sino-Indian friendship. The Communist Party and fellow travelers led the chorus in praise of Nehru's foreign policy and reaped a rich harvest in terms of added strength and prestige. This haziness and confusion in India continued even in the early part of this year. As late as March 17, Nehru spoke of "clash of wills" in Tibet. On that date, the Dalai Lama and his top officials had in sheer desperation left Lhasa secretly to seek asylum in India. The 1951 Sino-Tibetan agreement had broken down and been repudiated by both parties. Three days later, fighting broke out in Lhasa.

The Tibetan people's struggle for freedom evoked spontaneous and widespread sympathy and support in India. Except for the Communist Party, all major political parties and leaders took up the Tibetan cause. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, president of the ruling Congress Party and Nehru's daughter, was among the first Indian leaders to say categorically that the Dalai Lama and other Tibetan refugees would be granted asylum in India as a matter of right. Popular indignation in India mounted as the Chinese authorities launched an anti-India campaign on March 28 with the charge that the Indian border town of Kalimpong had served as the command center of the rebellion. Nehru had to take note of this upsurge of popular feeling in his subsequent statements on Tibet.

THE Chinese Communists did not sincerely reciprocate India's gestures of friendship. While seeking to exploit India to gain their objectives, they remained critical of its internal and external policies, which was inevitable. The new rulers in Peking were convinced of the superiority of the Communist system and the inevitability of its triumphing over democracy. They were intensely suspicious of India because it was a democracy and a member of the British Commonwealth. The presence of Indian influence in Tibet heightened Peking's bitterness against India. In 1949, Mao Tse-tung enunciated his famous thesis of the world's being divided into two camps and the inevitability of leaning on one side. In such an assessment, India was obviously on the wrong side.

Superficially, the Chinese rulers modified their policy in respect to India after the outbreak of the Korean War, and particularly after their own open involvement in it. At that time, their main purpose was to isolate America, which they regarded as the main enemy. They calculated that India could be exploited to achieve this objective, in view of its policy of promoting a peaceful settlement in Korea. But throughout the period of the Korean War, they continued a word-of-mouth campaign against India in Tibet. Also, they sought to train Dr. K. I. Singh, who had unsuccessfully attempted to overthrow the pro-India government of Nepal on January 22, 1952, so that he could play in Nepal the same role that Ho Chi-minh was playing in Indochina. In spite of the professions of friendship for India, the Chinese rulers continued to describe it as virtually a colony of Great Britain.

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Meanwhile, events slowly moved toward a climax in Tibet. The Tibetan government had concluded the 1951 agreement with China because the only alternative was to continue a totally unequal struggle, and thus face extermination. Tibet remained unreconciled to the imposition of Chinese rule. The Chinese authorities, on the other hand, sought to sow dissensions among the Tibetans, weaken the authority of the Dalai Lama, and indoctrinate the younger generation, in an effort to consolidate their rule. Conflict became inevitable. We are now told that, as early as March, 1952, the demand arose that the Chinese army should be withdrawn from Tibet.

All efforts of the Chinese authorities to divide the Tibetans, and thus break their resistance, failed. Admissions to this effect began to be made publicly in 1955. The official Chinese press carried articles and reports of speeches virtually acknowledging that Tibet had been treated as a colony. But Peking did not give up its objective to establish Communism in Tibet. The Preparatory Committee for the Autonomous Region of Tibet was established in March, 1956, to prepare for Communist-style reforms. And the Communists pushed ahead with their plans to collectivize agriculture and the pastoral industry and destroy monastic influence among the Tibetans in bordering provinces.

In 1956, the Chinese officials admitted that the reforms had to be postponed because the upper classes of Tibetans were wholly opposed to them and the common people showed no enthusiasm for them. But the propaganda line was completely changed after the Dalai Lama's visit to India. India was blamed for the unrest in Tibet, and the old charge that it was pursuing an expansionist and imperialist policy toward Tibet was revived.

With the escape of the Dalai Lama and the outbreak of open fighting in and around Lhasa last March, the Chinese authorities threw discretion to the winds and launched a Hate India campaign. The press and the radio were fully mobilized to threaten and blackmail India. Speeches condemning Indian expansionists and imperialists were made by scores of deputies at the National People's Congress in Peking on April 22, 23, and 24. It was alleged that India had acted in collusion with Anglo-American imperialists and Tibetan reactionaries to foment trouble and to kidnap the Dalai Lama. It was said that the Dalai Lama was being held under duress in India and the statements issued by him and in his name were imposed upon him by Indian officials. Even after the open campaign was called off, the Indian traders in Tibet continued to be harassed. Nehru confirmed reports to this effect in a statement to Parliament on August 6.

As a result, there is general concern in India for the Tibetan people, who, it is feared, will be swamped by massive colonization. There is a new and lively awareness of the need to secure its frontiers. Nehru has publicly admitted that his government is concerned first of all with the question of security and territorial integrity.

The process of disillusionment with China has been climaxed by controversy regarding the Sino-Indian frontier. After evading the issue for over five years, the Chinese Government has challenged the validity of the whole of the 2000-mile-long Indian border. Chinese troops have made repeated incursions into Indian territory ever since the Sino-Indian agreement on Tibet was signed in 1954. The notes, memorandums, and letters exchanged between the two governments and the prime ministers, which have now been published by the Ministry of External Affairs, New Delhi, show beyond doubt that the Chinese Government's intention is to make the Indian frontiers uncertain, probe them, and finally occupy large parts of the submontane belt. The Chinese Prime Minister has laid claim to a large section along India's northeast frontier. In Ladakh, on the northwest frontier, the Chinese have occupied 5000 miles of territory and built across it the highway linking Gartok in Western Tibet with Rudok in Sinkiang.

Simultaneously, the Communist Party of India has been trying to extend its influence in the border areas. It is more than likely that the moves of the CPI and the Chinese Government are part of an overall strategy. In 1951, the CPI leaders argued that an armed revolution could not succeed in India because the country did not have contiguous frontiers with a socialist country. The consolidation of Chinese military rule in Tibet, concentration of troops on the Indo-Tibetan frontier, and occupation of sizable areas in the sub-Himalayan belt can make good this deficiency.

The awareness about the magnitude of the threat to India's territorial integrity, independence, and democratic institutions has grown in recent months. Nehru himself has described China as an "aggressive power" which has a "low estimate" of India's friendship. India's policy in respect to China has come full circle.

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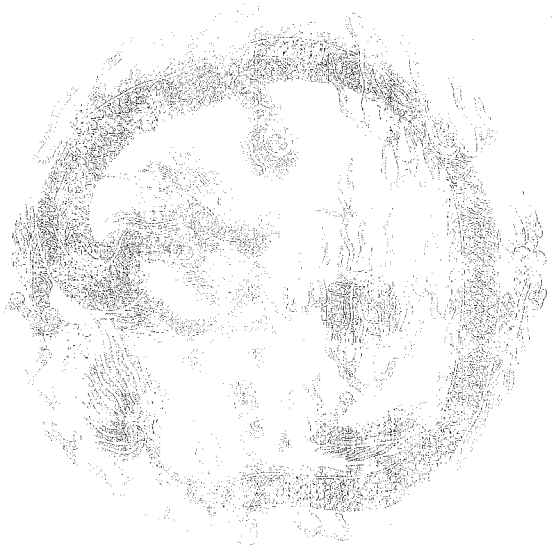
LIFE IN A CHINESE UNIVERSITY



BY LIU SHUI SHENG

For reasons of discretion, the author of this article, who studied for three years in Peking University, signs himself simply "Foreign Student" in Chinese instead of disclosing his true name and nationality.

BECAUSE they do not dare tell the truth, even when it is obvious, the Chinese today give some foreigners the impression of being stupid. I found them clever, sensitive people, living under a continual cloud of fear which kept their lips sealed. They are suspicious of one another; they are definitely suspicious of foreigners. Everyone lives within and hides behind his own invisible wall.

Tension, born of suspicion and fear, dominates university life. I spent three years at Peking University, the alma mater of many leading Communists, long famous for its revolutionary tradition, and, incidentally, for the fact that Mao Tse-tung once worked there as an unknown librarian. It is still the most important institution of general higher education in China, at the vanguard of the movement to establish Communist universities.

The university itself was established at the end of the last century by imperial decree, but its ten thousand students and teachers are housed today on the lovely campus which before 1949 belonged to Yenching University, founded by American missionaries. Situated in the western suburb of Peking, not far from the Summer Palace, these grounds seem to me one of the most beautiful spots I saw in China. Entering the university from the richly decorated west gate, painted in Mandarin red, one feels he has walked into a garden. But it takes only a few days in the garden to feel the strain of living constantly in a highly charged, tense atmosphere.

During my time, there were more than two hundred foreign students at the university. Most of them were from the fraternal socialist countries; the rest came from friendly nonsocialist states. I never knew one who did not want to leave China and go home. In one sense, this is surprising, for living conditions were quite good, much better than those of the Chinese students, and in some cases better than those the foreign students would have enjoyed in their own countries. We were given either a single room or put two in a room; the Chinese students lived six in a room, with double-decker beds. There was a special dining room for the European students, one for the Mohammedan students from the Middle East and Indonesia, one for the Indians, and another for the Koreans. In cases where the Chinese Government gave a monthly stipend, it amounted to as high as 200 Chinese dollars (U.S. $82) for the Russians, against only 12 Chinese dollars (U.S. $5) for the Chinese.

Yet, all the foreign students, Communist or not, were unhappy. I heard Russians and Czechs and Poles complain of the trying conditions on the campus; many of them were amazingly frank about their opinions of Chinese Communism, so different, they thought, from Communism back home.

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My first year at the university, 1956, was a comparatively liberal one for Chinese students. They had some time to themselves and the liberty to do what they liked with it. Lessons were similar to those in any of our schools, except that there were no prescribed textbooks, because ideas about what was good for the students had not yet been formalized. Cyclostyled lesson sheets were distributed every morning; students attended a regular number of classes and did their homework in the dormitories or in the library, as they wished. Besides the political lessons which were an integral part of the curriculum, sometimes there were compulsory political lectures or meetings.

In general, 1956 was not a bad year. But from the time of the Blooming of the Hundred Flowers in the late spring of 1957 to about the end of 1958, I wondered whether I was in a university at all. Peking's original idea was to rectify or reform abuses and faults in the Party by allowing the people to air their grievances against it.

Certainly the Party never realized that so much criticism would pour out. Overnight the walls of Peking University, as of other schools, were plastered with critical letter newspapers. Some asked for Khrushchev's report on Stalin, which had never been published in the Chinese press. Some inquired why only Soviet science was taught, when it was well known that scientific knowledge in the United States and England was also very advanced. Some demanded that the Party withdraw from the university. Groups of students organized themselves into discussion groups and elected representatives, who, with representatives from other universities, were to form a joint front against the Party's interference in academic matters. For the first two or three days of Blooming, there was a spirit of democracy which had never been witnessed before.

Then the Party stepped in and meetings began. The first-year students studying the same subject met together. Everyone discussed the "errors" in the criticisms made against the Party. Each meeting was attended by a Party member or cadre, who sat in the last row and guided the performance. The sessions were usually very long, sometimes lasting a whole day, and went on day after day. All regular classes stopped; the university became a vast camp where more than ten thousand students and teachers collected in classrooms, in dining halls, in the open air under the shade of the trees to discuss and rediscuss the true approach and the wrong approach. When students were not meeting in such discussion groups — for example, during meals — the university loudspeaker system would broadcast long talks by Party members and important officials. Often, listening to these talks was compulsory; after them, students gathered in small groups to discuss the contents of the speeches so that no detail, however small, was overlooked or ignored.

At last, everyone — all the thousands who had only a few months earlier been so violent in their various criticisms — "voluntarily" came to the conclusion that the leadership of the Communist Party was the only correct leadership and that only because of its correct guidance had China been able to throw off the shackles of imperialism and make such rapid progress on the path of true democracy. Everyone also "voluntarily" came to the conclusion that those who dared raise their voices against this leadership were the reactionary products of the old feudal and capitalist society.

In the early fall of 1957, a new campaign was started — the campaign against the rightists. The *People's Daily*, chief Communist Party paper, once said in an editorial that the Blooming of the Hundred Flowers had been a trap to catch the rightists. The catch was rich! Hundreds of young men in the university and many lecturers and aging professors were among those trapped. As one of my Chinese friends put it, the Party started with the intention of rectifying itself with the help of the people's criticism; it finished by rectifying the people with the Party's criticism.

The so-called rightists had to stand, facing hundreds of their onetime friends and colleagues, and hear that they were treacherous enemies of the people and reactionary agents of Chiang Kai-shek or imperialist America. Sometimes emotions ran so high that the frenzied crowds became mobs howling for blood. Students were even beaten up. These maniacal meetings, the shrieking voices of condemnation and the accusing fingers, the abuse, the venom — I find them hard to forget. The rightists were not allowed to escape these trials by simply confessing their guilt. And those rightists who stood by what they had said, who felt that they were not guilty of any crime, were not only condemned as traitors and enemies of the people but boycotted and ostracized.

One such student found that his roommates refused to talk to him, and the cook in the dining room refused to serve him. As he was not allowed to leave the university campus, he could not go outside to eat, so he decided to lie down quietly on his bed and wait till something happened. But a crowd stood outside his door shouting slogans and cursing him. His girl friend tried to provide him with some food on the sly. She was caught and tried separately as a rightist. On the third day, hungry and bitter, the boy committed suicide.

Many young people who could not stand the

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strain killed themselves during this period. One student jumped from the third floor of his hostel but did not die. While his mangled body was removed to the hospital, his roommates wrote a letter newspaper and pasted it on his door in the dormitory, saying: "What treacherous thoughts did you harbor against the state when you planned to take your life?" When I heard that he died, I actually felt relieved.

Many lecturers and professors also took their lives, or tried to, during this period. Others suffered their punishment. A professor who had taught English in the university for many years, now found to have rightist tendencies, was immediately ordered to work as a typist so that he could rectify his thinking through labor. Another teacher was reduced to the position of a janitor and made to sweep the floors so that he could learn the dignity of labor and re-establish his lost contact with reality.

The number of rightists discovered at our university ran into several hundred. Political commentators announced happily that China had been saved from becoming another Hungary, and the campaign was concluded early in 1958.

During these months of long meetings and conferences held to rectify the thinking processes of the people at large, two important political developments took place. One was the decision to use education to make the students "Red and expert." The other was the policy of encouraging students, teachers, and cadres to volunteer for manual labor in villages and factories. There was considerable discussion as to whether a student should be made Red (given political training) before he was made an expert (given academic scholarship) or the other way around.

Finally, it was decided that the two should go hand in hand. Actually, the accent was heavily on the political, or Red, side. Therefore, students, teachers, and cadres were to remold their political thinking by volunteering for work in factories and fields. Everyone in the university, students and teachers, most cheerfully demanded to go. When the selections were made, one noticed that only the suspects and near-suspects had been chosen. Many of these never came back.

Another type of voluntary labor required only a temporary stay of three months or more in some village or factory. Practically all the students and teachers of Peking University were sent for this short course in the study of Marxism through labor, from the spring to about September of 1958. When the 1957–1958 academic year ended in July, naturally many students who were in the final year of school were supposed to graduate. But, since they had hardly studied at all for one whole year, it was clearly not possible to make them take examinations. The university decided upon a novel expedient. A sample test was given to a few students from each class. On this basis, diplomas and degrees were awarded. Thus ended the academic year 1957–1958.

The foreign students usually left Peking during the summer vacation, which lasted about two months. I went to the beach at Tsing Tao, leaving behind the fever and fret of Peking. I came back in September to find a totally different environment. Life had become rigidly organized. The student's day was minutely arranged for him. He got up at six in the morning to the sound of military music and did compulsory exercises. He ate his breakfast and began work by 7:15. Classes finished by noon; then followed lunch and a rest until 2:30, when classes started again. School finished by about 4:30, followed by compulsory games. Dinner was at 6:00. After a short period of rest, the students collected in their dormitories or the library to do their homework or attended a compulsory meeting. Lights went off at 10:30.

The Chinese permitted no deviation. To ensure conformity, excellent military discipline is necessary. And this is exactly what has been achieved. It takes less than twelve hours in China today to get the whole nation of 650 million to reach a unanimous verdict on any matter of national or international importance. During the Lebanon crisis, one evening when the university lights were going out and students were going to bed, the loudspeakers suddenly began to broadcast very noisy, martial music. Every two minutes the announcement was made that all students and teachers were to gather at the football grounds within fifteen minutes. I went out to find the paths jammed with sleepy students hurriedly dressing on their way to the field. It took about five minutes to get them together.

The secretary of the university Communist Party spoke to us about the danger to world peace arising out of the American imperialists' occupation of Lebanon. Within an hour "volunteers" had gathered in front of the dining room; within two hours, they were outside the British Embassy carrying banners and shouting slogans.

It seems to me that the Party is trying to convert China into a vast military camp in which everyone will be a soldier performing every action with the efficiency of a machine. In fact, after the exchange of fire between the mainland and Taiwan over Quemoy and Matsu, the Government declared that everyone should have military training. All adults had to drill for an hour or two every morning; peasants in the fields marched to work

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with weapons in their hands, and even school children started drilling with toy guns.

The new school year in September, 1958, started in earnest, but by the end of the year there was a general call for participation in the steel campaign. Furnaces were set up at the university and scrap collected to prove, in the words of the president of Peking's Tsinghua University, that "productive labor is the best merging point of teaching, research, and ideological training." When I quit China at the beginning of 1959, the students in the university were busy making steel.

It was a cold, gray day when I drove out of the Mandarin-red west gate for the last time. I was not sorry to leave, but by the time I reached the railway station I was already feeling a little sad. Three years of interesting, tragic, and friendly experiences will bind me for a long time to the lovely campus called Peking University.

A Chinese Student in Hong Kong

An Interview with an American Journalist, Don Frifield

The face of Francis Chan, twenty-five, was impassive in the way Westerners tend generally to describe the Chinese countenance. As we munched club sandwiches on the terrace of the posh Carlton Hotel, overlooking the million twinkling lights of this highly urbanized British colony, he talked with a kind of modest sadness, as if hoping that he was not being tedious:

My field of academic study was turbine engineering, but I also took classes in Russian in addition to my political studies. Each class of twenty-five boys had its own Communist Youth League cell, headed by a committee of four students, one of whom was chief. Every Saturday we attended meetings and discussed our opinions of government and political affairs; Party homework took most of the weekend, leaving very little time for the regular schoolwork to be done properly.

We were all rather nervous at these meetings. An incorrect opinion on a political matter could get you into serious trouble. We were, of course, aware that a complete dossier was kept on each of us and that even our relative enthusiasm and attitude were under constant evaluation by the committee of four, as well as by our fellow students.

Neither I nor anyone else had close friends, because anyone could denounce you at any time as a subversive at worst, as an unreliable person at the very least. Either charge would get you dismissed from school and sent to a labor battalion in the rural areas for corrective education.

During the Hundred Flowers campaign in 1957, many of my fellow students designed posters, wrote essays for newspapers, arranged meetings with other students elsewhere in China — some even refused to take their examinations; and a few wrote articles against the faculty for ignorance of their subjects, preaching too much politics and not enough useful knowledge.

We were all relatively content at this time, everything considered. We felt free in our minds for the first time that any of us could remember. Along with a good many other students, I was enthusiastic about the great cultural and scientific achievements of Europe and America.

Many of us students came from middle-class families that were liquidated during the first years of Communist control. For the first time, it seemed, we had a chance to react openly to what we generally considered the anti-student, anti-intellectual attitude of the Party. Some of us were foolish enough to talk more freely than we should have, despite the air of new freedom that was felt all around us and proclaimed by the Party.

When the rectification period began, everyone who had spoken out was punished. The Party newspapers had long accounts of rioting at some of the other Chinese universities — particularly in the Peking-Tientsin area, where special jails for students were set up. There was also a lot of trouble in Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, and Canton. The troops were even called out to fight the rioting in Kwangtung province, where students were involved along with farmers.

I was among those who talked too much. I was denounced by a student I hardly knew.

My father was an army medical officer when I first entered the institute in 1952; he was later transferred to a civilian hospital. In 1954 he was accused of being a rightist, and he is now assigned to a labor battalion in the West of China.

When my mother died, I applied for a visa to come here to collect her inheritance. I lied. There was no inheritance. The transcript of my grades is still in China. Needless to say, I cannot get a copy of it. Without it, I cannot hope to compete for a scholarship to finish my studies, but the British authorities here have been very sympathetic. They say they will give me a visa to any country that will permit me to study there.

I tutor part time the children of prosperous Hong Kong Chinese families in both English and mathematics. I earn a hundred Hong Kong dollars each month (U.S. $17). This is just enough to buy food. A Chinese doctor here, a long-time friend of my family, permits me to sleep in his office.

I have no home during the day. It is not entirely convenient, of course, but I am luckier than most of the other newcomers here. Sooner or later, something will turn up for me.

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MIAO TRIBAL FOLK TALE

The Miao are a minority group, numbering about two and a half million, in Southwest China. This is one of their tribal stories.

THERE was once a beautiful maiden called Shih-mei. Her father and mother had died when she was still young, so she lived alone on the mountain, getting her living by farming and cutting firewood. When she was eighteen, she declared: "I want to get married. Whoever wishes to marry me can come up the mountain and speak to me himself."

As this news spread, young men from miles around climbed the mountain to propose. Each day brought more than ten of them. But none of them met with Shih-mei's approval.

There was one young man called Lung-wang, so poor that he could not afford to marry. At first, when he heard the news, he was ready to try his luck. But after considering that he had neither money nor influence, he felt it was no use and gave up the thought. Later, hearing that neither rich nor poor had been able to win Shih-mei, he grew curious and decided to see for himself what kind of young man it was that Shih-mei wanted.

After work one day, Lung-wang tidied himself up and quietly went to the mountain, afraid that others might laugh if they saw him go.

Without stopping even once, Lung-wang climbed to the top. Beside Shih-mei, he saw two young men who had also come to ask for her hand. Seeing this, Lung-wang tried to turn back, but Shih-mei called to him: "Come on! Why are you so shy?"

Lung-wang flushed. But all he could do was to walk slowly toward the three.

Shih-mei looked at Lung-wang. He hung his head and dared not say a word. Shih-mei laughed and said: "Tell me, you three, what do you have to offer?"

The two young men answered eagerly. One said: "I have money. I can sing!"

The second said: "I have land. I can ride and shoot with a bow and arrow!"

But Lung-wang did not say a word, for he was thinking: "I have neither riches nor ability; I might as well not speak."

Seeing that he kept silent, Shih-mei asked: "Why don't you speak? Can it be that you are dumb?"

Lung-wang felt he had been pricked with a pin. He raised his head immediately and said in a loud voice: "I am not deaf, I am not dumb. I have no money and own no land. All I can do is to farm with one hand!"

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Shih-mei thought his words very strange, so she asked: "It's clear that you have two hands. Why do you say that you can only farm with one hand?"

Lung-wang answered her: "Come with me and see."

Shih-mei's curiosity was aroused, so she agreed to follow Lung-wang and see for herself.

Lung-wang led Shih-mei down the mountain, with the other two young men following. They wanted to see what Lung-wang could do and were waiting for Shih-mei's answer.

The four of them went many miles until they came to a very high mountain. Rising straight like a wall, it was overgrown with trees and grass but had no path leading up. Raising her head, Shih-mei saw maize growing on many newly cultivated ledges of soil midway up the mountain as well as on its crest. Astounded, she asked: "No one can climb this mountain. How is it that someone has planted up there?"

Lung-wang answered, smiling: "I have farmed the mountain. I can climb it!"

Grasping the branches of a nearby tree and some wild grass, he clambered right and left like a monkey, and very soon he was halfway up the mountain.

Afraid he would fall, Shih-mei called: "Come back! I only wanted to see how you work with one hand. I did not come to see you climb a precipice!"

Calling from above, Lung-wang answered: "I want you to see how I work with one hand."

So saying, he got a tight hold of a pine tree with his left hand, planted his two feet on the mountain face, and with his right hand took a little hoe down from the tree and began to hack the earth from a place where even birds could not perch. As he dug, the earth fell down near Shih-mei's feet.

Lung-wang was like a dragon on the mountainside. He hung on to the tree branch, and the mountain opened as he hacked. All around him the red earth flew like sparks of fire. Quickly a new terrace appeared.

Then Shih-mei understood. She could not help praising Lung-wang softly: "Oh, so this is how he works. What a good farmer!"

Lung-wang took a deep breath, hung his hoe on the pine tree, and, grasping the branches, came down the mountain.

Shih-mei welcomed him with loving eyes. He blushed and hung his head.

Shih-mei turned to the two young men standing behind her and said: "Go home. I have already decided to marry this good youth who can farm with only one hand. If you become as brave and capable as he, you will certainly find good maidens too."

The People's Poetry

IN A TEXTILE FACTORY

Shen Che, Liaoning Worker

The dark eyes of the girl checker are so sharp,
Not a single defect in the thread escapes them.

Many are afraid of those eyes,
Many are fascinated by them!

I take her the cloth I have woven,
And my heart that can stand any test;

I hope the lovely eyes of the girl checker
Will linger on my cloth.

WORKERS

Worker Poet, Shanghai

We stamp our feet, and the earth trembles;
We blow a breath, and the roaring river makes way;
We lift our hands, and mighty mountains shiver;
We stride forward, and none dare block our path.
We are the workers — our strength is invincible.

IRRIGATION

Peasant Poet, Shensi

A three-pound pickax of steel
With one stroke cracks the crystal palace.
The Dragon King trembles
And bows, promising fearfully:
"I'll give water, I'll give water,
I'll do anything you say!"

PLUCKING THE STARS

Pu Chin-tsai, Shensi printer

The shelves are full of type
Like stars that stud the sky,
And working here each day
Is just like walking through the stars on high.

Each time I take a type
I feel I've plucked a star;
Stars light the traveler's way,
But type lights up men's hearts — that's better far!

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LUCIEN BODARD

WOMEN OF IRON

LUCIEN BODARD, *a Frenchman born in China and today correspondent for* FRANCE SOIR *in East Asia, has made two extended visits to Communist China, the most recent being in the fall of 1958.*

FOR the past two years, the People's Republic has been striving to accelerate its relentless program to recondition the Chinese into perfect Maoist men. The aim has been to manufacture beings devoid of any personal, individual qualities, who would be nothing but cells in an immense organic fabric: the People, or the Masses. Sex would hardly count. Women were to be Communist comrades, slightly different physiologically from men. But, in my opinion, most Chinese women are unwilling to give up their femininity. They have defended the institutions and sentiments which meant most to them — in short, anything linked to the family, to love, to children, to elderly parents — and all this has involved them in an immense, secret battle against the regime.

Ten years ago, one of Mao Tse-tung's first efforts was to make allies out of Chinese women. With the famous Marriage Law of 1950, Peking freed them from the traditional enslavement by men. This revolutionary measure broke with age-old customs by giving men and women legal, economic, and political equality. A campaign led by millions of Communist cadres was initiated to break thousand-year-old social abuses such as concubinage, to smash the masculine sense of superiority, and to make the people accept the idea of the equality of the sexes. But the Communists have pushed to the point of absurdity reforms which, in themselves, were quite justifiable.

In 1956, a militant female, Shan Chi-lang, published an article entitled "How We Chinese Women Have Acquired Independence." In lyric and ecstatic words she described the attempts of female peasants of a cooperative to equal men even in the hardest tasks, such as plowing. Naturally, they emerged victorious, and their admiring husbands finally decided, "Henceforth, our companions are our equals. They will receive exactly the same pay as we do." Shan Chi-lang concluded: "Work — that's the true key to women's liberation."

That same year, at the biggest automobile factory of Changchun, in Manchuria, a young factory girl of twenty said in reply to my questions: "I don't pay any attention to these matters of love and marriage. They do not exist for me. I want to improve my cultural standard and, above all, to participate with all my strength in the industrialization of my country. My life is full of meaning. I am happy."

For me, nothing has been more depressing in the cities of new China than to see all the young girls who have made themselves look uniformly dull and ugly. It is wrong to be attractive, neat, and chic. Women must concentrate on becoming model workers. They hide their figures in workers' blue — a sort of sloppy Chinese Communist version of the sack. Their hair is done in two coarse braids tied at the end by a piece of string

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or a rubber band, or, at most, decorated with knots of red ribbon. Lipstick, permanent waves, coiffures, the least attention to making oneself attractive — all these are discarded, for good grooming is considered reactionary.

As a Chinese Communist interpreter explained to me: "Everybody dresses in the same way, without regard for sex. For decoration, a woman may possibly add a belt around her waist. But women are morally superb. What does it matter if sometimes you can't distinguish them from men?"

Zeal is the special attribute of the "pure ones" — the fighters, the activists — but the majority of Chinese women stubbornly remain wives and mothers, attached to their homes. As the ancient concept of the tribal or extended family clan was destroyed, it usually was replaced by the small family, Western style, consisting of a couple and their offspring and perhaps the husband's parents. This became the next target of the Communists; the family was the enemy. In 1958, the Government decided upon collectivization. Living must become completely communal. The era of the "great leap forward" began.

Woman was to be completely liberated from her slaveries — the chores of the home, housework, cooking, sewing, and the care of offspring. Her children, in kindergartens, nurseries, and boarding schools, and almost completely separated from her, were to be brought up by the state.

In Chengchow on the Yellow River, Communists reported, all the former "angels of the home" became complete proletarian comrades. In their new commune, the women decided to build, by themselves, six workshops, a hundred and one nurseries, and forty mess halls, and to organize teams for mending and darning, for household maintenance, and for street cleaning.

In the peasant commune of Hsushui, four hundred militia women were given arms in a grand patriotic ceremony. For this occasion, they were bedecked in fine, new array — red blouses decorated with pink flowers. Young Cheng Hsui-ling, who received a small machine gun, cut off her two braids right on the spot because they cramped her style when she needed to present arms.

Just after the parade, the militia women, hoes on their shoulders and guns in hand, ran on the double to the working front. In two and a half hours of work at white heat, they beat all records, digging and plowing while singing the *Song of the Liberation Army*.

In some communes, the work units living at work sites like irrigation projects incorporated members of only one sex. In a few communes of Kwangtung province, refugees reported, relations between husbands and wives, nearly always separated from each other by industrial and agricultural production tasks, were strictly regulated. It was said that special premises were reserved for the performance of conjugal duties. The frequency of a couple's meetings was sometimes stipulated. In general, each man and wife could get together once every two weeks, for half an hour. If they exceeded this time limit, they had to criticize themselves in public.

I was in Peking during this early commune period. The people looked poor, and many were practically in rags. Queues began at two o'clock in the morning in front of almost empty shops. Trains brought in hardly any food; ration tickets were of little value. For a month, the population of the capital had nothing but sweet potatoes to eat — and these were often rotten.

Peking was hungry. Yet everyone had to work harder, harder, harder. Sleep, too, became almost reactionary. But it was the women who suffered most. I will never forget the sight of a woman, enormous in her seventh or eighth month of pregnancy, carrying huge stones in a quarry in the heart of Peking. My companion, a Westerner speaking Chinese, shouted to her: "Stop!" But the poor creature replied, "I can't. I must eat."

The machinery of the Party and police prevent overt rebellion. But the Chinese have found the most subtle method of sabotage, passive resistance; 650 million red ants have begun to change into termites.

One does not know all that is going on in China. But Peking, the sacred city of Maoism, has been one of the centers of this struggle, and there the people compelled the Party to draw back. After the tidal wave of the commune flooded the rest of China, it was making headway toward the capital. The threat to Peking grew stronger day by day. Then, almost for the first time, the inhabitants of the city crawled out of a shell of obedience and dared show their true feelings. The weaker sex was especially courageous.

In offices, streets, meetings, queues, the men — and, much more, their wives — began talking in small groups, exchanging thoughts. "Until now, we have given in to everything, always," they said. "But now the Party wants to destroy our entire way of life. We won't tolerate it. All is lost if we give in again."

People indulged in irony. "The Party does everything for the people. But who are the people? Aren't we the people — we, the ordinary men and women? Is Communism made for the

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people, or are the people made for Communism? Look at the cadres, who preach sacrifice and hard work! They are healthy, they have enough to eat!"

This anger and this bitterness were directed not only toward the bad treatment, the hardships, the lack of food. The Chinese were worried about something much more serious: they could not stand Communism's destroying their homes by pouncing upon their children. Here was the chief conflict between people and regime. Until 1957, father and mother retained some little influence over their children. Every evening, school children went back home, restored to the family. But in 1958 the Party reached the frightening conclusion that boys and girls should be taken from the home and brought up by the state.

In Peking the people protested: "They will never separate us from our children!" Confronting this dissatisfaction, the Party decided to impose the communes on the capital. For a month, each inhabitant was compelled to participate in special meetings. Each man and each woman was supposed to sign enthusiastically a form whereby he or she "voluntarily" agreed to become a member of the new urban commune.

In the compulsory meetings, Government propaganda agents clamored over microphones interminable praise of the complete collective life. But the crowds did not react as before. A heavy silence fell. Instead of the usual cheering and applause, the masses were mute. Here and there, hostile exclamations were heard, most often from women. One said, "I do not want to be separated from my husband." Another, "I want to keep my children."

The Party tried new tactics. Instead of assembling huge crowds, it called meetings for, at most, two hundred people. "Answerers," appointed beforehand, expressed in the name of all their fervent approval of the "correct" conclusions drawn up by the cadres. But when the answerers finished, the people remained silent, hostile. No member of the audience came up to the signature table. Everyone hurried off as quickly as possible.

It was during this period, when the struggle between the inhabitants of Peking and the authorities of the town was in full swing, that an old amah summarized the whole situation to her foreign employer: "Nobody is scared any more. Everyone knows that the Communists will have to give up. In our country, when all the people are determined and unanimous, no power can shake them, not even the power of the Reds."

It was true. The population of the capital was victorious. One day the regime announced a "tidying up" — a reform and slackening of pace in the communes. The Chinese masses had triumphed, especially the women. Their action was decisive. Not only were they heroic themselves, but they had also persuaded their husbands to resist.

Last spring, the officials and the members of the Communist Party adopted the language of sweetness. All that was most intolerable in the communes was revised, amended. Food is to be improved in the messes, but attendance is to be voluntary. People will be allowed to eat in their own homes. The family will not — for now, at least — be dismembered, and it will keep some authority and influence over the children, who will not be herded into state boarding schools.

In short, the Chinese women with their will power rescued the family. They saved their right to be women and mothers, to have a home, to live with husband and children.

Of course, their victory will be fragile and short-lived. Chinese Communism does not give up its aims. Sometimes, when it has badly analyzed the situation, it retreats. But each time, after regaining the necessary strength, it resumes the attempt momentarily abandoned. The Party is still determined to create 650 million Maoist comrades. It will simply go more slowly for the present.

A European lady who has recently lived in Peking told me: "I am fascinated. In a normal country, one does not know the real person. He is in disguise. Here, each one appears in all his nakedness, in his deep truth. These beings are facing their own selves. You see the cowards. But many Chinese show admirable courage. Of course, they don't openly brave the Party. That would be useless, ridiculous. But think of the strength of character required to accomplish certain simple things — just for a mother to remind her son that there are moral laws to obey.

"The struggle between the population and the regime will go on for years to come. But I never would have thought that such resistance could come from Chinese. They are called passive. Sometimes they are firmer than rock. And these 'weak' women in their workers' blue, with their little bodies, their thin smiles — they are unwavering!"

One may also admire those women who are on the other side — the "pure ones," the real Communists. They are made of iron too. I have the impression that in this country, in this struggle, everything has reached the highest pitch of human determination. Metaphysical or ideological warfare is in full swing, with all its fanaticism. The pure one who wants to lose her femininity in the concept of the Maoist man is as unbending as the woman who wants to remain a woman. This is a drama that goes down to the depth of each being, something one lives with incessantly.

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RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CHINESE ARCHAEOLOGY

BUDDHIST MONUMENTS

by WILLIAM WATSON

WILLIAM WATSON, *assistant keeper in the department of oriental antiquities in the British Museum, is a specialist in Chinese archaeology. The photographs accompanying his article were supplied to him from China for use in an exhibition.*

THE advance of archaeological study is one of the most remarkable cultural achievements of the Chinese since the advent of the Communist regime in 1949. It has not been merely a matter of impressive finds made in excavations or the discovery and rehabilitation of cave temples long abandoned and forgotten. The history of archaeological research in China from the beginning of the present century is marked by events of equal importance. To observers in the West, the revelation of the material culture of Chinese Bronze Age civilization and of the artistic achievements of the early centers of Chinese Buddhism was as dramatic a chapter in the world-wide annals of archaeology as the discoveries made in the Mediterranean countries and in the Near East during the previous century.

The rich collections preserved in Europe and America testify to the interest which Chinese antiquity held for the West and to an intense appreciation of the aesthetic quality of ancient Chinese art. But the acquisitiveness of collectors was too often satisfied at the expense of the historian: clandestine excavation, from which no records of locality, association of objects, or other particulars survived, often destroyed the basis of historical reconstruction. The value of recent work lies as much in its scientific method as in the bulk and intrinsic interest of its discoveries. Since 1950, the object of the Chinese Ministry of Culture and of the Archaeological Institute of the Chinese Academy of Sciences has been to ensure that all the information of place and circumstance which is required in explaining historical developments is preserved and recorded systematically. Thanks to the new organization and to the leadership of such field archaeologists as Mr. Hsia Nai of the Archaeological Institute and Madame Tsêng Chao-Yüeh of the Nanking Museum, the study of archaeology in China has entered a phase comparable in scope and scientific method to the kind of research which Europe has known for the last forty or fifty years. In the space at our disposal here, we can pick out only a few of the most notable examples.

The Institute of Archaeology has continued work at Anyang, the site of the Shang dynasty capital (about the fifteenth to the eleventh century B.C.), which was the scene of excavations by Academia Sinica before the war, and at Kuan Ts'un, a few miles to the north, it has made a more thorough investigation of a tomb of royal dimensions than had ever been possible before. The burial chamber — the central square pit, with its small recess at the bottom for the customary sacrifice of a dog — was found to have been robbed in ancient times, but the remains of victims slaughtered at the funeral were intact. To north and south, long ramps give access to the surface; in the northern ramp are pits with the skeletons of slaughtered horses. Such was the holocaust which accompanied the burial of a Shang King, and its character recalls the grim pomp of Bronze Age Kings further west — the graves at Ur spring to mind.

No doubt a chariot was buried in the Wu Kuan Ts'un tomb also, though it could not be found. Nearby, however, at Ta Ssu K'ung Ts'un, such a chariot burial was recovered in its entirety. The wooden parts had perished, but their shape was preserved in the earth. The charioteer lay face down behind the driver's box. The dimensions of the vehicle and the general lines of the harness could be deduced with fair accuracy. The result is of great importance for the history of the chariot — the heavy arm *par excellence* of Bronze Age warfare — in Asia as a whole. Basic features distinguish the Shang chariot from the contemporary chariots of the Near East: a light, eighteen-spoke

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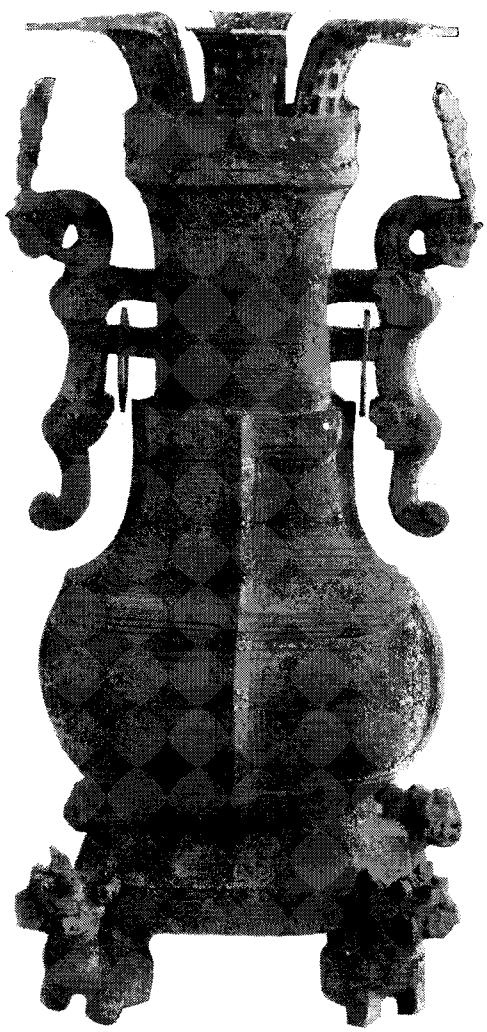
wheel, the position of the axle at the middle of the box instead of the back edge, and the extraordinarily wide wheel base. The only essential bronze parts are the axle caps.

These features of Shang civilization belong to the latest part of the reign of the dynasty, the twelfth to eleventh century B.C. Although the most recent excavations illustrate them more fully, their existence was known from earlier work. But at Cheng-Chou, farther south in Honan province, there has been revealed an early phase of Shang civilization, lacking the advanced bronze technique seen at Anyang. Moreover, careful excavation established a chronological sequence of pottery vessel types, leading up to those characteristic of Anyang, which will be of the greatest value in dating the spread of Shang civilization.

Recent research has tended to confirm the close association of Shang Bronze Age civilization with the preceding Neolithic tradition of Northeast China; and, gradually, archaeological evidence accumulates to confirm the historical tradition of the origin of the Shang's conquerors, the Chou dynasts, in the western, horse-raising uplands of Shansi and Shensi. In recent years, some important finds have a bearing on the rise of local artistic traditions in the various feudal states in the later centuries of the Chou period.



Bronze wine vase from the tomb of a marquis of Ts'ai at Shou-Hsien, Anhwei province. Early fifth century B.C. *Height, 31⅞ inches.*

Chariot burial at Ta Ssu K'ung Ts'un, near Anyang, Honan province. Twelfth or eleventh century B.C

Such a find is that made at Chia Ko Chuang in Hopei province. This lies in the territory of the state of Yen, which from the eight century B.C. until 232 B.C. embraced the northeastern region of China as far as the top of the Korean peninsula. The group of bronze vessels from Chia Ko Chuang represent a hitherto unknown local variation of the bronze art of about 500 B.C. Some of its features are reminiscent of the animal art of the Asiatic steppes, as it is known some centuries later. The Yen style is further evidence of the close connection of Bronze Age China with the outer regions to north and west and strengthens the argument that Chinese influence lies at the root of the artistic traditions of the steppe nomads.

Another local tradition abundantly illustrated from recent excavations is that of the Huai River valley, lying to the southeast of the central plain. Bronzes of the type discovered here, although known, had never been recovered in systematic

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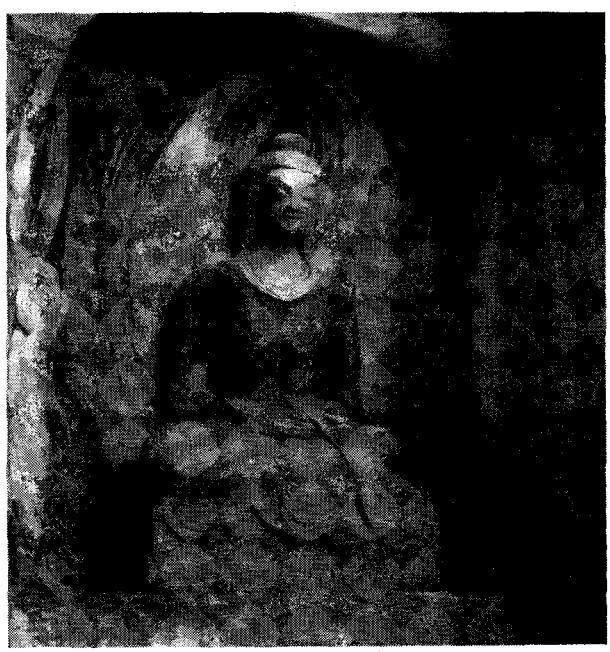
excavations. The find of four hundred and eighty-six bronzes at Shou-Hsien in the tomb of a marquis of Ts'ai, dated on historical arguments to the early fifth century B.C., places our knowledge of this provincial culture on a firmer footing.

The most informative excavations of late Chou tombs have been those at Hui Hsien in northern Honan, and the most unexpected feature of them, a pit in which nineteen chariots had been buried in a double row. In almost every case, the shapes of the timbers of shafts, wheels, and driver's boxes were recoverable, almost complete, from traces of the finer, more compacted soil which had formed in the place of the perished wood. The preservation of such ghosts of objects long vanished is a technique developed only recently by archaeologists. It was first demonstrated on a large scale at the ship burial at Sutton Hoo in East Anglia, England, in 1939. At Hui Hsien, it was practiced for the first time in Asian soil, and with brilliant success. The bronze parts had mostly been removed before the burial, but enough remained for completing the reconstruction of the chariots in considerable detail.

Vaster in bulk than all the material of earlier date are the finds made in tombs of the Han era (218 B.C. to 206 A.D.), hundreds of which are located near towns enduring to the present day and are perforce destroyed in civic works. Some of the largest of such tombs are preserved as monuments. Among them, the tomb at Pei Chai Ts'un in Honan is the most interesting. Its architecture copies in stone some features of the wooden buildings of the time, and its walls are decorated with scenes of feasting and figures of mythological personages. As a storehouse of Han figural art, this tomb comes second only to the famous Wu Liang Ssu in the same province. From the Han tombs and others of later date down to the T'ang dynasty (618 to 906 A.D.) come large numbers of the clay figurines which are already well known to and coveted by the Western world.



Clay figure of Buddha painted Pompeian red. Northern Wei dynasty. Cave 259.

THE CAVE TEMPLES

by BASIL GRAY

Scholar and author, BASIL GRAY *has been in charge of oriental antiquities in the British Museum since 1938. His illustrations are from unpublished negatives belonging to the Tun-huang Institute and from the book about Mai Chi Shan which he mentions in his article.*

WHEN Langdon Warner visited the Tun-huang Caves of the Thousand Buddhas (Ch'ien Fo Tung) in 1924, he found the place all but deserted and a prey to any hazard of passing soldiers or curio hunters. He thought that he must salvage what he could. In 1942, an institute was founded by the Kuomintang Government to look after this wonderful series of painted shrines, and its work of conservation still continues. A good deal of clearing up and some rather drastic restoration were done under the directorship of Chang Ta-ch'ien, the well-known painter. At this time, also, access was made possible to a number of caves which had been previously inaccessible, by construction of new staircases and by cutting through the walls separating some of the upper caves.

The present director, Mr. Chang Su-hung, is fully aware of the problems created by the condition of the conglomerate cliff and of the caves hollowed out of it from fifteen hundred to six hundred years ago. The greatest threat is from the collapse of sections of the cliff; more certain and relentless is the erosion caused by loose sand falling down the face of the cliff from the top of the escarpment. An attempt has been made to plant scrub to hold the drifts, but not with much effect. Meanwhile, buttresses of brick have been built against the face of the cliff, and I saw excavations for foundations of stone buttresses on a larger scale.

The wall paintings are also suffering from ex-

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posure to the sun; rain is a lesser risk, for none has fallen at Tun-huang for twenty years, I was told. Originally, the shrines were approached through corridors leading from galleries cantilevered into the face of the cliff. The interiors were therefore dimly lit. Now that, in many cases, the face has fallen away, the sun streams into the shrines and onto the paintings which cover the walls. The pigments used were partly earth colors — yellows and browns — and they fade unevenly.

Most distressing is the effect of sunlight on the red and white leads, which were used for flesh tints, especially in the early caves under the northern Wei (fifth to sixth century A.D.). Grotesque discoloration has distorted the expressions and the figures of these once gracious and smiling Buddhist beings. I was shown an area in Cave 263 where a Sung layer of paint had been removed to reveal in its primitive beauty of azure blue the Wei level, with outline like wire and highlights skillfully applied without the least trace of exaggeration. The stance of figures is the elegant sway of the Indochinese style, which was dominant in the sixth century. The gold-enhanced jewelry and floating drapery reveal a strong wave of influence from Sassanian Iran that was soon to be felt as far east as Japan.

But action of this kind is taken only when the later painted surface has fallen away, and I was told that the minimum of treatment was the rule until scientific study of the pigments and the wall surface had established the best method of conservation. This would prevent the hasty and ill-judged action which has been so fatal at Ajanta. Hand copying of the wall paintings was still continuing, and the director reminded me how successful the exhibition in Peking in 1951 had been, even in high official quarters. It was really this activity which has made Tun-huang one of the show places of the new China. Although lack of facilities for more than two or three guests to stay there at a time limits access at present, a hotel is planned. Soon color photography will have supplemented, if not superseded, hand copies. A photographer was working full time on the recording of the cave paintings and sculpture, using the best cameras, equipped with wide-angle lenses and color film; he is no longer dependent on flash bulbs, but is able to move his arc lights from cave to cave now that electricity is generated in the Institute's compound. This is enclosed by a wall with a single gate, closed at night. Moreover, all the major caves have wooden doors kept padlocked for security.

There is work for many specialists to do at the caves. Not all the painted inscriptions have been copied and read; the close study of the clay figures has begun, and a volume was said to be almost ready for publication which will reproduce a good many. Even more than the wall paintings, these have been renewed and repainted down the centuries, and some of the most conspicuous renewals date from the past thirty or forty years. Cave 450 has become a sculpture museum. The succession of sculpture styles can be studied through many centuries at this place, continuously except for the almost complete gap caused by the Tibetan occupation from 750 to 848.

Clay tomb figurine from a tomb in the east suburb of Sian, Shensi province. Eighth century A.D. *Height, 18¼ inches.*

It was moving for me to see the empty chamber in which was found the famous cache of many hundreds of paintings and texts, now preserved in Paris, London, and Delhi, and to note how it had escaped detection for centuries because, after it had been bricked up, the whole wall had been covered with a painting in the style of the early Sung period. Mr. Chang has good reason to think that the chamber was not made at this time, but had been prepared as the tomb chamber of the local hero, Chang I-ch'ao, who had driven out the Tibetans in 848 and resumed relations with the Chinese Empire. But it now holds no secrets.

Mr. Chang is an experienced painter, and he

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is much interested in the practice of his predecessors in the oasis. He believes that the relief lines found on some Sui and early T'ang paintings were made with a preparation of goat's gall, applied to the wall by squirting it from the mouth of the goat's intestine. The relief work was gilded, as gesso was in *quattrocento* Italy. Mr. Chang hopes to remove the blackening from cooking fires lit by the White Russians which so disfigures several caves, especially the fine early T'ang paintings in Cave 445, but this problem also awaits technical advice.

A series of Buddhist cave shrines, previously unknown to students, has been opened up at another site in western Kansu, hollowed out high on the cliff face at the great sugar-loaf crag of Mai Chi Shan and, with the decay of the wooden galleries and stairs, become quite inaccessible. The stone here is harder, and there are stone figures outside the caves but only clay figures within.

The Wei dynasty figures and wall paintings are not different from those at Tun-huang, but there is far more sculpture of the Sung period, and it is more metropolitan in style and quality. The figures are more naturalistic, and expression and movement more lively, than anything at Tun-huang. A useful publication, reproducing many of these figures and including some color plates of wall paintings, was published in Peking in 1954 under the title *Mai Chi Shan Shih Ku*, but much remains unstudied at this site also.

The well-known rock-cut shrines at Lung-mên, near Loyang in Honan, and at Yun-kang, near the steel city of Ta-tung, were subject in the twenties and thirties to vandalism, which ruined or decapitated many of the finest sculptures; they now are well protected within their enclosures. I found Lung-mên cleaned and tended, and rubbings from the smaller reliefs on sale. But there are more than thirteen hundred caves on the west side of the I River and four hundred on the east, containing, originally, ninety thousand figures. Some of the vanished carvings have been replaced by copies, as in the earliest cave, of 495 A.D., where the central Buddha is a poor imitation. It is clear that, under their present control by the Provincial Monuments Commissions, the standing Buddhist monuments of China are safer than they have been for a very long time.

Rubbing from stone relief in a tomb at Pei Chai Ts'un, I Nan, Shantung province. The winged tiger and the feathered man mounted on it are creatures of Taoist mythology. Second century A.D. *Length, 13 inches.*

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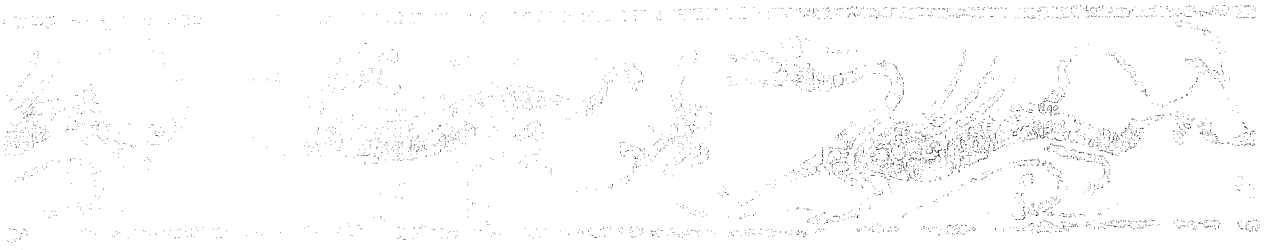

DO NOT SPIT AT RANDOM

BY FANG TZU

This street play, which has been performed many times on the street corners of Hangchow and Shanghai, was written by the Hangchow Stage Group in support of the patriotic health movement. It is typical of the purpose which informs almost all contemporary writing in Communist China, and it stresses in particular the vigilance of the Young Pioneers, children of nine to thirteen, prototypes of the Maoists to come.

(*A young girl Pioneer with a megaphone comes out from a crowd in the street or from among the audience in a theater.*)

YOUNG PIONEER. Dear uncles and aunts, please do not spit at random. Spitting at random on the ground is a most deplorable habit. It helps to spread germs and disease, and so may affect our health harmfully. Dear uncles and aunts, if you want to spit, please do so into a cuspidor. If there is no cuspidor at hand, then spit into a handkerchief.

PASSER-BY (*walks across stage with a brief case, makes noise as if going to spit*). *Hmm . . . hawk . . . choo!* (*Spits phlegm on the ground.*)

YOUNG PIONEER (*seeing the passer-by spit, hurries away from the crowd to overtake the man, or leaps onto stage from below*). Uncle, uncle, don't spit on the ground. Please rub it away with a piece of paper.

PASSER-BY. My young friend, with the cuspidor so far away, where do you think I should spit?

YOUNG PIONEER. You can go up to the cuspidor. It's only a few steps away.

PASSER-BY. I'd have to go there and come back again. How do you think I am going to catch my bus?

YOUNG PIONEER. Uncle, don't you know there are many germs in spittle? When it dries, the germs will be scattered everywhere, and, by breathing the air, people may be infected with such diseases as typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis —

PASSER-BY. I am not a tubercular. So there cannot be any germs in the phlegm I coughed out.

YOUNG PIONEER. It is a social obligation to refrain from spitting at random. If everyone spits and insists that there can be no germs in what he has spat, how can we be patriotic and keep ourselves in good health?

ONE OF THE CROWD (*speaks from the crowd or from the audience in a theater*). Rub the spittle away quick!

(*A large crowd gathers around the passer-by.*)

PASSER-BY (*irritated*). Hmm. You want me to squat there and rub away the spittle? But I have no time for that. Besides, I am not used to doing that sort of thing. (*Prepares to go.*)

YOUNG PIONEER. Uncle, uncle, don't go. I haven't finished with you yet.

PASSER-BY. I have to go home now to my dinner and have no time to carry on a conversation with you.

ONE OF THE CROWD. Hey, you come back here! There can't be a more unreasonable man than you.

PASSER-BY. How so?

YOUNG PIONEER (*offering a piece of paper*). Uncle, please rub it away with this piece of paper.

PASSER-BY. I won't do it!

YOUNG PIONEER. How can you refuse to carry out a social obligation?

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PASSER-BY. Are you lecturing me?

(*Here a number of actors come out of the crowd to speak, or speak from among the audience, or some may go up on the stage.*)

CROWD. What? You are trying to assume airs? Don't argue with him. Call the police. Police! Comrade police!

PASSER-BY. I won't rub it. I promise not to spit again.

CROWD. Comrade, what is your unit?

PASSER-BY. That's none of your business.

CROWD. Why isn't it my business? When you refuse to carry out a public obligation, everyone is entitled to criticize you.

PEOPLE'S POLICE (*enters*). What's happened here?

(*At this moment the crowd becomes larger.*)

CROWD. He spat at random and refuses to accept criticism. He would not listen to the advice of a child. And he's such a big man. He is no better than this child. And he is a Party member too! Probably a backward one.

PEOPLE'S POLICE. All right, it's clear to me now. (*Addressing the crowd.*) Comrades! What do you think we should do with such a man?

CROWD. He should be criticized and fined. He should be made the subject of a wall newspaper. A cartoon should be drawn of him for all to see. He should be taken to the police station.

PEOPLE'S POLICE. Oh, well, if you will not rub it away, I'll do it for you. But, first of all, may I know what unit you belong to?

PASSER-BY. As for that —

(*The voice of a middle-aged woman is heard off stage calling someone.*)

MOTHER. Hsiao-ying, Hsiao-ying.

YOUNG PIONEER. Oh, Mama!

MOTHER. There you are. We've been waiting for you a long time. The meal is cold. Won't you hurry home to your meal?

YOUNG PIONEER. I haven't finished my work yet.

MOTHER. Work? What sort of work?

YOUNG PIONEER. Someone has spat on the ground and refuses to accept criticism. Unless he cleans it off, I am not going to let him go.

MOTHER (*recognizes the passer-by*). Oh, is that you, Comrade Ch'en?

PASSER-BY. Er — yes, it's me, Teacher Wang.

MOTHER. Hsiao-ying, who is it that refuses to accept criticism?

YOUNG PIONEER. Mama, there he is.

PEOPLE'S POLICE (*addressing mother*). Comrade, do you know which unit this comrade belongs to?

MOTHER. He is the accountant of the cotton mill. He is Comrade Ch'en Jung-fa.

PEOPLE'S POLICE. Good, thank you. (*Addressing the passer-by.*) I think there's only one way now.

(*Draws a circle round the spittle on the ground with a piece of chalk and is about to write down the name of the passer-by and the unit to which he belongs.*)

PASSER-BY (*frightened*). Comrade, don't! Don't write down the name of my unit! (*Addressing the crowd.*) Comrades and my young friend, please pardon me this once. You may write my name there, but please do not write the name of our mill too. Our mill has already signed a patriotic health pact.

PEOPLE'S POLICE. Yet you break the pact?

PASSER-BY. All right, I'll clean it, I'll clean it. I promise not to do the same thing again.

YOUNG PIONEER. Here, take this piece of paper.

(*The passer-by squats down to rub the ground. Crowd, satisfied, disperses.*)

PEOPLE'S POLICE (*to mother*). Comrade, your child is really a good Young Pioneer, a young heroine for the elimination of the seven pests [mosquitoes, flies, rats, sparrows, and so forth] and for public health. If everyone eliminates the seven pests in earnest and maintains public hygiene as she does, our cities and the countryside will be rid of the seven pests sooner, disease will largely be wiped out, people will be healthier than ever, and the nation will be more prosperous and stronger.

MOTHER. Hsiao-ying, hurry home to your meal. It's already cold.

YOUNG PIONEER. Mama, my group leader isn't here yet. I'll go home when he comes to relieve me.

MOTHER. Oh, well, I'll have to warm the meal again anyway.

YOUNG PIONEER (*speaking through megaphone and coming toward crowd in the street or toward audience in theater*). Dear uncles and aunts, please do not spit at random. Spitting at random is a most deplorable habit. . . .

We wish to give special thanks to Peggy Durdin of Hong Kong for her invaluable aid in gathering the material for this issue and for her translation and editing of some of the pieces. — THE EDITOR

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WRITERS IN CHINA TODAY

BY PEGGY DURDIN

PEGGY DURDIN was born in China, the daughter of Southern Presbyterian missionaries. After her graduation from Agnes Scott College in Georgia, she returned to China to teach English in the Shanghai American School. She married Tillman Durdin of the New York TIMES staff in 1938, and during the war years was herself an accredited correspondent in Burma, Chungking, and elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

CHINA's long history has not been characterized by complete freedom of expression. But through many, many centuries, Chinese scholars and writers tried to apply Confucius' maxim: "If, looking into my heart, I find I am right, I will go forward, although those opposing me number thousands and tens of thousands." Highly respected, even when tyrants frowned dangerously on them, China's literati generally wrote with courage and frankness. But who, in this Chinese Communist decade, dares criticize border wars, the tragedy of famine, high taxes, heartless officials, peasant suffering, neglected scholars, harmful state policies, as did China's classic writers? Who, today, would dare to write these ancient lines?

> Today, public morality disintegrates.
> True scholarship has no more value
> Than a scrap of wastepaper.
> He who has no virtue
> Is said to be more virtuous
> Than the greatest sage.

In this century, Chiang Kai-shek's government showed little of the traditional Chinese respect for writers, particularly when many of them criticized his politics and policies. The Kuomintang banned publications, harassed authors into hiding, arrested some, and executed others without trial. But many leftist and Communist writers managed to live through this period to write and be published. None of these men today can hold dissentient views, preserve their intellectual integrity, write and speak out as they did when Chiang Kai-shek's police frowned on their activities.

The Chinese writer certainly has never enjoyed less freedom of thought than he does today. The intelligentsia — and, in particular, the writers among them — seem the least fortunate group in China. Regularly, through its ten years of rule, the Party has directed "struggles" and campaigns against writers and other creative artists. The better literary works of the decade came from the first few years, when the Party was too busy achieving effective control of the country to concentrate its attention on writers, and from the six or eight months of thaw in late 1956 and early 1957. The worst era for authors — and that of their poorest work — has been since mid-1957, when, to use Communist language, "poisonous weeds" were "uprooted" and "turned into manure."

Not that the restraints the Communists place on creative writers today have been unheralded. Almost two decades ago, Mao Tse-tung declared his distrust of the intellectual and his view that the writer was a Party propaganda tool. Party functionaries and publications have echoed and underlined these ideas since. The writer's job is, quite simply, to serve and obey the Party; to further

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socialism, Communism, and the political, ideological, social, and economic tasks or campaigns of the moment; to reflect "advanced ideas" with the utmost speed and persuasiveness; to glorify the Party and Mao; to expose and fight their enemies.

Chou Yang, at present the Party's chief cultural commissar, explains the yardstick for literary criticism: "Anything that is helpful to the development of productivity and social progress is good, and the reverse is bad." Last year, he also pointed out that members of local Party committees at every level were "in the best position to judge whether a literary work or work of art is a true reflection of life or not." Of course, the state controls the publishing houses, all publications, and all jobs and assignments; the Party's puppet cultural organizations approve a writer's subject, check each section of his work, make corrections and suggestions, and approve the final draft.

Chou Yang has explained that the Party must control authors because it is often through literature and art that bourgeois ideas insidiously corrupt, while battles between the proletariat (good) and bourgeoisie (bad) often commence with "skirmishes on the literary front." Anyone can see that the potential danger of the written word increases as millions more Chinese become literate.

As so frequently happens in other areas in Communist China today, those ideas in culture and literature which are generally sound become twisted, exaggerated, and misapplied, and the writer and his audience suffer rather than benefit. For writers to descend from their ivory towers — a process that commenced before Mao Tse-tung controlled China — so that they may better understand, write for and about the common people is healthy. To encourage new young writers from factory or farm, to destroy the tradition that only the highly placed or highly literate can wield the Chinese brush — all this is sensible. But deliberately to humiliate, punish, and break so many professional writers that almost all are cowed; to manacle authors, young or old, with Marx-Lenin-Mao and Party dicta; to compel, however deviously, millions of tired workers "voluntarily" to produce poems, songs, stories — this is distortion.

The writer must, in the Chinese Communists' religious phrase, "give his heart to the Party" and always obey it; study the works of Mao Tse-tung; continue regular group study and discussion, self-criticism, and, in Party terminology, "the long, agonizing process of self-remolding."

The writer must write for and about the masses: workers, peasants, and soldiers in the Liberation Army. He must live among, share the living conditions, pleasures, and pains of, humbly learn from factory workers, miners, soldiers, herdsmen, fishermen. One of last year's Communist reports estimated that over a thousand writers were to be sent down to live with "the people" and take part in manual labor, some for a limited period, some permanently.

For instance, a Communist magazine reports that, in Mao Tse-tung's province, novelist Chou Li-po writes in the mornings; in the afternoons and evenings he does Party work, tends an experimental sweet potato plot and keeps pigs. The reader is assured that writer Chou finds it all "much more satisfying than living in Peking."

In addition to the tough, unaccustomed physical labor in mine, field, or factory, writers are expected to take on other tasks in their spare time. They man the schools, teach people to read, spread propaganda about the new ideas, and help to break old customs, such as the worship of ancestral tablets. They must join the multiple special campaigns (steel-making, fertilizer gathering, rat-and-sparrow catching) and participate in the periodic struggles — for example, in late 1959, the struggle against rightist conservatism, or against waste.

Writers must also develop a whole new group of proletarian authors; collect, edit, and improve folk poetry; and inspire the masses to write poems, songs, short stories, reminiscences (politically significant), plays, movie scenarios, autobiographies, commune or factory histories. In the course of practicing collective creation, they must collaborate with these amateur authors. The Communist press states, for instance, that a film director, two worker writers, and one lathe turner wrote successfully a scenario, called *Eighty-eight Days*, about China's first home-produced locomotive. Of course, the report adds, they received great aid from the plant's other workers and Communist Party Committee.

The authors sent to frontier, field, or factory have been important aids in one of the Party's key programs through the "great leap forward"— to make every Chinese become something of a writer. Besides breaking the professionals, destroying, if possible, the special esteem Chinese have traditionally felt for the literati, developing writers from worker and poor peasant families — that magic proletarian formula — Peking has probably above all wanted to use writing by the people as mass self-indoctrination and self-hypnosis for right thoughts and increased production. Mass writing has become what Communists call a "political task, under the direct sponsorship of the

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Party." Communist articles report that in this literary creativity "the local Communist Party Committee leads, to ensure a high political and ideological level." It criticizes carefully. Leading Party members sometimes take a hand in writing; the published results are little short of dreadful. It is safe to say that never has so much bad writing been produced by so many.

Whatever its quality, the quantity of writings the Communists report by the people (often by wordage, in hundreds of thousands or millions) is tremendous. They say that, in the rural areas of China, poems cover trees, doors, walls, and rocks. As for the cities, an enthusiast wrote not long ago of "The hum of machines by day, Drama and singing by night."

During a year of what the Communists admitted was overwork, the twelve thousand employees of one steel plant created, after the day's regular shift, more than 160,000 articles, short stories, poems, and dissertations. Liberation Army generals and privates write; 38,000 poems came from one tank regiment. Workers in Tientsin's Bureau of Light Industry evolved 3400 artistic pieces in a month. In the same time, a Szechuan province cooperative put out 10,000 folk poems, 60 short plays, and 30 ballads; not to be outdone, another cooperative wrote collectively a 30,000-word novel. The staff of a Shanghai hotel collectively wrote, staged, and reformed themselves through a play called *Better Service*. The Communists say that in about half a year Shanghai's workers alone created more than two million literary items. Most of this "voluntary" literary activity has been done by exhausted people working well over the twelve-hour day.

The writer must make "great leap forward" plans for the year's work — formal, detailed ones, listing how many novels, plays, essays, poems, songs he promises to produce. Then he must revise the target upward, submit the outline to the Party-controlled Writers' Union for discussion and approval, and exceed his target.

Writers must try new techniques just as a carpenter does, Communist officials explained last year. They must include in their plan many different forms of writing, "just as a department store supplies everything." They must produce large numbers of short works on "major battles waged by the people." Writers must also compete with one another, like factories and mines, and "subject themselves to collective supervision and encouragement."

The writer must combine, in Communist words, "up-to-date Communist and socialist ideology, elegant national style, high skill in expression with revolutionary romanticism and socialist realism." In brief, writers are to glorify with boundless enthusiasm the Party and socialist society, while exposing enemies with hatred and venom. The heroes and heroines must be workers, soldiers, peasants, and Party men with fighting spirit strong enough to move heaven and earth, model workers with collectivist thoughts, motives, and feelings. While the writer describes only their positive side, he paints totally black villains — landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, members of the Kuomintang army, or rightists.

Novels of the last few years describe the heroic revolutionary student movement of the thirties; struggles of peasant heroes, Communist-led, against landlords before Liberation; Chinese peasants "marching toward the agricultural cooperative movement"; the conflict between advanced and backward workers in a steel plant; the struggle between communal-minded and individualist laborers on the Paochi-Chengtu Railway. Themes for short stories and plays are similar.

The author must produce topical works quickly. The Communists claim that writers produced tens of thousands of literary works in a few days after American "aggression" began in the Middle East, while, in a two weeks' visit to the Fukien front in the fall of 1958, a small group of authors turned out 300 "heroic works."

The result of these Party policies has been increasingly mediocre writing, with plots, characters, themes, dialogue, and sentiments so politically conventional that one can hardly finish reading any story, novel, or play. The verse is usually so bad that one cannot caricature it. Since the Party demands quantity, speed, and political orthodoxy, one forgives poor construction and style. But it is hard to overlook plain emptiness in writing.

We do not know how many Chinese writers have been condemned as rightists; how many are being reformed through labor; how many have lost their housing, jobs, income, and friends; how many Peking has sent to frontier regions, much as Emperor Ch'in Shih Huang Ti sent dissenting scholars to die working on the Great Wall of China.

Among Chinese writers of talent, Ting Ling, a gifted woman from Mao's own province of Hunan, has been subjected to two years of reform through labor at a desolate spot on the northern fringe of Manchuria. She was no trifling, fellow-traveling scribbler. She was a disciple of Lu Hsün, this century's foremost Chinese literary figure, a courageous left-wing fighter, master of irony, sarcasm, and satire — dead, and therefore safely enshrined today as their literary god by the Chinese Communists. After Ting Ling escaped from

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the Kuomintang and crossed China disguised as an army private in the thirties, Mao Tse-tung himself warmly welcomed her to his cave headquarters, Yenan, writing a special poem in her honor. Before the 1949 Liberation, she was a Communist propagandist and political worker as well as writer; she has held many important Communist offices. Chinese Communists admit she achieved reputation in the whole Communist bloc and the respect and admiration of many inside China, especially the young.

But at the end of the short thaw, or Flower-blooming period, two years ago, this Communist novelist was shorn of jobs, Party card, and government office. Her books were banned. The Party belatedly discovered, to use its own official verbiage, that this "wicked, despicable adventurer," this "soul-corroding bourgeois master," this "morbidly avaricious exploiter" had long "spread poison" within and without the Party, "viciously corroding" the young especially, over whom she had "cast a spell."

The Party now found that her first work, published some three decades before, had been full of "bourgeois decadence"; that she had betrayed the Party when under Kuomintang arrest; that she had written anti-Party essays and stories in Yenan two decades earlier; that she had always been a disloyal, dyed-in-the-wool individualist who, behind praise of Mao and the Party, uttered "silly twaddles" about writing with genuine feeling and valued quality more highly than quantity.

Ting Ling illustrates the fact that the author's dilemma and shackles in China today are greater than those of writers in Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Hungary.

Some of the men who were outstanding and prolific before 1949 have been virtually silent; for instance, the novelists Mao Tun and Pa Chin, the dramatist Tsao Yu. Since these men make good and important window dressing for the Communists, Peking has given them money, comfort, position, and face in return for holding office, receiving and impressing foreign visitors, parroting Party dogma, going on delegations abroad, signing protests, and so forth. Perhaps most cooperative of the pre-Liberation authors of talent is Lao Sheh, the first writer in Peking to whom the Communists gave a car, a real sign of status. He not only holds offices in government-dominated cultural organizations but produces propaganda on demand very quickly — plays on how women free themselves from household chores or how a daughter reforms her bourgeois father. It is a tragedy that the men who rule China today have been able to submerge not just literary talent but the individual integrity of the Chinese writer.

CHINA'S RAILWAY NETWORK

With seventeen new trunk lines under construction, to be supplemented by many local railways undertaken by the local authorities, and with the first powerful diesel engines and modern passenger cars already successfully trial-produced, a far-flung modernized railway network is gradually shaping up in China.

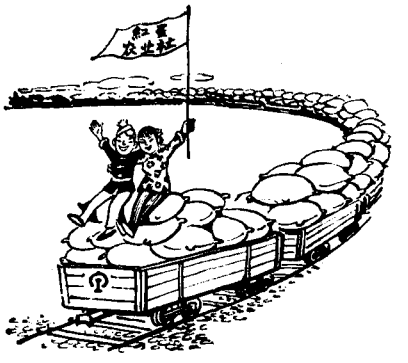
Railways today are regarded as one of the keys in the great leap forward of the national economy, since they pave the way for the rapid development of other branches of the economy. In the nation-wide battle for steel, they play an important role in transporting iron ore, fuel, and equipment.

A major effort this year is the double tracking of the two main north-south trunk lines — Peking-Canton and Tientsin-Shanghai — and of the east-west Lunghai railway from the Yellow Sea to Lanchow and the province of Sinkiang.

Peking is building a line connecting Lanchow with Sining, Lhasa, and the oil centers in the Tsaidam Basin. The Lanchow route, which goes through Sinkiang to Urumchi and into Russia, should be ready soon.

When the Communists took over ten years ago, there were roughly 13,500 miles of railways, less than half in operation, most of them in disrepair. The Communists claim that, between 1950 and 1957, they rebuilt 2074 miles of old lines and built 3962 miles of new lines. They say that they built an additional 1400 miles in 1958.

Peking's goal in the next few years is a nation-wide railway network which will link all the provincial capitals. The north-south trunk lines, the east-west trunk lines, and the new lines connecting the southwest and the northwest with the rest of the country will form the backbone of this network. They will be supplemented by regional lines and circular lines bringing together autonomous regions and areas inhabited by national minorities.



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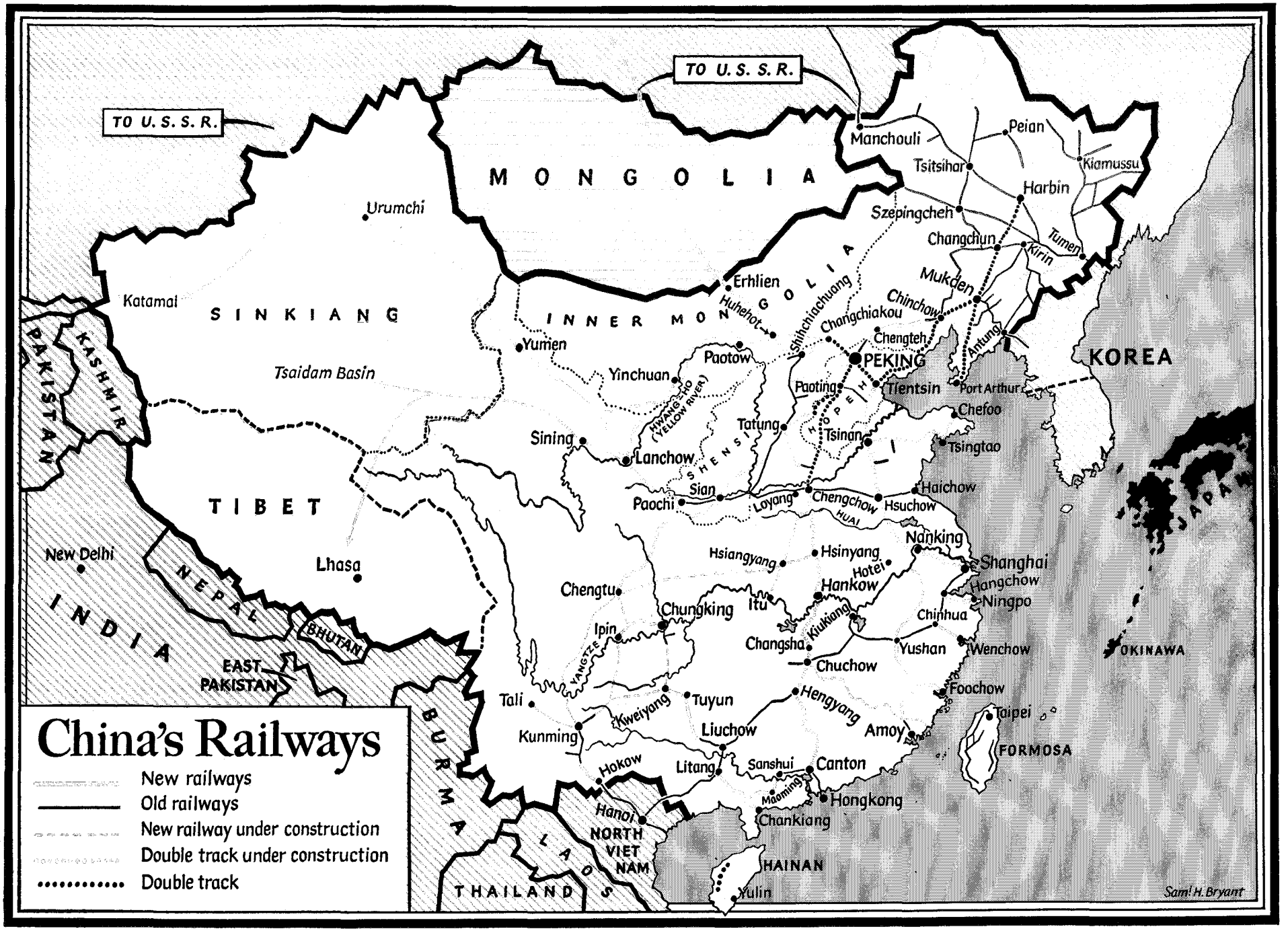

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WOLF MANKOWITZ

THE BATTERSEA MIRACLE

A Cockney whose father was a dealer trading in anything, WOLF MANKOWITZ, *on his graduation from Cambridge University, came up to London to score a double triumph: as a dealer he all but cornered the Wedgewood market, and his shop in the Piccadilly Arcade is a honeypot for collectors; as a writer he scored repeated hits on the stage, in films, and with his short novels,* A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS *and* OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE.

ALL Christmas I hadn't been feeling quite up to the mark. It's a hard time anyway for us in Bancroft's Grand Circus getting everything set up for the Boxing Day matinee, so what with feeling a bit dicky plus the normal fatigue I thought I'd treat myself to a couple in the pub opposite the bombed lot in Battersea where we've been pitching our little show ever since the end of the war.

I hadn't downed the first pint before, tired as I was, I knew I'd made a pickup. Squinting along the side of the glass, I saw him on my wrist. I knew at once he was different, because you don't spend thirty years of your life training fleas without becoming a fair judge of character. And though I've never been more than a cage cleaner and interval clown around what was never a great circus, I run as a paying hobby a fairly distinguished little show of my own which gets a lot of respect among flea lovers. I bow to no one in the flea world. So as soon as that tired, bedraggled flea hopped feebly onto my wrist I knew he was exceptional. Mind, he didn't have what I call the "hop" of a healthy flea. He was quiet and sad, and I could see why when, back in the boxcar I sleep in, I introduced him to my troupe. I never saw it happen before with fleas, because they're matey creatures unprone to the pettiness you find elsewhere in life. Yet when I flipped him into the box, like one flea the troupe turned its back on him. I called him Pete.

That night I was just dropping off after a hard session trying to get the troupe to work with Pete in the royal-carriage-drawing act, but no use, they kept shying away from him, so I was just going to sleep when I heard this voice in my ear.

"Don't panic, Joe," it said in a soothing chirruping kind of way, "this is Pete speaking."

I've been working too hard, I thought, I've been a bit off-color all day.

"I'm Pete the Talking Flea," the voice said. "And I've got to talk to you, Joe."

"I've been flea training for thirty years," I said, "and I'd be the first to give credit to them for intelligence, willingness, and humanity, but I never heard of a talking flea."

"We are living in an atomic age, Joe," he replied. "And I am an atomic flea hatched in the pocket of one of our greatest scientists in our biggest nuclear energy center. In the same historic moment both I and the H-bomb were born."

Now personally I don't understand these things any more than you can explain why it takes nine months for someone to get born and only nine seconds for a few million someones to die. But when a flea speaks you listen.

"In every force there are both death and life. I am life's answer to the Bomb," Pete continued.

"You're a bit small in comparison," I suggested.

"I am," he agreed, "and though I have superhuman intelligence and the accumulated wisdom

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of mankind, it is my size that is worrying me."

I've known the nicest, cleverest midgets to suffer with the same problem. "Some very good things come in small parcels," I said comfortingly.

"Never mind all that," he replied irritably. "I have to tell men what no man — and I include Moses, Jesus, and the Buddha — has ever been able to get them to listen to for long." He quickly whistled, piped like an oboe, squealed bat-style, sang a few bass notes, turned treble, and wound up with a sound no human had ever heard before. "Fortunately," he said, "I have a gimmick."

All through that night Pete told me about his ideas. "One man is equal to the whole of Creation" was his attitude. "Whoever destroys one life it is as if he had destroyed a whole world. Whoever saves a life has saved a whole world. There are millions of worlds to be saved, Joe," he explained. "What is hateful to yourself, do not do to another. That's all I have to say," he concluded. "The rest is gimmick and gloss."

"Forget it, Pete," I told him. "The world doesn't want to know. You can't go hopping around telling men to love one another and not expect them to kill you for it. It's human nature."

"Who is mighty?" Pete replied. "He who turns an enemy into a friend."

"But, Pete," I begged him, "you're only seven months old and you don't know what you're up against. You're all mind and soul, but I've been a man for more than fifty years, and I know some shocking things about the beast that mind and soul will never understand."

"I know more than I want," he answered sadly. "Ever since I was born in that radiant blast of life and death I've been running away from what I know. But it runs after me, Joe. The hope of man is but a flea." A soft tremulous piccolo note came from him.

"You'd better spend the night in my ear," I said. "You're all tired out."

Bancroft's Grand Christmas Circus at Battersea is an old-style show which normally opens with the March of the Gladiators and the Torino Tumblers as a warmer. But this Boxing Day it was different.

The old ones sat back sucking their humbugs, and the young ones leaned forward chattering over their monkey nuts. It was nearly a full house, and chasing round the ring in my red balloon nose and checkered jacket and trousers with Fred, our chimp, after me, I saw old Bancroft signal the electrician to switch on the Tannoy and give them that opening blast of Sousa which means the show is on. The sparks flicked the switch, but it wasn't Sousa that came out of the Tannoy. It was Pete's unearthly twelve-octave voice singing, playing, and chirruping like a huge soul filling the tent.

Pete had ordered me to slip him into the Tannoy and keep quiet about it. And that was really all I had personally to do with what is now being called the Battersea Miracle.

I didn't quite cotton on to what Pete had in mind until that weird singing of his started. By that time, like everyone else in Bancroft's Circus that Boxing Day, I just went into a sort of trance without time, listening to Pete's words.

For after he had knobbled us with his gimmick he started to talk seriously, like a lot of wonderful quotations you had always known, explained by a master teacher with the great art of making you feel and understand. By the time Pete finished we really felt that each one of us was like the whole of Creation. We were convinced that it was worth keeping one another alive. I realized afterwards I had never been too sure about that before — neither for myself nor for anyone else.

"You see, Joe," Pete explained after his first show was over and the public had left more joyful and hopeful than after any other circus in history, "the reason why the Aztecs with all their civilization died so easily was not because the Spanish pirates under Cortes were so wonderful. It was because those Aztecs believed their time was up. They let themselves die inside and annihilation inevitably followed. Man is not destroyed by life. He commits suicide by ceasing to love it."

With Pete snugly back in my ear, the whole circus was ransacked for concealed tape recordings or such-like by two reporters. All they found were our old scratched Sousa records, so, writing about Pete's performance (HYPNOTIC VOICE FROM NOWHERE), they raked up what they could and quoted a cranky old lady who said it was the voice of God. "I recognized it at once," she said, "because I heard it often as a child."

They were queuing six deep for Pete's second night. "I know one thing," said old Bancroft, as business built higher and higher (matinees included), "nothing less than a bloody miracle could ever have filled this house."

With thousands of people converging on Battersea day after day to listen to him (because, as we always say in the business, nothing sells a show like good word of mouth), Pete was very happy, and I know it wasn't just vanity either. Although it is a great satisfaction for an artiste to play to enthusiastic houses night after night, Pete wasn't getting any good notices for being Pete the Superhuman Talking Flea. He was the Battersea Miracle, the Space Voice, the Voice of God, and the dozen other fancy stage names they pinned on him.

"It says in tonight's paper," I told him, "that a well-known ecclesiastic is convinced you're an archangel. The quality of your voice he says is distinctly described somewhere in the Armenian Apocrypha."

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It also said in the same paper that the Tannoy was going to be taken away from Battersea by Cabinet instructions.

"The laugh will be on them," I sniggered, "when they find it's just a rough old Tannoy blaster with not even a flea in it."

"It won't be empty," Pete replied.

"What do you mean, Pete?" I asked.

"I'm going with it," he said.

"But, Pete," I spluttered, "be sensible. How will you live without me?"

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," he replied. "I'll just have to take a quick nip whenever I can from whoever comes to listen to me."

"But it says here they're going to use you exclusively for top-level discussions and Summit conferences. You can't take a quick nip off gentlemen like the Prime Minister."

I rubbed my forearm ruefully because, to tell the truth, intelligence was not Pete's only super quality. I suppose his work took a great deal out of him, but the fact was he had an appetite so super that, even with thirty years of flea training behind me, I felt it.

"Do you mean to tell me," Pete replied with irritability, "that a full course of instruction in solving the world's greatest problems is not worth the piddling inconvenience of a few fleabites?"

"My human experience tells me, Pete," I warned him solemnly, "that leaders who can stand for any number of the people they lead to suffer any amount of agony don't take kindly to personal inconvenience. I wouldn't chance it if I were you. Come clean and tell them you are only a little atomic superhuman flea."

"They wouldn't listen if they knew," he replied. "There isn't a man living, no matter how bestial, craven, and ignorant, who doesn't believe himself superior in thought and feeling to a flea."

"But you're different from other fleas, Pete," I argued.

"Not so different," he answered. "Even the dumbest fleas love life more than most men do."

They carried Pete off in the Tannoy the next morning. For a couple of days now I've been hanging around that big bunker in St. James's Park where they put him, watching the generals and diplomats coming out to their cars discreetly scratching themselves.

Tonight's paper says that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev are flying in next week to consult the Miracle.

This afternoon it started to snow, and two soldiers with holly in their caps unloaded six cans of special insecticide, no doubt trying to save the visiting dignitaries any personal discomfort.

I hope Pete is strong enough to stand up to it all, because while there's Pete there's hope.

O LITTLE TOWN

BY LLOYD FRANKENBERG

Under your polar star,
o little town of boughs,
bear your more than summerbright
snowvined fruit. The house
returns to wildwood,

cool greenness of thick pine,
prickling smell of the sun.
The year recovers childhood,
frost at the pane, bells on the air,
deer in the sky,
good will to men.

The day that never would come is here.
All night waking
we lay half sure
of a lump of coal in the toe of the stocking.
Sly bell, sleigh boot

waited at the foot of the flue.
How could such girth of good
get through? But it did.
Mirth is a youth, breath is a wreath, a wealth
and a health
and peace on earth

(o little town!)
casts its crown on the floor of the barn,
mitre and sceptre before the crib.
Hollyhorn and mistletwig
glow in the candles.

How many angels dance on the tinsel?
How many uncles are opening bundles
dressed like a berry?
Time rhymes with chime, laughing with stuffing,
holly with jolly.
God rest you merry.

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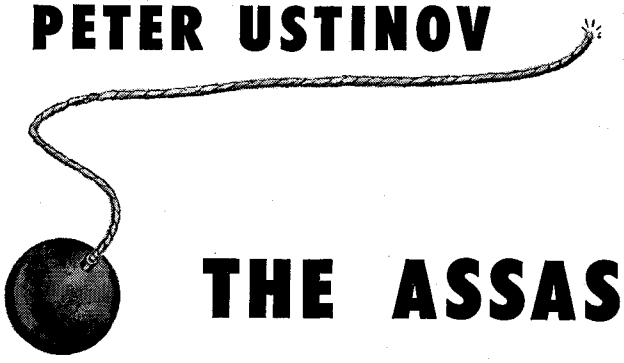
PETER USTINOV



THE ASSASSINS

Playwright and actor, master mimic and monologist, PETER USTINOV *embarked a year ago on a series of extraordinary tales which appeared in seven successive issues of the* ATLANTIC. *With some additional material, they have recently been published in book form under the title* ADD A DASH OF PITY. *Now, in this issue, he begins a new sequence, exclusive and certainly unpredictable.*

AT WHAT age should assassins retire? This burning question was exercising Monsieur Ambroise Plageot, the newly appointed head of the bureau of the French Sûreté entitled Éloignement. The purpose of this department is to safeguard the persons of foreign dignitaries visiting France by rounding up all potential assassins and sending them away for a while. M. Plageot's brow furrowed as he looked up from the pile of documents before him and studied the figure of the man who was seated opposite him.

"You say that you had a pleasant relationship with my predecessor, Monsieur Latille?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It was a bit of a blow to all of us when he retired."

"All of you? There are more of you?"

"Six in all. Members of the Nihilist International."

"Nihilism went out before the turn of the century."

"That's what many people think."

Plageot sighed. He was half amused, half mystified, but being a good civil servant, he could allow himself to show neither emotion. His eye roved once again over the documents. The earliest one was dated July 18, 1903. It was yellowed and fragile. Attached to it was a dignified photograph of a youth with a vast shock of black hair whose long neck emerged from a butterfly collar several sizes too large. His name was Bratko Zvoinitch. The spindly, nervous hand of some long-dead policeman proclaimed that he had been detained at the request of the consul general of Montenegro as a suspected member of a terrorist organization.

Briefly Plageot fingered his way through the other papers in the Zvoinitch file. In 1910, when he was arrested again, he was called Bruno Silberberg.

"Why did you change your name to Silberberg?"

"Did I? Oh, you know, I've had so many names in my life, I really can't remember why I adopted any particular one."

"Why choose Silberberg? You're not Jewish, are you?"

"If I had been, I would hardly have called myself Silberberg. You have to be a gentile to choose a Jewish name voluntarily. I think I occasionally chose a Jewish name in order to identify myself more closely with that great and victimized race. Revolutionaries can really exist only when they are in the minority. They are the living conscience of mankind. They are the forerunners of progress, the martyrs who lead the way. They act the dream instead of waiting lazily for the reality which may follow a century later."

"I see."

Plageot looked over his glasses and compared the face of the dark youth on the photograph with the wizened and asthmatic figure before him. There was no hair left, not a strand, not the trace

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Carnegie Public Library
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of a root. The head was polished and locked into an awkward stooping position by some misfortune. His inability to move his head, the wrinkles at the back of his neck, and his great hooded eyelids, one of them billowing over three quarters of his right eye like a sail, gave him the aspect of a tortoise, at once wise and ridiculous. The name of the maker of his jacket was clearly visible, as the garment stood up of its own accord to enclose flesh which was no longer there. His perpetual smile was not humorous so much as ironic, as though he expected little of men, but the firm lines near the corners of his mouth suggested that he was used to taking more than they offered. There was something Levantine about the sultry sweetness of his expression, a resignation, a closeness to history, a somnolence brought about by years of intense heat, a low opinion of the value of tangible things, a weary exasperation with the ephemeral.

When he spoke, it was in a voice which was scarcely audible, clogged with dust and black tobacco. His words were formed delicately out of wheezy gusts of breath and sounded as though they came from far away. Plageot couldn't help liking the fellow. He had substance.

"Remind me of some of the other names I used," he said suddenly.

Plageot obliged. "Vladimir Ilikov, René Saboureau, Wolfgang Tichy, Antal Solomon, Count Napoléon de Souci. . . ."

At the mention of the last name, he broke into frank laughter, which was transformed almost at once into painful coughing. At length the fit subsided, and he looked up at Plageot, exhausted but dimly amused.

"I was always at my worst when I tried to be aristocratic," he wheezed. "I could never think of a name. Napoléon de Souci. . . . What an idiotic idea! The Organization ordered me to infiltrate the royal family of Saxony from the inside in order to facilitate the murder of one of its members. We were aiming low in those days. They saw through me, of course. I no sooner presented my card than I was rushed away and deported. I didn't look like a Count Napoléon de Souci, you understand. Come to think of it, I can't imagine what a Count Napoléon de Souci would look like." He grew more serious. "No, I was my best, at my most dangerous, when I was a man of the people."

"Dangerous?" asked Plageot. "And yet, looking through your file, I cannot find the evidence of a single crime you have committed. Certainly no murder. Always you have been arrested on suspicion."

"I was never lucky in France," said Zvoinitch, with a sigh.

"Then why did you stay here? You seem to have no family ties here, and certainly no ties of blood."

"I love France," murmured Zvoinitch. "Unless you kick me out, I will never leave."

In spite of himself, Plageot was moved. He closed the file and lit a Gauloise cigarette. "Very well," he said, "let me recapitulate. I cannot reach any decision unless the problem is clear in my own mind. I took over this bureau yesterday, and you have consistently indicated by your insinuations that I don't know my way around yet. This I understand as well as you do. But put yourself in my shoes for a moment. A man of eighty-four enters my office —"

"Eighty-five."

"Eighty-five; I beg your pardon. Far be it from me to shorten your life. You enter my office, supporting yourself on two sticks, and announce that you are a violent and notorious assassin. Because I am polite by nature, I ask you to sit down. You do so with evident relief, having negotiated four flights of stairs. Then you produce a copy of this morning's *Aurore*, in which the imminent arrival of the Imam of the Hejjaz is announced, in order to promote better understanding between the French people and his people. I ask you what this fact has to do with your visit. You express surprise and tell me that my predecessor, Monsieur Latille, would have understood. Since I insist, you explain to me that the life of the Imam is in danger. I become interested and ask you if you have any information which leads you to believe this. You smile pityingly and tell me that you may be tempted to kill him if I do not deport you for one week to Corsica. My dear fellow, have you any idea where the Hejjaz is?"

"It doesn't matter where it is," replied the old man. "I am against all autocrats, and the people of that unfortunate land, wherever it is, deserve to be liberated. No despot is safe while I am alive."

"Tell me," asked Plageot, "what would my predecessor, Monsieur Latille, have done?"

"There was no argument with him," replied Zvoinitch. "He recognized the danger which we constitute to the guests of the Republic. He would have signed the authorization at once, and we would have been on the plane tonight."

"Tonight?" Plageot was frankly surprised. "But the Imam does not arrive until the day after tomorrow."

"Monsieur Latille was not one to take risks where desperate men are involved."

"I see. By 'we' I presume you mean yourself and your five colleagues."

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"Yes."

"And where are your five friends?"

"They are all packed and ready to go."

"How is that?"

"When we read of the visit of the Imam in this morning's paper we held a meeting, and I was sent as a delegate representing our group."

Plageot took out a pencil. "Would you mind giving me the names of your friends?"

"Is that necessary? Monsieur Latille —"

"Monsieur Latille is no longer here," Plageot said sharply.

"Very well. Asen Popoff, of the Bulgarian Nihilist International. Yahuda Achron, of the Jewish branch. Professor Semyon Gurko, of the Ukrainian Separatist Nihilist Union. Lazar Perlesco, of the Nihilist Center of the Banat. And Madame Perlesco, better known in Nihilist circles as Rosa Liechtenstein."

"Well," said Plageot, "I can't give you an answer today."

Zvoinitch made no attempt to disguise his annoyance. "Tomorrow may be too late," he said.

"That is a risk we will have to take."

Zvoinitch rose with difficulty, seeming to think that he was more impressive at his full five-foot-eight. "You are young," he declared darkly. "Anyone who is young in charge of a government department must be considered promising. Your career may well be ruined by your shortsightedness."

"Do you know what I think?" Plageot answered. "I think you should see a doctor."

"Is that so? Before long you may find yourself in the position of being seen by a doctor."

"Are you threatening me now?"

"I threaten anyone who stands in my way."

He tucked his miserable suitcase under one arm, took a stick in either hand, and hobbled to the door.

"It may interest you to know," Zvoinitch whispered, "that the Imam of the Hejjaz arrives on Air France, Flight 178, from Baghdad at 7:48 on Wednesday morning. He is staying at the Hotel Raphael. He leaves on Sunday for Marseilles on the Train Bleu. Guard him well."

He was gone. Plageot stubbed out his cigarette in irritation. He rang for Mademoiselle Pelbec, his assistant. After a moment she entered. She was one of those devoted functionaries who haunt French ministries, walking hither and thither with bits of paper, forever stamping something. An open pair of scissors hung from her belt on a chain. Her blouse was homemade and ill-fitting enough for one strap of her brassière to be permanently visible, gathered with the strap of her slip in the loop of a gigantic safety pin. Her hair was dull red, her mouth twitched incessantly, and she had no eyebrows.

"You rang," she announced, and made it sound like an accusation.

She had been eight years with M. Latille, and she resented his retirement.

"Mademoiselle Pelbec," Plageot said, "what do you know of a man called Zvoinitch, who says he is a nihilist?"

Mlle. Pelbec became guarded and seemed to be choosing her words with some caution.

"Well, I know Monsieur Latille considered him a rather dangerous character," she replied.

"If he is so dangerous, why was he not deported?"

"Oh, dear me, no," Mlle. Pelbec blurted, and then steadied herself. "While Monsieur Latille considered him dangerous, he did not consider him as dangerous as he considered himself, if you follow my meaning."

"Frankly, no. From one meeting, I consider him a harmless crank."

"You mean you are not sending him to Corsica?" Mlle. Pelbec asked in horror.

"Why should I?"

"Well, he never reports without good reason. The relationship between him and Monsieur Latille was quite remarkable. For as long as I remember, Monsieur Latille never had to send for them. They would report of their own accord whenever they read in the papers that anyone of any importance was visiting Paris. It was an extraordinary example of cooperation between the potential criminal and the potential pursuer. If all criminals were as public-spirited as the six of them, there would be no more crime."

"Precisely," said Plageot dryly. "I believe them to be utterly harmless."

"Is any of us utterly harmless?" asked Mlle. Pelbec. "They never killed anyone in France, true, but in Macedonia their record is terrible."

"How do you know?"

"Monsieur Latille told me so."

Plageot grunted. "There's no evidence of it here," he said.

"Monsieur Latille wouldn't have invented such information. Why should he?"

"I wonder. That will be all, Mademoiselle Pelbec."

She left on her dignity, muttering about upstarts and ingratitude.

Plageot stared out of the window, where a summer day was fading. Then he called another department of the Sûreté Nationale. In reply to his question about the Imam's arrival, he was told that the potentate was due on Air France,

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Flight 264, from Geneva at 9:12 on Wednesday morning, and that he would be staying as the guest of the President of the Republic. Smiling grimly, he replaced the receiver. He prepared to dismiss the matter from his mind momentarily when the phone rang. The man at the other end told him that he had been given the wrong information and that the Imam would not be staying at the Elysées but at the Hotel Raphael.

Plageot cursed. "But tell me," he asked, "is he flying in from Geneva and not from Baghdad?"

"The information I gave you about the flight is correct," said the voice.

"And where does the Imam go after Paris?"

"Monte Carlo."

"Monte Carlo, not Marseilles."

"No, no, Monte Carlo. The Imam is coming here to better the lot of his underprivileged people, but he is incalculably wealthy himself and likes to gamble."

Plageot smiled. "And I presume," he added, "that he will fly to Nice and then proceed by car."

"No," said the voice, "he is booked all the way on the Train Bleu."

"What? Thank you." Plageot hung up and thought.

Two of the facts supplied by the old man were right, two were wrong. A policeman's function was to be suspicious, and yet it was far easier to suspect someone trying to allay suspicion than it was to suspect someone trying to attract it. It would be dreadful if the Imam did perish, blown to pieces by the traditional bunch of flowers containing the infernal machine in its scented bosom. His conscience would be indelibly marked if that should happen; he could never face Mlle. Pelbec again, that was sure. Damn Zvoinitch! With all his clumsiness, he knew what he was doing, setting little balls of doubt rolling. He was just too sinister not to be ridiculous, yet not ridiculous enough to be quite harmless. Plageot called for the files of the people Zvoinitch had named as his collaborators. Their police records were remarkably similar. All had multitudinous aliases.

Plageot made some rapid calculations on his pad and came to the remarkable conclusion that their combined ages came to 508 years, Yahuda Achron being the youngest of the group at seventy-nine, Madame Perlesco the oldest at ninety-two.

It was more and more disturbing, more and more absurd. There was only one key to the mystery — Latille. Plageot searched his diary for the number and telephoned Latille at home.

"Hullo, is Monsieur Latille in?" he asked.

A woman's voice seemed hesitant.

"Who is speaking?"

"Ambroise Plageot. Is that Madame Latille?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Madame. This is Plageot, your husband's successor. You may remember me from the little party the day before yesterday to celebrate your husband's retirement. It was I who was selected to present him with the commemorative inkwell."

"Indeed I remember you, Monsieur. The inkwell is on my mantelpiece. It is very beautiful, as indeed was your speech."

"I flatter myself that I chose my words with some felicity. Is your husband in, Madame?"

"Just a second," she said.

M. Latille came to the phone. "Hullo, Plageot. How's everything at the office, old man?"

"That's just it, Latille. I have a question which only you can answer. Would you have a moment to see me?"

"Can't you tell me now?"

"No."

There was a pause at the other end. "Oh, very well. Come around at once, if you insist."

"Thank you," Plageot said, already feeling more a master of the situation.

Plageot was unmarried, but he had a mistress, who might as well have been his wife, because he was not entirely faithful to her. This happened to be her birthday. He called her. "Annik," he said in his most authoritative voice, "I will be late — three quarters of an hour. What's that, you're dressed to go out? So much the better; then you won't keep me waiting when I do arrive."

He put on his rakish black hat and left the office for the day.

"My dear Plageot," said M. Latille, entering his humble drawing room, "please excuse the disorder, but we are leaving tomorrow morning for Dinard." He was a colorful personality, this Latille, with his unkempt gray hair, his tiny goatee, and his watery blue eyes, more of an artist, to look at, than a functionary. Plageot, so accurate, so dogmatic, so razor sharp, felt awkward in the presence of such floridity.

"I realize you must be very busy. I can only stay for a moment in any case, so I will come straight to the point. It is about a certain Zvoinitch."

M. Latille lost his geniality and sat heavily.

"Yes," he said, "I was afraid you would ask me about him. When I opened this morning's paper and saw that the Imam of the Hejjaz was arriving tomorrow, it spoiled my day. I became fretful with anticipation of the worst. I hoped to get away before the storm broke."

Plageot sat down also. "But what is the mystery?" he asked. "Either the fellow is dangerous or he is not. It must be a relatively simple question to decide."

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"It is far from simple," Latille said sadly. "I feel at the moment rather like the head cashier of a bank, trusted by all, who is suddenly discovered to have embezzled millions of francs."

"Why do you feel like that?" demanded Plageot in a strong voice.

"Because — because I could never make up my mind whether these superannuated revolutionaries were dangerous or not. Eventually, I could stand the uncertainty no longer, and I gave them the benefit of the doubt."

"You mean that you acceded to their request and sent them to Corsica without due reason?"

"Precisely."

Plageot's manner became very stiff and self-righteous. "You realize that you utilized the taxpayers' money in these caprices of yours, Latille?"

"Of course I realize it, my dear fellow, although I can't pretend that it caused me much anguish. The end result of most of the taxpayers' money is far less charitable and far less useful. Look at the amount of it which was poured into the Maginot Line, and a lot of good that did."

"If everyone thought as you, there would be chaos!"

"There is chaos in any case, my dear Plageot, not because all men think like me but because all men think differently from each other. As Voltaire wisely said, it is up to each one of us to cultivate his own garden. Two bits of sound common sense placed in juxtaposition can easily lead to chaos. About that we can do nothing. All we can do is to keep our house in order."

Plageot rose and paced the floor agitatedly. "I did not come here," he said, "to indulge in a metaphysical discussion."

"No," replied Latille reasonably, "you came here to ask if six old assassins are dangerous or not. I give you my answer. I don't know."

"You surprise me, Latille, and you shock me. Now I understand why Zvoinitch told me he had a very agreeable working arrangement with you."

Latille smiled. "Did he say that? That was very kind of him, if a little tactless, seeing as he hadn't got your measure yet."

Plageot stopped in his tracks. "What do you mean by that?" he exploded. "Are you now attempting to justify your actions?"

"I don't think they need justification. Up to yesterday your department was my department. I ran it for eight years, and I don't regret my decision in regard to these men. All I dreaded was the day on which I would have to explain myself. There is a difference between explanation and justification."

"There is no time to dwell on fine points of interpretation," cried Plageot. "Explain yourself, then."

Latille spoke softly and with amusement.

"I remember the first time Zvoinitch came to my office. He was called Zbigniew at the time. It was in 1946, when Paris was brimful of Allied generals. At that time, I was struck by his honesty. He told me he couldn't resist making attempts on the lives of foreign notables. I thought I might send him to a psychiatrist, but somehow it seemed a little eccentric to try to cure the foibles of a man over seventy, which had hardened, according to his file, into an ineradicable habit. Had he been a youth, I would not have hesitated. In view of his age, however, I decided to dispatch him to Corsica. Admittedly, I became a little suspicious when he suddenly produced as many as five friends, all suffering from the same peculiar temptation. Still, the last thing we wanted was a dead Allied diplomat or general on our hands, especially at a time when we were doing our utmost to make our battered country attractive for tourists. After a while, a degree of stability was reestablished, and these old people were allowed to return to France.

"Then someone like Molotov came to Paris — I forget who, exactly — but suddenly the place was teeming with Russian security officers with the most alarmingly comprehensive lists of exactly whom they wished removed. When they used the word 'removed,' I suspect that they meant a more irrevocable course of action than mere transportation to Corsica. In my eagerness to show the Russians that their lists were far from complete I ostentatiously sent our six friends abroad once again. I didn't have to round them up. As usual, they reported of their own accord, and during the presence of General Serov in my office I was able to demonstrate to the Russian that opposition to the regime is civic-minded in a democracy.

"When Tito arrived, the same procedure was repeated, and it happened again when Adenauer appeared. Then one day they turned up for no particular reason. I asked them to what I owed the pleasure of their visit — and it was a pleasure, Plageot, I promise you. They combined the qualities of emotion and of ridicule, as good clowns do. They were, in short, a relief from the dreary parade of grim, ugly, charmless people who engage our attentions day in and day out.

"They explained, without batting an eyelid, that the Shah of Persia was due in France. I laughed. 'You're not going to pretend,' I said, 'that you wish to assassinate the poor defenseless Shah. He has troubles of his own, finding out how to drag gasoline from the soil, without any more trouble from you.'

"Zvoinitch took over at this point. He is their spokesman. His eyes gleamed with a cunning

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so transparent it was touching. 'Look at Madame Perlesco's file,' he said, 'and see what happened in the late summer of 1912.' I did so. She had been arrested in Ispahan and deported to France at the request of the Persian government for consistently shouting insults at the royal house in public.

"'The Persians must have been appallingly sensitive,' I observed.

"'Shrewd, shrewd,' he corrected. 'They recognized danger when they saw it. In those countries it is not the practice to conduct assassinations personally. Instead, you incite the mob, and they do the work collectively.'

"The story was incredible but expounded so ingeniously, and they had packed their few belongings so painstakingly, that I gave in.

"Some nine months later, they really went too far. They came to my office, all packed and ready to go, on the pretext that the Prince of Monte Carlo was due. I told them to go home. They insisted that the consequences of my decision would be dire. I replied that they were abusing my kindness. Zvoinitch suddenly brandished a huge pistol of Arabic design, which he produced from his voluminous pocket.

"'Have you a license for that?' I asked him. In moments of peril I always find courage in being lighthearted. He answered that the Nihilist International had no license for anything and that this formed part of their general policy.

"I began to laugh. This seemed to enrage Zvoinitch, who pointed his pistol out of the window and pulled the trigger. There was a resounding report which set up an intense singing in my ears. Unfortunately, the dramatic effect was somewhat spoiled by Perlesco, who shouted, 'Fool, there goes the last of the gunpowder!'

"I rose and pointed to the door with a trembling finger.

"'Out! Out!' I yelled, 'and never come back!'

"They left in confusion, just as some people working in neighboring offices came in to see what had happened.

"When it was announced some time later that the Emperor of Ethiopia was about to pay us a visit, I half expected them to return, but the days passed and they did not come. I was troubled by remorse, Plageot. Perhaps I myself was growing older and could sense the yawning cave of retirement before me, ever closer, ever closer. Whatever the reason, I felt myself the prey to a terrible compassion for these old idiots. By throwing them out of my office, I began to sense the kind of guilt I associate with kicking a dog or stealing a sweet from a child. In itself my gesture had been unimportant, but I suspected that it had assumed a vast importance to them, since their world was so constricted. I prayed for them to return so that I could clear my conscience.

"Then, only a few hours before the arrival of the Negus at Orly Airport, the door to my office opened tentatively. It was Zvoinitch! I leaped to my feet and blurted out, 'My God, where have you been? I thought I'd have to come and get you!'

"Zvoinitch smiled feebly and began to shake. 'Then we can go to Corsica?'

"'Here are your papers,' I said with a sigh of relief.

"That was the last I saw of them."

PLAGEOT stared at Latille as though he had just watched some military secrets being sold.

"One thing you have not explained," he snorted. "Why do these people wish to go to Corsica? Is it the meeting place of the Nihilist International?"

"Oh, no," said Latille, with a smile of charming frankness. "I don't believe the Nihilist International exists any more. No, I think they like the climate of Corsica. They regard it as a vacation. A vacation we pay for."

Plageot hovered on the brink of physical disintegration. He was purple with outrage.

"This is the most scandalous sequence of events which has ever come to my notice," he roared. "You are a victim of your own weakness and sentimentality, Latille, and because of your approaching dotage you project your self-pity onto a group of harmless nitwits who —"

Latille held up a hand to stay the avalanche.

"Harmless?" he flashed. "If that pistol had been aimed at a man, it would have taken his head off. They do not lack imagination to the extent that you do, Plageot. They may be mad, but they are imaginative. At this moment they may be seated in some garret, concocting some diabolical device in order to dispatch the Imam of the Hejjaz — not, Plageot, because they have anything against the Imam, but because it is their way of telling you that it is time for them to go to Corsica."

"Arrest them, then! Throw them into prison! Teach them a lesson!"

"That's your way, isn't it? Prison. It's still at the public expense, Plageot. It may be cheaper at the Cherche-Midi, but the food they eat is paid for by the taxpayer. The people of France must pay for either my tolerance or your intolerance."

"Deport them, then."

"Where to? Who would take them? My dear boy, you have a very low opinion of France and of her traditions."

"France is not a charitable organization!"

"France is the home of the cultivated mind.

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You're so ambitious that you will rise to the top of the tree and scatter the seeds of your personal misery far and wide. Thank God I am not your contemporary."

Plageot trembled. His mouth worked meaninglessly and his eyes stared. "What the hell are you talking about?" he cried.

"Why was I so civilized in regard to these curious characters? Because I am happy in myself, and he who is happy is generous. He wishes to give others the secret. I have been married for forty-one years, and no cross word has ever passed between my wife and myself. We had humor and resilience. I knew I would never rise to the top, and I was reconciled to my mediocrity. I could even joke about it when the occasion demanded it. Our daughters are not very beautiful. They have my wife's face and my figure. Consequently, they found husbands who married them for the most subtle of their qualities, and they are all as happy as we are. When my wife drove our car into a tree last year, I welcomed the opportunity of walking again. There is some advantage to every disaster."

"What has this to do with me or with the efficient administration of the department?"

"Everything," said Latille. "You are a thoroughly miserable character. Your humor is sarcastic, as though all your thoughts turned rancid in the filter of your mind. Head of a department in your early forties, you are deemed one of the most promising men in the police, and it is to be expected that you will end up as prefect of Lyon, or Marseilles, at least, making life difficult down there with your dreary little pettifogging decisions. Or else you may end up as resident in one of our minor possessions, confusing the natives and passing the time by altering the traffic regulations from day to day. I know your sort. Life is a dossier, memory is a file, ambition is a badge, love is a regulation. You are a bachelor. Why? Because you are selfish. You need women more than you like them, and you like them more than you love them, and you love them more than you can love one of them. At the moment you are living with a second-rate actress. Again, why? Because you have reached a grade in which it is *de rigueur* to live with a second-rate actress. You never take a spiritual risk. You are dead. You see what you want to see, feel what you want to feel, and your charm goes about as deep as Eau de Cologne. Mind you, I only say this because I like you. Unlike those unfortunate nihilists, you are still redeemable. We can make a man of you yet."

Just then Mme. Latille entered. She was of surprising ugliness, but her smile radiated warmth and amusement. "Jules," she chided, "you haven't offered our guest a glass of port!"

Plageot, sobered by the presence of a lady, said, "I regret, Latille, that I will have to ask for a thorough investigation of your activities and bring this case to the attention of the prefect."

Latille shrugged his shoulders and grinned sadly. "Do as you wish, but don't be surprised if the Imam is blown sky-high while you are engaged in your corrective measures and the Arab world rises against us in vengeance simply because you were dealing with matters of greater importance."

Plageot stormed out and proceeded to a most unhappy birthday celebration with his mistress. Annik did what she could to cheer up her lover, but all he could do now was to think of her as a second-rate actress. He argued over the check with the waiter, the proprietor was called, the car wouldn't start, and when they reached his apartment, a fuse had blown out. Annik dressed in a brief, transparent pair of black pajamas and lay around on her pink sheets, exuding desire, but he sat grimly on a chair, facing the wall.

Suddenly he phoned the Sûreté. "Inspecteur Bréval," he said, "are you on duty tonight? This is Plageot. Éloignement. There are six people I want followed. This is urgent, top priority. I will give you their names and addresses."

When he had finished his conversation, he lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. Soon he was asleep. His dreams were peopled with murderers. Everyone carried some lethal instrument. Mlle. Pelbec tried to stab him with her scissors. He couldn't open a door without finding Latille there, followed by a battalion of happy and hideous daughters. When he went to the cubbyholes to fetch his mail, he saw that many tiny naked women were filed there, one for every grade. The prefect's cubbyhole contained one of the most distinguished actresses in France, six inches tall. "*Bon jour*, Plageot," she said with a captivating smile. "One day you will be a prefect and you will inherit me." He awoke, covered with perspiration and on the verge of tears.

"Curse Latille!" he cried aloud.

The next morning two detectives were waiting to see him.

"Well?" he asked. "Did you find any of them?"

"No, sir," replied the detective.

"Fools!" Plageot brought his fist down on the desk.

"With all due respect, we are not to blame for the absence of the suspects."

"No, no, of course not. I didn't sleep very well. I am nervous."

The day passed slowly. Plageot could do no work. At four o'clock in the afternoon, a phone

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How to cut billions from future federal spending

Among the heated discussions of deficit financing, further inflation and future heavy spending needs, thoughtful people are raising the question, "What federal expenditures can be *cut?*"

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call from His Excellency Djamil Al-Haroun Ibn-Ibrahim Al-Salaoui, chief economic advisor to His Serenity the Imam of the Hejjaz, announced the fact that a threatening letter had been received by the delegation in Geneva on the eve of their departure. Apparently the letter, postmarked Soissons, was brief and to the point. It said, "Death Awaits You in Paris." There was no signature, but an amateurish picture of a decapitated head and a gory scimitar.

In a way, Plageot was relieved. Now there were no more ambiguity, no more fear of looking ridiculous. He informed all relevant departments of the nature of the threat. At six o'clock a man walking with the aid of two sticks was arrested but released after an hour of questioning. He turned out to be a retired colonel with a glorious record. He also intended to sue the police. The operations proceeded under an evil star.

The Geneva police called at eight to report the arrival of a menacing telegram at the hotel of the Arabian delegation. It read: WE MEANT WHAT WE SAID IN THE LETTER. THE SCIMITAR OF VENGEANCE IS POISED. It had been sent from Bordeaux. Bordeaux? Plageot examined the map. Soissons was quite far from Paris, Bordeaux much further. This must mean that the organization was larger than he thought. He looked at his watch and became nervous. Time was running short.

At eight o'clock the prefect, M. Vagny, held a conference, which Plageot attended.

"Gentlemen," the prefect said, gravely, "we are taking every precaution to ensure the safety of the Imam of the Hejjaz. Obviously what I tell you here is of the utmost secrecy. At the last moment, the Imam and his party will be switched from the Air France plane which was to have taken them to Orly onto a Swissair plane which will land at Le Bourget. The Swissair plane lands ten minutes earlier. From there a Citroën car bearing a false Imam will proceed directly to the Hotel Raphael, while the real Imam will go in a Delage by a more circuitous route. The floor waiters on the second floor of the Raphael have all been replaced by policemen. The elevator operator will be Detective Vaubourgoin, one of our best men. We will infiltrate the kitchen staff with our lads. If the assassins strike, they will find us waiting. We cannot afford to underestimate the threat to the Imam's life or overestimate the importance of his survival to our country. That will be all, gentlemen. To your posts."

JUST before the Air France plane was due to leave Geneva it was searched by the Swiss police. A bomb with a timing device was found aboard, gaily ticking away under a seat. Most of the passengers had already taken their seats when one of them, a distinguished gentleman of swarthy appearance, collapsed. He was taken off with suspected appendicitis. It was under his seat that the bomb was found. He was promptly arrested by the Swiss authorities and turned out to be a member of an Arabian secret society in favor of a return to power of the Imam's deposed uncle, a dissipated gentleman who lives in Rome. The French were informed of these findings when the Swissair plane was already very close to Paris. The Swiss also added that, while the would-be murderer was still believed to have been a bona fide appendectomy patient, he had used the phone in the airport clinic and was talking agitatedly in Arabic when the police broke in to arrest him. He may have realized that the Imam would not be a passenger on that plane and may have warned the other members of his conspiracy about this.

The French police prowling through Orly Airport noticed a suspicious group of Arabs who were drinking coffee nervously at the bar and chatting furtively. Plageot walked up and down with Inspector Lagnon but saw no trace of the nihilists.

"Is the plane late?" he asked suddenly.

"Didn't you hear?" Lagnon replied surreptitiously. "They got a message through just now. They found a bomb aboard. The plane won't be coming at all. They caught the man, but they think he had time to warn the other members of his organization that the Imam would land at Le Bourget."

"What?" cried Plageot. "Why didn't you tell me?" He ran out, waved to his car, and set out in the direction of Le Bourget at full speed.

He arrived at Le Bourget just as the Imam and his party were sweeping out of the plane in a flurry of white, their dark glasses sparkling as brightly as their teeth.

Inspector De Valde met Plageot. "It's all right. They've just phoned through from Orly. They've captured all the assassins. Eight of them. Arabs."

"That's what they think!" cried Plageot. There among the crowd was Zvoinitch with five old people. "Arrest those people!"

"What for?" asked the baffled De Valde.

"Those are your assassins!"

"But, I tell you, they telephoned —"

"Do as I say!"

Discreetly, the six nihilists were rounded up and bustled away.

Zvoinitch looked triumphant. "Oh, please let me hear the thing explode," he pleaded with Plageot, as the little group stood on the pavement.

"What thing?" Plageot screamed, shaking Zvoinitch mercilessly by the lapels.

Zvoinitch rapped him painfully on the knuckles with one of his sticks. "The bomb," he said.

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"Where is it?" Plageot was nursing his hand.

"Will you send us to Corsica?"

Plageot caught sight of the Imam and his party approaching their car. Customs formalities had been dispensed with in the interests of hospitality.

"Very well," he hissed, "but where is it?"

"Under the rear wheel of the car. When the car moves off — *pouff!*" Zvoinitch made an eloquent gesture.

Like lightning, Plageot ran off and dived under the Imam's car. Running madly with a black box in his hand, followed by two of his men, he threw himself into the gentlemen's convenience. To the consternation of the old attendant who stood there, he filled a sink with water and dropped the black box into it.

"Get out!" he cried to the attendant, and to his men he gasped, "Cordon off this area. Bring the bomb-removal people."

On the way back to Paris, he gave in to dreams of glory. He heard the congratulations of ministers, read the envy in the eyes of his colleagues, and was tinglingly surprised at his own incredible courage. Half an hour later, he sat at his desk. Napoleon could not have felt more sure of himself when he seized the crown from the Pope's hands. The six assassins were lined up before him. He did not offer them seats. It was better for them to stand. He had called in De Valde to witness his triumph.

"What was the name of your contact in Geneva?" he asked.

"Geneva? We have no contact in Geneva," Zvoinitch said.

"And in Soissons?"

"Nor in Soissons."

"And in Bordeaux?"

"No."

"You're lying."

Zvoinitch shrugged his shoulders. He didn't care for boors.

"Perhaps the name of Mohammed-Bin-Mohammed will refresh your memories?" Plageot barked.

The assassins looked at each other, then shook their heads. "It's not a name any of us have ever used," said Zvoinitch.

"You choose to joke," said Plageot with an unpleasant inflection. "I advise you to take this examination more seriously, for your own sakes. The game's up, you know. Mohammed-Bin-Mohammed is arrested. He has confessed."

"I don't understand why you are asking all these meaningless questions," Zvoinitch remarked gently. "You promised us we could go to Corsica."

"Corsica?" Plageot laughed harshly. "I think you are more likely to end up in a shadier place."

"But you promised!" Zvoinitch was indignant.

"Shut up!"

There was silence, and the receding echo of Plageot's rudeness.

"I will tell you what occurred, since you refuse to tell me," Plageot murmured. "You were expecting the Imam at Orly, but we forestalled you. Your contact in Geneva, Mohammed-Bin-Mohammed, entered the plane as a passenger and carefully placed his bomb under his seat. Then he looked around and realized that the Imam would not be traveling on that craft. He quickly feigned illness and was carried to the airport clinic. While the nurse was out of the room, he telephoned you at some prearranged number and had time to tell you to go to Le Bourget before the Swiss authorities arrested him. You moved quickly to Le Bourget with the bomb you had prepared in case the attempt in the airplane failed. Quickly identifying the car destined to carry the Imam by the quantity of policemen surrounding it, you stooped to tie your shoe and placed the bomb under the back wheel, and then retired amid the crowd to watch the results of your lethal handiwork. Can you deny this?"

De Valde looked at Plageot in admiration. For lucidity, for shrewdness, for grasp, this assessment of a situation would be hard to equal. It was a model of police work.

"We went to Le Bourget because we guessed that the Imam would land there," said Zvoinitch.

"Lies!" snapped Plageot. "The other day you told me the Imam would land at Orly in an Air France plane."

"Did I? I was guessing. One usually forgets a guess. That's why honesty is the best policy."

"It is indeed. You even mentioned the flight number."

"I made it up, knowing that you would forget it. As far as Air France goes, that was in the papers."

"But the Air France morning flight from Geneva does not go to Le Bourget."

"How was I to know that?" Zvoinitch replied. "I relied on my instinct. If I had been wrong, we would have found our way into the Hotel Raphael."

"Ah! At last a confession! And how did you know about the Hotel Raphael?"

"Oh, that's easy," said Zvoinitch. "The Hotel Lancaster puts out its refuse bins very early every morning. If you get there in good time, you'll find the reports of the celebrity service almost every day. They're a little late by the time we get them, but they're good enough for us. They announce imminent arrivals on occasion."

Plageot smiled grimly. "Never underestimate the ingenuity of the trained criminal mind," he said to De Valde.

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"Remarkable," muttered De Valde.

Just then M. Kellerer of the police laboratory entered. He wore a white lab coat.

"Aha!" said Plageot. "Now for the incriminating evidence!"

"Are you sure this is the correct article?" asked the perplexed Kellerer.

"Positive," said De Valde. "I supervised its removal from the sink in the men's toilet myself and transported it here."

"What's wrong with it?" Plageot demanded.

Kellerer opened it. "It's empty," he said. "It's just an empty box."

"But that wire leading from it," Plageot stuttered, "does it signify nothing?"

"Nothing at all. It's just soldered onto the outside."

"Could it not have contained something which dissolved under the water?"

"Out of the question."

De Valde began laughing, at first softly, then hysterically.

Plageot's irritated question, "What are you laughing at, De Valde?" only made matters worse.

Kellerer felt that the laughter would be contagious and prudently left with the evidence, a smile growing on his face.

"For God's sake, De Valde, pull yourself together!" yelled Plageot.

"The idea . . . of your breaking the world's record for the two-hundred-meter . . . in order to make an empty box harmless . . . by immersing it under water in the gents' convenience. Oh, it's too good, too good!" De Valde sobbed, holding on to the side of the desk.

"De Valde! Return to your office!"

But it was too late. The laughter was sweeping like a forest fire through the assassins. De Valde left with difficulty. As Plageot stood before his desk, tears of rage filled his eyes.

"Silence! Silence! I demand silence!" he bellowed like a child in a tantrum. "I shall arrest you," he announced, when the noise had calmed down a little.

"On what grounds?" asked Zvoinitch.

"I'll — I'll find grounds. . . ."

"Presumably we'll stand trial, whatever grounds you find. The courtroom would be an ideal place for us to ventilate this story, perhaps even to immortalize it."

"Are you blackmailing me?"

"Not at all," said Zvoinitch. "Blackmail entails a financial transaction. If we have to go to court, we will have to swear to tell the truth. I am only threatening to do exactly what I have to do on oath in any case."

Plageot looked around like a madman.

"All right," he said. "I'll send you away, but it'll be to the Sahara, to the Chad — Ubangi-Shari, where the heat is unbearable."

"Monsieur Plageot," Zvoinitch replied calmly, "we are very conscious of the fact that every time we are sent away from France it is at the public expense. If you wreak your vengeance on us by sending us to Equatorial Africa, it will not be we who suffer so much as the poor taxpayer. The fare is considerably more expensive. I should hate to think that our good-natured romp would end up as a burden on the man in the street, simply because your feelings are hurt."

These particular sentiments, expressed with such solicitous nobility, were too much for Plageot, who just sat down and wept.

After a moment, he rang for Mlle. Pelbec.

"The documents, Mademoiselle," he said wearily, "for Corsica."

"Here they are," replied Mlle. Pelbec, laying them on his desk.

"You had them ready?"

"Oh, yes, since I saw in the papers that the Imam was arriving."

"I am back-dating them to yesterday, before the Imam's arrival, for the record," Plageot said, handing them the documents.

The situation was delicate. The assassins just nodded politely and left, not even deigning to express their thanks for fear of arousing another storm.

As Plageot sat alone, his soul was a desert. He heard laughter from the office next door, and he could not conceive that the reason for it might be other than the story of his disgrace on its journey round the vast agglomeration of buildings. He grew grim, and his mouth set into a powerful and melancholy curve. Such things are sent to try a man, to temper his steel. With a painful sob still in his heart, he gazed at the sky and knew that he would go far.

"Mademoiselle Pelbec," he called militarily, "bring me the deportation files nineteen and twenty-one, at once!"

It is only in fairy stories that a chastening experience makes a lasting difference in a man's character. M. Plageot became, if anything, harder and more disagreeable. He used every opportunity to discredit both De Valde and Kellerer without really analyzing his reasons for hating them. His relations with Annik were cold, contrived, and artificial. When he wished to be hurtful, he called her a second-rate actress. Only in one regard did the incident of the six assassins affect him. Knowing that they would never retire and that he would have to wait for them to die, he never again opened his morning paper without a sickening trepidation.

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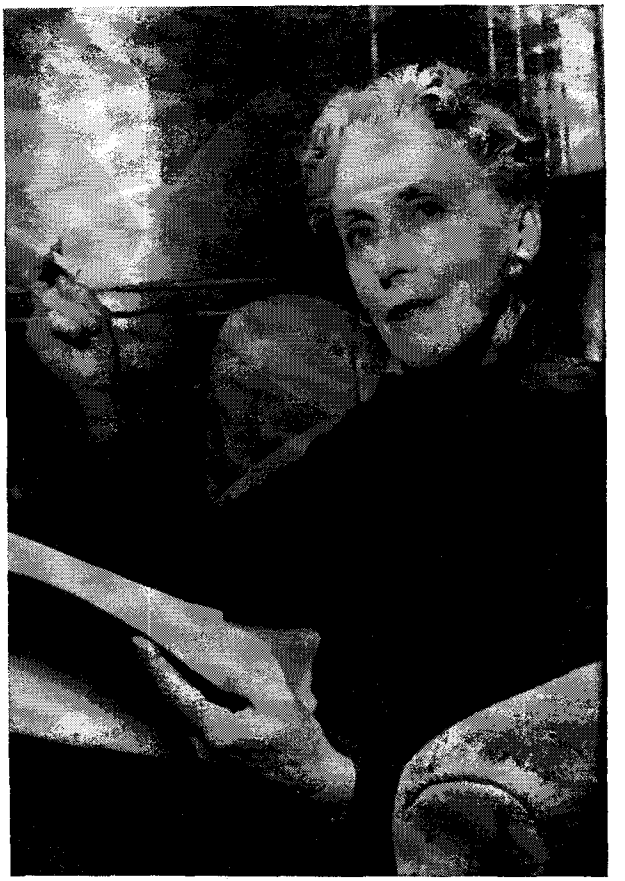
The WINE of the TETRARCH

by ISAK DINESEN



This story by ISAK DINESEN, *Denmark's leading writer and in private life the Baronesse Karen Blixen, is a revision and elaboration of an episode which originally appeared in her famous book,* SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. *Readers who were fortunate will remember how effectively she read this aloud on her visit to this country earlier this year.*

WHEN, upon the first Wednesday after Easter, the Apostle Simon, called Peter, was walking in the streets of Jerusalem, so absorbed in the thought of the Resurrection that he did not know whether he was treading the pavement or was being carried along in the air a few feet above it, he noticed, in passing the temple, that a man was standing by a pillar waiting for him. As their eyes met, the stranger stepped forward and addressed him. "Were you not also," he asked, "with Jesus of Nazareth?"

"Aye, I was. Indeed I was," Peter answered in greatest hurry.

"Then," said the man, "I would fain have speech with you. I have been looking for you. I do not know what to do. Will you come inside a tavern that I know of, close hereby, and have a cup of wine with me?"

Peter, because he could not disengage his mind sufficiently to find an excuse, followed, and soon the two were seated together inside the tavern.

The place itself to the Apostle looked somewhat dark and dubious, but the stranger seemed to be well known there and held in respect. He at once obtained a table to himself at the end of the long room and out of earshot of the other guests coming and going; he also ordered the best wine of the house for himself and the Apostle.

Peter now took a look at the man, and found him to be a highly impressive figure. He was a big, strongly built, swarthy man of thirty-three, who carried himself with much pride. He was badly dressed in a patched goatskin cloak, but with it he wore, round a slim waist, a fine scarf of rich, soft, and shining crimson silk; he had a gold chain round his neck, and upon his hands heavy silver rings, one of which was set with a big turquoise. It now seemed to Peter that he had seen this man before, in the midst of terrible anguish and turbulence. But he did not remember where.

"If you be indeed one of the followers of the Nazarene," the stranger said, "I want to ask you two questions. I shall tell you my reasons for asking them as we go on."

"I shall be glad if I can help you in any way," said Peter, still absent-minded.

"Well, help," said the man. "Now first: is it true what they tell of this Rabbi whom you served, that he has risen from the dead?"

"Yes, he has indeed risen," Peter answered.

"Nay, I have heard rumors about it," said the man, "but I did not know for sure. People will tell you many things. And is it also true that before he was crucified he told you himself that he would rise, so that you knew it was going to happen?"

"Yes," said the Apostle, "he told us. We knew that it was going to happen."

"Do you think then," the stranger asked, "that every word which he has spoken is certain to come true? Prophets prophesy many things."

"Nothing in the world is as sure as that," Peter said.

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The man sat silent for a while.

"I shall tell you why I ask you this," he suddenly said. "It is because a friend of mine was crucified with him on Friday, at the Place of a Skull. You saw him there. To him this Rabbi of yours promised that he should be with him in Paradise on the same day. Do you then take it that he did go to Paradise on Friday?"

"Yes, he did go there, and he is there now," said Peter.

The man again was silent.

"Well, that is good," he said. "He was my friend."

Here a small barelegged boy of the inn brought wine in a pewter can and two pewter cups. The man poured wine into the cups, the light shining on his rings, looked at it, and set it down.

"And this," he said, "is the other thing that I wanted to speak to you about. I have been drinking many wines since Friday, and they have all tasted bad to me — poor stuff. I do not know what has happened to the wine in Jerusalem, it has no longer either body or flavor to it. I myself think it is due to the earthquake which we had on Friday afternoon. Nobody but me seems to realize what a big, unusual earthquake that was. It has turned all the wines of the city bad. Insipid."

"I do not think this wine is bad," said Peter, to cheer his host, for he looked sad, as if lost.

"Is it not?" said the man hopefully and drank a little from his cup. "Yes, this also is bad," he said, and set down the cup once more. "If you call it good, it is perhaps that you have not got much knowledge of wine. I know good wine from bad, and it has once given me much pleasure in life. Now I do not know what to do."

Now about this man Phares," he again took up the thread of the talk, "I shall tell you all about how he was taken prisoner and put to death.

"He was my friend, a brave man, and he had a few brave men with him. He was a highwayman on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho. On that road there came along a transport of wine, which the Emperor of Rome sent in a present to the Tetrarch Herod, and amongst it was a hogshead of red Capri wine which was beyond price. One evening — in the very same place where we are now — " said the man, looking round him, "I was talking to Phares, and I said to him: 'I would give a year of my life to drink that red wine of the Tetrarch's.' He said: 'For the sake of the love I bear you, and to show you that I am not a much lesser man than you, I shall kill the overseer of this transport and his men, and have the hogshead of red wine buried under a cedar on the mountain, and you and I will go out there to dig it up, and drink the wine of the Tetrarch together.' He did indeed do all this, but as he came into Jerusalem to find me, he was recognized by one of the men of the transport who had managed to escape, and was thrown into prison and condemned to be crucified.

"I was told of it, and I walked about in the town for two nights and two days, thinking of a means to help him escape. In the evening of the first day, in passing the temple, I saw on its steps an old beggar, whom I had seen in the same place before. He was ill, his legs swollen to the size of an elephant's legs and all bandaged up, and he was also mad. He would stand on the temple steps of an evening, crying out, cursing the people of the town, and proclaiming the end of the world. As he was mad, people only used to laugh at him. But upon this evening it happened that a centurion was coming by with his men, and when he heard what the beggar cried about the Tetrarch Herod's wife, he was angry. He told the old man that if he did the same thing again he would have him sleep in the prison of Jerusalem, and he would have him dealt twenty-five strokes of a lash in the evening and twenty-five more in the morning, to teach him to speak with respect about great people.

"I listened, and I thought: 'This is the opportunity for me.' So in the course of the next day I had my beard and hair shaved off, I smeared my face in nut oil and dressed myself in rags. I also bandaged my legs to the size of the beggar's, but within the bandages I hid a sharp file and a long, thin, strong rope. In the evening, when I walked up to the temple, the madman had been frightened and had not turned up and I took his place on the steps. Just as the watch was passing, I shrieked out, in the cracked voice of the beggar, curses against Caesar in Rome himself. And as I had thought, the watch took hold of me and brought me to the prison, and no one recognized me. I was given, there, twenty-five strokes with a lash, and for the sake of the future I took note of the face of the man who beat me. But with a piece of silver I bribed the turnkey to shut me up for the night in the room where Phares was kept, high up in the prison, the which, as you know, is built into the rock.

"Phares fell down and kissed my feet, he also gave me some water, the only he had. But later we set to work to file through the iron bars of the window. It was set high up in the wall; I had to stand on the shoulders of Phares, or he on mine — which was not so good, since my shoulders were sore after the beating. But as the dawn began to spring, and the houses and streets of Jerusalem below us, with the hills and the olive woods further away, were growing gray, we broke the bars, and

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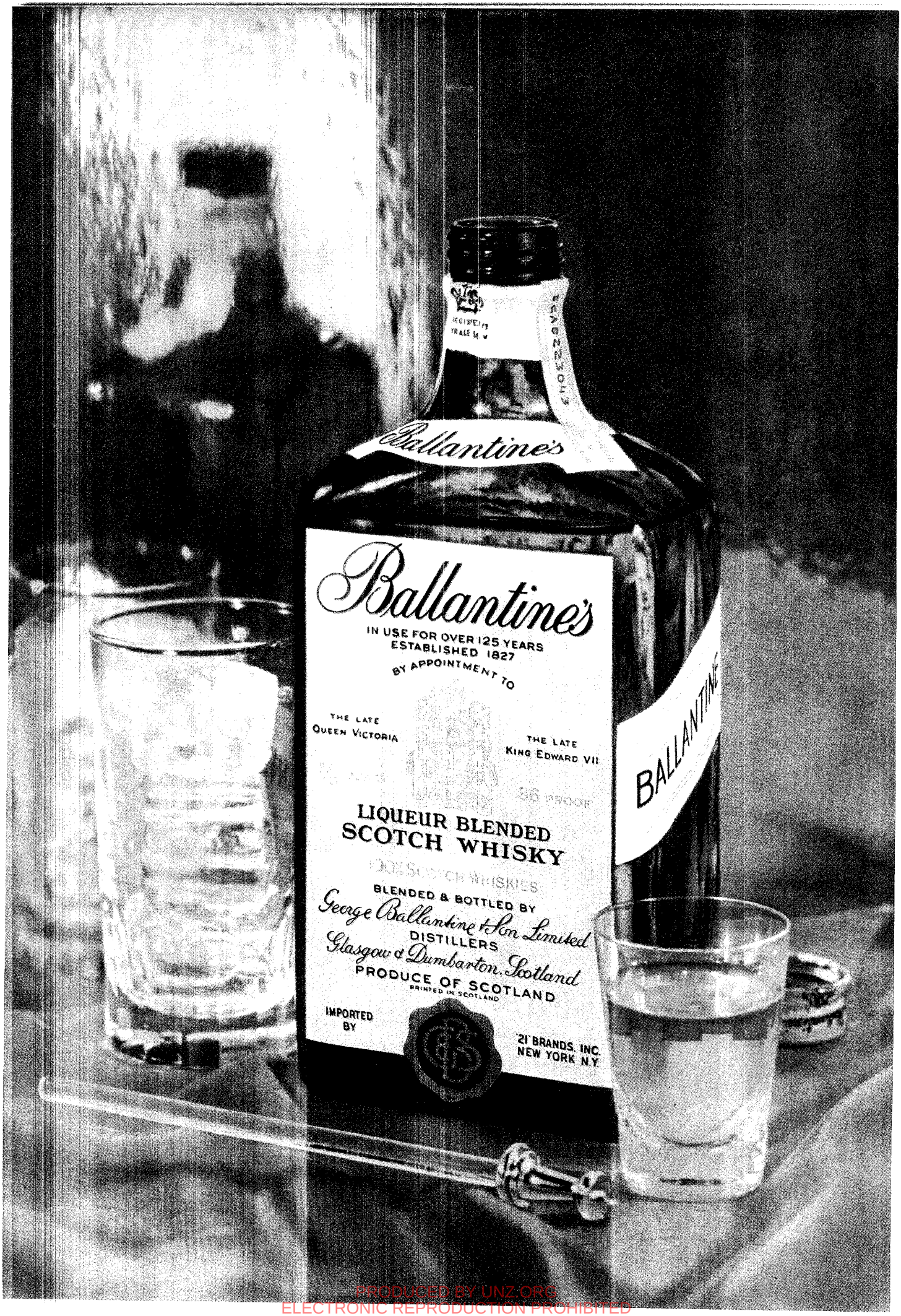

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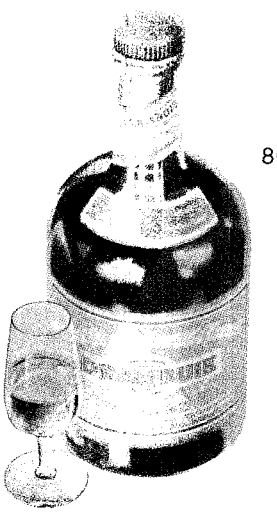
PRECIOUS JEWELS, FURS, AND OTHER ACCESSORIES FROM NEIMAN-MARCUS

It's a promise fulfilled . . . for a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour. Drambuie was the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward and has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe.



80 PROOF

after dinner—a Dram of Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

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tied the rope onto the stumps. I made Phares go down first — the rope was not quite long enough, so that at the end of it he had to let himself drop four or five feet. Then I got out, but it happened that just at the same hour a batch of soldiers came to the place with a new prisoner from the Mount of Olives. They had torches with them, and by their light they caught sight of me as I was hanging on to the rope, on the wall. Now Phares could have got away if he had run, but he would not go before he had seen what was happening to me, and in this way we were both taken once more, and they saw who I was.

"This is how it happened," said the stranger.

"All this," said Peter, who to begin with had listened with only half an ear, but as the tale advanced had become more attentive, "I hold to be very brave of you, and it must be good to you to remember how you were ready to give your life for your friend." At that he sighed deeply.

"Oh, I have lived too long in the woods to be frightened by an owl," said the stranger. "Has anybody told you of me that it was my habit to run away from danger?"

"No," said Peter. "But then you tell me," he went on after a moment, "that you too were made prisoner. Still, since you are here, you will have got off somehow?"

"Yes, I got off," said the man and gave Peter a queer, deep glance. "And I meant, then, to revenge Phares' death. But since you tell me that he is now in Paradise, I do not see that I need to worry. And now I do not know what to do. I do not care to dig up the hogshead of the Tetrarch's wine and drink it."

"It would be sad for you without your friend," said Peter. He felt that he ought to reproach the man with the theft of the Tetrarch's wine and the murders, but somehow, tonight, he had not got it in him to do so. "And when you had been telling him that you would give a year of your life for it."

"It is not of that that I am thinking," said the stranger. He stopped and put in, "And a year of my life is not the same to me now as it was when I talked with Phares." He then went on: "But it may have happened that the red Capri wine, although it was buried, has gone bad like the wines of Jerusalem and will give me no pleasure. And what then?"

Peter sat for a little while in his own thoughts. "Friend," he said, "there are other things in life to give you pleasure than the wine of the Tetrarch."

"Yes, I know," said his host. "But what if the same thing has happened to them as well? I have got two fat young wives, one with black and one with red hair, waiting for me at home, and just before this happened I purchased a thin little girl of twelve, with big frightened eyes, a virgin — I have not seen her since. I might try those. But the earthquake may have affected them as well as the wine, so that by now they will have neither body nor flavor to them. If it can turn all the wines of Jerusalem insipid, it may well also be capable of turning life itself insipid, with everything there is to it. And what then?"

Now Peter began to wish that this man would stop his complaints and leave him to himself. "Why," he asked, "do you come to me about this?"

"You remind me," said the stranger. "I shall tell you. I have been informed that this Rabbi of yours on the last night he lived gave a carouse to his followers, and that there a highly special wine was served, which had to it some highly special body. I have been thinking of it ever since. Indeed — and I do not know why — I have been thinking of it as if nothing else did really exist in the world. Tell me now, you that were with him, if there will be any of this wine left over — I shall pay you your price for it."

Peter stared at him. "O God! O God," he cried out and upset his wine, so that it ran all over the table and the cup rolled onto the floor. "You do not know what you are saying! That wine, which we drank on Thursday night — with all his treasure, with his Empire itself, Caesar in Rome cannot pay for one drop of it!"

He was so terribly shocked and revolted that he rocked to and fro in his seat, he even beat his forehead three times against the wood of the table before him. Still, after a while, in the deep darkness and distress of his mind the order of the Lord, that he was to be a fisher of men, was brought back to him. So again, after a time, he lifted his face, gazing at the man the other side of the table and endeavoring, out of his long experience in the fisherman's trade, to place this dark and heavy fish before him, swimming so lonely, and to decide what kind of net to set for him. A misgiving, a sadness came upon him, as if of all men in the world this was the one that he could not help. He brought forth his finest tackle: another word of the Lord's. "My son," he said, "take up thy cross and follow him."

The man, at the same moment as he, had been about to speak. Now he broke off and looked very darkly at the Apostle. "My cross?" he exclaimed. "Where is my cross? Who is to take up my cross?"

"No one but yourself can take up your cross," said Peter. "But he will help you carry it. Have patience and strength. I shall teach you more about this."

"Teach?" said the stranger. "It seems to me that you know nothing about it yourself. Help? Who is it wants help to carry the sort of cross which the carpenters of Jerusalem make these days? That bowlegged Cyrenian would have had

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no opportunity to show off his muscle on my behalf. Strength!" he went on after a moment, his fury deepening. "You will never have known a man as strong as me. Look," he said, and flinging back his goatskin cloak showed Peter his mighty chest and shoulders, marked by more than one deep white scar. "My cross! The cross of Phares was to the right, and the cross of the man Achaz, who was never much good, to the left. I should have taken up my cross in a different way to any of them. Do you hold that three hours is a long time to last on a cross? Wherever I have been, I have stood a head higher than the people around me, about as much so as he did there, upon his cross." Once more he stopped and put in, in the same way as before: "And might not other people come and tell you that it was he who had taken my cross?" Then again he went on: "Do not hold, you, because tonight I do not know what to do, that I have not been in the habit of telling others what to do, or that they have ever been disobedient."

The terrible blasphemies of this speech passed Peter's mind almost unnoticed. For in going through the events of the last week he had now come to the moment when in the garden he had cut off Malchus' ear and had vowed to control his temper. So he did that now, and answered not a word.

After a while the stranger, as if impressed by the Apostle's silence, became silent too. He looked at him. "And you," he said, "who have been a follower of this master. Whom will you have to tell you, now, what to do? What do you think will happen to yourself now?"

Peter's face, lined and marred by grief, slowly softened and cleared. After another few seconds he spoke, in a low voice. "I trust and hope," he said, "that my faith, though it be tried with fire, be found onto praise and honor. I trust and hope that it be granted me to suffer and die for my Lord. Sometimes even," he went on, hiding his eyes with his hand as if faced with too resplendent a light, "sometimes, in the hours of these last nights, I have imagined that at the end of the road a cross might await me." He was silent once more, then whispered down into his lap: "Although you may think that I be boasting, and that I be too mean for that."

"No," said the man, "I think it likely that these things of which you have spoken will indeed happen to you."

This unexpected faith in his own secret, deep hopes struck Peter as an almost miraculous piece of generosity in the stranger. The heart in his breast melted with gratitude, he blushed like a bride. He ought, he realized, to do anything within his power in return for such noble understanding and support, and for such words of heavenly beauty. "Forgive me, sir," he said. "Forgive me, my child, for not having helped you as I ought to have done. So much has happened to me in these last days. And then, since Thursday night — since Thursday night in the garden" — he sighed deeply — "I have not slept."

"Oh," said the man, "I hardly expected anything better."

"While we have been here talking together," Peter said, "you have told me that you did not know what to do. Tell me: in what matter are you in such doubt? Even as to the good wines of which you have been speaking, I shall do my best to help you. And I find that after all I may be in a position to do so. Some time back, I now call to mind, I was a guest at a wedding feast where some most noble wine was brought forth in a most noble way. I shall set off tomorrow to go back to the town where it took place and find out whether there might be any of that wine left. Believe me, my journey shall be easy to me if it may ease your heart."

"I have not," said the stranger, "been talking of any particular matter. I do not know what to do at all. But I suppose," he went on after a silence, "that I had better go and dig up that wine of the Tetrarch's, and lie with that small girl that I told you of. I may as well try them."

He here got up from the table and draped his cloak round him.

"Do not go yet," said Peter, who by now could hardly bear to let the stranger out of his sight. "Not just now. There are many things of which you and I ought to speak together."

"I have to go in any case," said the man. "There is a transport of oil on its way from Hebron, which I must meet."

"Are you trading in oil then?" Peter asked.

"In a way," said the man.

"But before you go, tell me one thing," Peter said. In his mind he took hold of the rough, dark hand close to his own and held onto it. "What is your name? For if I knew it, and could enquire about you, we might meet again."

The stranger was already standing in the doorway. He now turned round and looked at the Apostle with arrogance and a slight scorn. He looked a magnificent figure.

"Do you not know my name?" he asked. "My name was cried all over Jerusalem. There was not one of the curs and mongrels of the city who did not yelp it out with all his might. Not one of them who did not, on Friday morning, howl it out. 'Barabbas!' they barked. 'Barabbas! Give us Barabbas!' My name is Barabbas. That name shall be remembered."

With these words he walked away.

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STORIES OF CHILDHOOD

BY GEORGE H. FREITAG

Twenty years ago, GEORGE H. FREITAG *first broke into print in the* ATLANTIC *with his story "Uncle Horace." Since then his work has appeared in our pages from time to time, and his book,* THE LOST LAND, *was published by Coward-McCann. A sign painter by profession, Mr. Freitag devotes part of each week to writing.*

OUT WITH THE BOYS

ON CERTAIN dark nights in the house where I lived with my mother and father, my parents said very little to each other. They seemed to use other methods for conversation. If my mother sat sewing after dinner, after the dishes were washed, she very often dropped her thread. It would make a noise as it rolled across the floor and my father, upon hearing it, would look out over his glasses to see where it went, then pick it up and hand it to her.

Often, before or after something like this, my father would rattle the evening paper, making more noise with it than a person needed to, and my mother would look up and frown. Nobody said anything. They simply used noises. I used to sit doing my schoolwork at the kitchen table and wonder what they were saying back and forth to each other. Secrets. That was what they had. Finally one of them would smile at something, and the other one would smile too, but I don't suppose one knew what the other was smiling at.

One such night, when the wind blew cold across the back yards and the snow was restless in the corners of fences and kept sifting from one neighbor's house to another and from one window sill to another, my father stood up and stretched out his arms.

He had been reading the evening paper. My mother sat very still and took off her glasses and looked up at him. Then he glanced at the clock on the wall and walked to the back door to look out through the fastened curtain.

My mother followed him with her eyes. Wherever my father walked, my mother's eyes went also. Then a look of concern came over her face.

"Surely you are not going out with the boys tonight?"

My father shrugged his shoulders, not speaking. He looked at the wall clock again, then outside, then at the wall clock.

"What can be so important that the wall clock needs to be consulted so often?" asked my mother.

I was doing my school homework on the kitchen table. My books and papers were strewn everywhere — pencils, erasers, a dictionary, things like that. The wind sang around the house. Sometimes it even sounded like people pretending to be wind. I didn't want my father to go out at night. In the distance you could hear the trains, the wind crushing the sound, then straightening it out. There was a boy at school whose father went out at night and they waited until morning for him to come home and he never came. The boy's name was Johnny and the night his father went away and never returned, Johnny was reciting "Abou ben Adhem" before a couple of his aunts and uncles in the front room of their house and it was a cold dark night, too. His father said, "Well, I guess I will go down to the old barbershop and find a quartet to sing with."

It was such a silly stupid thing to decide to want to do on a cold dark night; you could think of a thousand things to do other than sing. And the aunts and uncles and Johnny and Johnny's mother were so engrossed that they never heard anybody leave the house, much less walk out across the porch that always screeched when the

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weather was zero, like the snow under the milkman's wagon wheels.

But my father went upstairs and turned on the bath water and jiggled the flusher on the toilet and dressed in his starched shirt and opal cuff links and heavy police shoes and purple sleeve holders and red suspenders. Then he sprinkled bay rum on his hair and talcum powder on his face and a little of my mother's perfume on the lapels of his coat, in place of a carnation or a rose, I guess, and walked back downstairs like a proud prince. My mother pretended to be busily engaged in her sewing. She was nervous and excited and kept stabbing herself with the needle. She put her glasses on, then took them off.

My father could tell she was terribly upset. He walked around in the kitchen a couple of turns, then lighted a brand-new cigar and blew the smoke all over the place. It seemed as if he were saying, "Here is a certain part of me to hold you together until I come back." My mother gave him a hug and a kiss, and I did the same thing. My mother picked imaginary pieces of lint from my father's coat and in every way tried to make him look like a dandy.

When he opened the door to go out, some of the snow came in and melted there on the kitchen floor and my dog Bob came out from under the stove and drank it up.

Then the house was still. We heard my father's heavy walking in the snow and knew that he was being devoured by the dark, chewed up by it. I went on with my homework but I could not make the figures add or subtract, nor could I find any words in the dictionary. My mother's sewing, at first so lovely, now looked like a ball of thread wrapped together by inexperienced hands. Two or three times it fell to the floor. Under my mother's apron, forming a kind of hump, was the beginning of my brother, who was waiting for spring, and his name was going to be David. My mother allowed the sewing to rest on him, but he was not very level and things rolled off.

The wind moved back and forth in the yard. A fire siren screamed in the distance and a dog that lived across the alley barked at sounds that the dark made terrorizing. I thought of my teacher in school and of the kids who went there. Sometimes when my father went away he came home with a box of chocolate-covered cherries for my mother. On Saturday nights he often walked to a place in the center of town where a Salvation Army band played and threw ten, maybe fifteen cents on the bass drum and bought the chocolate-covered cherries for my mother and came home. One time he took me with him and made me wait outside a saloon while he went in and drank a glass of beer.

"You stand still and give me just five minutes," he said.

I stood still, giving him five minutes, give or take five, and finally he was one of those who came out the swinging door.

Suddenly in the kitchen of our house now there was a sound of windows rattling, first a rattling at one part of the house and then at another. My mother jumped up, startled, holding her hands to her face. Such noises as we had never heard before persisted at intervals to frighten us, and finally we ran to lock the doors and turn out the gaslights and went into a corner of the hall to hide, my mother hiding behind her own large black coat, so that to anyone coming in she was nothing more than that, and I behind her. Even my dog Bob, who had left the warmth behind the stove, barked twice, then scurried for a hiding place.

"It's the Jefferies gang on the streets again," whispered my mother. "On their way to the roller-skating rink they terrorize a whole neighborhood. You can tell there must be fifty."

But our back door opened and a match was struck on a shoe after the door was closed again and there in the flickering light stood my father, all covered with snow and frozen to a chip.

My mother and I ran to him and helped him off with his shoes and his coat and shook the snow out of his scarf and spread his coat out to dry on the floor, and my dog came out of the dark hall to be the last to greet him. We helped him to his favorite chair and my mother rubbed his hands together to chase out the frosts and I hammered at his shoeless feet in order to warm them. And there he sat, still puffing on his cigar and lying back in the chair with his eyes half closed and smiling inside his face as well as on the outside.

He hadn't been out of the house more than fifteen minutes. But watching him sitting there I thought that what we were doing to him to make him comfortable was the reason why he wanted to go out in the first place. He simply couldn't wait to come back in.

How silly people who are married for a long time seem to be.

THE GAME

ONE time a bunch of us that lived near the park and went to the old Washington School on Ninth Street came to play in our front yard, seven or eight of us, I guess. It was during World War I and everything was in a state of frenzy at what was occurring in the world; even little black-and-white dogs on their way to trees and fireplugs

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seemed frantic and disturbed by a number of things.

Then a boy who played with us, whose name perhaps was Milford, wanted to play a particular kind of game; it was counting a person's buttons from just under his chin to the very bottom of wherever his buttons stopped, and Milford did the counting. The way he did it was to start at the top with the word "richman," then the second button was poorman, the third beggarman, and so on. Johnny Frazer, who was my best friend, had his buttons counted and he was going to be a doctor, and he was very happy indeed that this was to come about in the future of our lives, and he even then went about pretending to hear our hearts and know, for instance, what our temperatures were and things like that.

And after a time, Milford came to me and said: "Would you like to know what you are going to be when you grow up?" and I said: "Yes, I would like to know," because knowing such a thing as what you will be is very interesting and vital.

So I opened my coat and Milford began to name the buttons, and when he got to the end of mine I was made out to become a doctor, too, and I did not want to be a doctor at all. I ran crying into my mother's house, where everything was always protected from the outside world. My mother was cleaning wallpaper and the rooms smelled fresh and like April, and she had on a dark-blue apron and her lovely black hair was hanging down in her face.

"What on earth is the matter? my child, my child," my mother said to me as she climbed down from the ladder and wiped her hands on her apron. So I told her what was wrong, saying that I did not want to be a doctor. It was a tragic thing, as tragic, you might say, as anything could be, to be named something you had no notion whatever of becoming. My mother held me to her, then went and got needle and thread and sewed another button to my shirtwaist and said: "Now go out and have your buttons counted, now see what you can be." And I ran outside again laughing at the top of my lungs.

WHEN YOU RUN AWAY

THERE was a time when my brother David was a small boy and I was twelve years old or so that my mother seemed to favor him more than she did me. It seemed that she was always being nicer to him. He was a good-looking boy with large brown eyes and deep dimples and pudgy soft hands, and I did not have brown eyes or deep dimples or pudgy soft hands; not that I wanted them. I was tall and skinny and my face was starting to come out with pimples.

One time when I was out in the back yard I thought about my brother. I hid behind a bush and watched my mother spread a piece of jelly bread for him and noticed how tender she was and the way she not only handed him the jelly bread but kissed him on the forehead. It wasn't that I wanted to be kissed on the forehead; it was just the fact that she didn't have to do it to David. While I sat under the bush in the back yard I began to think how sad it would be if I ran off. I don't mean how sad I would feel but how sad my mother would feel, losing her twelve-year-old son and all. I guess when you came right down to it I wasn't much to have or not have; it was just that I was the older child and had been around a long time. I knew my mother would fret and be sorry. I don't think she ever realized that she wasn't spreading jelly bread for me any more. Maybe she thought I was old enough to do it myself. Just the same she never did it any more, but all David had to do when he wanted a slice of jelly bread was look hungry and undernourished and he got it.

In a way it made me a little sad myself at the thought of my mother's feeling sad that I might leave. I spent some time drawing maps of ways to run away. I showed the icehouse and the train tracks and the large maple tree; things that would serve as specific places. The weather was nice; it was summer and the lilacs were in bloom and the nights were filled with lovely sounds and scents. There wouldn't be any problem about it. I thought for a while that I might go around and say farewell to my friends. But I liked them too well to have them feel sad at my going. I was at an age when one is apt to make a very important decision quite by accident. And I did not want to let anyone know I was going. When you are old you make planned decisions, everything carefully worked out, but when you are a boy of twelve there is still time to make a few accidental decisions that change the course of your life.

I used to pity my father, who was tied so to my mother's apron strings. He went about his life in such a calculated way, doing all the proper things like going to work and coming home and wiping his mouth with a napkin during meals, coming and going with punctual regularity. I guess the town clock was even set by his routine. He did not have a thought of his own. He went to work and worked. He came home and was home. On the lines that were woven across my father's forehead was written the word "obligation." Poor, poor man.

A fellow knows pretty much what he is about at twelve. So just to try out my brother, I asked

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him to fetch me things. I wanted him to refuse so that I would have more reason to run away. "Go fetch me my lousy shoes, David," I yelled at him. He was four years old. He went to where I had hidden my shoes and brought them back.

"Here your shoes," he said.

"Go fetch me a pencil and paper and an eraser and a box of crayons and don't come back until you have everything."

My little brother went out of the room and in about an hour he came back with everything; he even found the lost crayons. Then he made more trips and brought back things I never knew we had.

"See what a nice brother you have?" my mother said, giving him a smack-kiss on the cheek, but I only glowered at my mother. Then I spent more time drawing maps and getting my clothes together, a shirt, a pair of sandals to keep from getting stone bruises, my spyglass that I got with breakfast cereal, the one where the magnifying glass came in one box and another part in a different box until after forty-three boxes of breakfast cereal I had the spyglass. You don't know how many parts a spyglass has until you commence to eat breakfast cereal. I put my slingshot in the pack too, and a calendar to know what day it was and how long I was gone, and a picture of my mother and father taken coming out of the Ritz-Balou picture show carrying a potted fern that my mother had won. I had other things in the pack, too, things like rope and a candle and a piece of moving-picture film of Rin Tin Tin moving his head from one side of the picture to the other, and a harmonica. Everybody who runs away carries a harmonica and sometimes it is just on the strength of one that a fellow gets a free meal somewhere.

The night I went away was very quiet and peaceful. My mother and my brother had gone to bed early. My father had been marched off to work, carrying his dinner bucket, and was already doing his job because the whole sky was ablaze. My father worked in a steel mill and you could see the reflection of fire in the sky. That was my father opening the furnace doors of the mill. I looked into the sky and my father seemed to be all over it, skipping around in the fleecy clouds like a spirit. He was working hard just so he could come back home in the morning and walk down the street and nod good morning to all the neighbors who were getting up and having their breakfast and start the dogs to barking and the cats to scurrying over the back-yard fences.

Men coming home in the evening can be just as tired as men coming home in the morning, but in the evening the sun is going down and one does not see the tiredness on a worker's face. In the morning the sun is fresh and new and it seeks out all kinds of things about a man's face and you can see fatigue on it then.

My father came home under the gaze of the new clean sun. Then he fitted himself back in the mold of being a husband and a father, of sprinkling the lawn and mowing it, of picking things up if my mother dropped them.

I was going to let myself down from the second-story window of my bedroom, but even though my mother had forgotten to bring in the mattress that she had put out to air, the drop was too much for a fellow my age, and I tiptoed down the stairs with my sack of things thrown over my shoulder. When I got outside I turned around and looked the neighborhood over. I had never seen it that late except once when my father and I had to find a doctor for my mother. All of my father's garden lay under a film of dew and was so still that you could hear the things grow. When a leaf died you could hear it drop from the stalk and fall to the ground. I remembered watching my grandfather die a year or so before. He had been a shoemaker. He lay in the long white bed and had his long tapered fingers spread out across his chest and he said to me in German: "It is like being a petal on a flower. First you are a part of the flower, then you are growing into a grandfather, and after you are a grandfather you commence to shrivel up and I am shriveling up now." In the way the silence of the night spread itself across the expanse of yard, I remembered my grandfather's voice as it died. I remembered the cold room and the fragrance of sickness in the room. I remembered the light that flickered by my grandfather's bed. I never smell a pair of good shoes that I do not think of my grandfather's hands.

I said good-by to the yard where my father's garden lay. I said good-by to the alley and even the rotten clothesline post at the corner of the lot. I turned and grew sadder still at the darkness of the whole house and at the windows that looked empty and evil, like a toothless woman. As I walked in the direction of the railroad tracks, the light my father made in the sky, now pink, now a deep vermilion, followed me. It pranced about and cavorted with the clouds and rolled and billowed like a wave of fire. I wanted to wake everyone up and say to them: "That is my father doing the fire," like you would say of someone on the stage: "The sound you hear is my brother making the wind blow."

Finally I heard the train. I swung the pack over my shoulder and went through the back yards of houses until I saw the whirling, searching headlight of the train. Then the whistle blew, two long utterances of sound the way I always heard them while I lay in my bed in my own room

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and made up stories in my head about where the train would take me. And now I was there close to it, so close, in fact, that I could feel the suction of air and the pressure of steam and the vibration of its energy upon the ground. Then I got on and lifted myself into an open boxcar that didn't really seem to want to belong to the rest, for it swayed and pulled always in opposite ways from the others, and I said to myself that it, too, was a part of a plan of things just like my father.

The buildings of my own town went by, the back yards of houses went by, and the fences and street lights and churches. Then we went into a strange kind of place and I looked out again to find that the train was coming to a stop and all the boxcars were being sidetracked. We were in the freightyards and a man said, his face against the flickering lantern: "I guess that winds it up for tonight." Then the engine itself went somewhere and the engineer climbed down and soon the whole place, like my own back yard, was still. I crawled down out of the car and I knew the night was growing old. I looked into the sky; there was just a flicker of my father glowing there, just a flash now and then of him opening the furnace doors. I walked over to the engine. "How do I get back to the place you found me?" I cried, but the engine was still. It gasped once or twice, as if from indigestion, but it was cooling down and resting. The thirty-one cars that had comprised the full train stood scattered at every conceivable angle, yellow cars, white and red cars, blue and black.

I began to follow the tracks; there were so many. Some did nothing more than circle; others went out and stopped. It was difficult to find the one I wanted. In the distance I heard a dog. The dog seemed to be calling for its master. Where could the master be? I walked in every direction for a short while, then doubled back. Then I sat down and rested. I opened the pack to get out my red sweater, the one I used to wear selling garden seeds house to house. My harmonica fell out, so I played a few tunes on it just to hear how a harmonica sounded in the freightyard. It sounded weak. When I put the harmonica back was when a sandwich that my mother must have fixed for me fell out, and an orange. I ripped off the wax paper and commenced to eat. It was my mother's way, I guess, of fitting me to the mold; you never know what a woman has in her head. I ate the whole sandwich and the orange too and played my harmonica again. Then I stood up and commenced to run, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. I don't know why I was in such a hurry, unless I was afraid the sun would soon come out, the fresh, new, clean sun of morning, and show the homesickness written across my face.

THE FROZEN LAKE

BY BETH BENTLEY

In the cold country of my youth,
I often sought the frozen lake,
drawn to that flat oval with-
out reflection, a tarnished disk.
Nor need I fear my shadow. There
was no sun in that perpetual winter.

My cold eye grazed the loon's; my hand,
insular in wool, could brush
snow from a dry stalk, intend
no tenderness; my tongue could mesh
its tuneless song with the shrill static
of ice that shuddered but did not crack

the dark mirror. I saw no color:
along the shore the evergreens
were black, the sky a lid over-
head. Here were no startling ruins,
simply a stark and lucid empti-
ness, a glacial mold, a grisaille

remark that neither asked nor gave.
I have not seen a frozen lake
in this mild climate where I live.
Small birds tint the air and speak
softly of felicities.
But sometimes on the nimble breeze

a breath of winter woos me. Straight-
way I smell ice and hear the creak
of branches, and beneath my feet
I feel the hard, the frozen lake.
I'm compassed north toward the spare;
a core of cold makes my warmth warmer.

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DICK STRAIGHTUP

BY TED HUGHES

Past eighty, but never in eighty years —
Eighty winters on the windy ridge
Of England — has he buttoned his shirt or his jacket.
He sits in the bar-room seat he has been
Polishing with his backside sixty-odd years
Where nobody else sits. White is his head,
But his cheek high, hale as when he emptied
Every Saturday the twelve-pint tankard at a tilt,
Swallowed the whole serving of thirty eggs,
And banged the big brass drum for Heptonstall,
With a hundred other great works, still talked of.
Age has stiffened him, but not dazed or bent,
The blue eye has come clear of time:
At a single pint, now, his memory sips slowly,
His belly strong as a tree bole.

He survives among hills, nourished by stone and height.
The dust of Achilles and Cuchulain
Itches in the palms of scholars; thin clerks exercise
In their bed sitters at midnight, and the meat salesman can
Loft fully four hundred pounds. But this one,
With no more application than sitting,

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And drinking, and singing, fell in the sleet, late,
Dammed the pouring gutter; and slept there; and, throughout
A night searched by shouts and lamps, froze,
Grew to the road with welts of ice. He was chipped out at dawn
Warm as a pie and snoring.

The gossip of men younger by forty years —
Loud in his company since he no longer says much —
Empties, refills, and empties their glasses;
Or their strenuous silence places the dominoes
(That are old as the house) into patterns
Gone with the game; the darts that glint to the dartboard
Pin no remarkable instant. The young men sitting
Taste their beer as by imitation,
Borrow their words as by impertinence
Because he sits there so full of legend and life
Quiet as a man alone.

He lives with sixty and seventy years ago,
And of everything he knows, three quarters is in the grave,
Or tumbled down, or vanished. To be understood
His words must tug up the bottom-most stones of this village,
This clutter of blackstone gullies, peeping curtains,
And a graveyard bigger and deeper than the village
That sways in the tide of wind and rain some fifty
Miles off the Irish sea.
The lamp above the pub door
Wept yellow when he went out, and the street
Of spinning darkness roared like a machine
As the wind applied itself. His upright walk,
His strong back, I commemorate now,
And his white blown head going out between a sky and an earth
That were bundled into placeless blackness, the one
Company of his mind.

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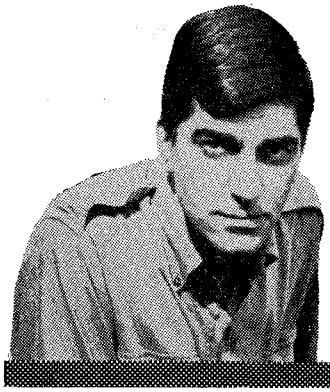

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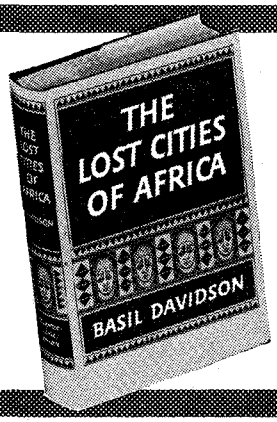

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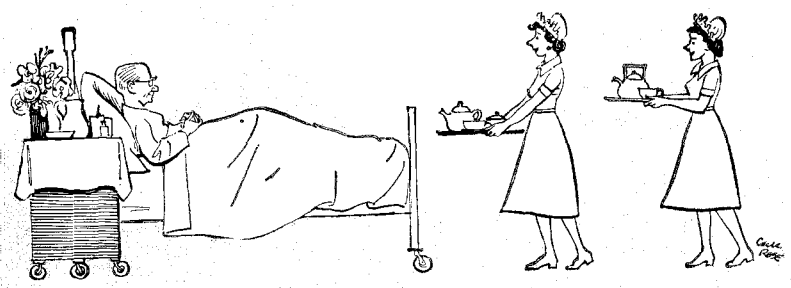

Accent on

EVEN the doctors among my friends seemed a bit startled by the financial findings I brought home this fall from a stay of two weeks in a London hospital, so herewith a brief report of the episode. My troubles at the time, a consequence of chronic asthma, are of no interest here; suffice it to say that they led me to telephone an old friend, a surgeon, who suggested that I meet him the next day at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he would be making his rounds as a staff member. The surgeon turned me over, when I met him the next morning, to a doctor on the hospital's medical staff, with the result that within a half hour of entering the place I was wearing a rather bright pair of the hospital's pajamas and was comfortably in bed in a double room.

St. Thomas's is an imposing series of large buildings, connected by long corridors, extending along the bank of the Thames directly across the river from the Houses of Parliament. My own room was in the unit nearest the Westminster Bridge; it was called the "private patients' wing," which meant that the patients were paying their way instead of availing themselves of the free services provided by the National Health program. From my ground-floor window, I looked out at a) a gay and apparently imperishable flower bed in the pavement just outside; b) a glimpse of the bridge with its ceaselessly plodding red buses; and c) a fine view of Big Ben's tower on the opposite bank.

What set St. Thomas's apart from any other hospital, for me, was the quality of the nursing services — in short, the general daily care of the patient. The word "dedicated" is much abused, and it does suggest slightly a devotee who might be overdoing it; so I shall say merely that the nurses at St. Thomas's were extraordinarily competent, diligent women who took a great satisfaction in their work. But they seemed also to hold the concept, which I took to be the result of much training and discipline, of the patient as an individual human being and not as production-line material to be pushed through the hospital's process. The nurses displayed nothing like a bedside manner, to be put on and off; but one felt instead a consistent courtesy and interest on the part of an extremely well-informed professional. The nurses in this wing were all graduates who had completed their training, and their skill and effectiveness, especially in assisting each other in all sorts of situations, seemed to me remarkable. If a patient pushed his call button, the response was immediate. I realize that there must be enough nurses on duty to maintain standards of this sort, but numbers in themselves do not necessarily create a good-humored, smoothly coordinated staff. I must remember, friends told me later in almost identical words in England and here at home, that nursing in Britain is a vocation, a highly regarded calling like the law or medicine, and attracts the best young women in the land. As for St. Thomas's, they said, it still shows the influence of Florence Nightingale, who founded its nurses' training school and laid down the principles governing the nurse's duty, among other things, to the patient.

On my first afternoon at St. Thomas's, I was presented with a booklet describing its history and facilities, and a printed slip setting forth the charge for double and single rooms in the private patients' wing. The weekly rate, the notice went on to say, included *all* hospital services, such as X rays, laboratory work, medicines, and such. So it proved to be, and the only additional charge on my bill at the end of two weeks was a small item for personal telephone calls.

The patient was left all possible free choice in following his preferences. It was for him to decide

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whether to begin with early morning tea at 7 or to sleep until breakfast and the morning papers at 8. I accepted all teas — early, mid-morning, afternoon, and late evening — not only because the tea was so good but because it was so genially and smartly served. The delicate little sandwiches and the pastry of the afternoon tea were as good as those in the best London hotels.

Friends who came to see me, British and Americans alike, were prepared to commiserate with me about the food. The British are needlessly apologetic about much of their cuisine anyhow, but the idea of hospital food seemed to strike them all unhappily. I doubt whether any of them believed my pronouncements on the meals, which they thought were a false cheeriness or the vagaries of a man not himself, but the cooking was excellent and entirely to my taste (save for one venture into a mysterious version of breakfast scrambled eggs, an oddity because all other eggs were most artfully prepared). The vegetables, in particular, were flavorsome, the soups powerful and obviously the result of much good kitchen work, and the variety of offerings was all that I could wish. I should have been perfectly happy to continue indefinitely with St. Thomas's cooking.

The serving of the meals deserves mention. Each morning, the Sister — a title denoting supervisory rank and without religious significance — presented to me the luncheon and dinner menu of the day and made a delightful little ceremony of noting my choices. Breakfast changed daily and was ordered in late afternoon. Dinner and luncheon were served in courses instead of en bloc, and it took three trays to deliver each of these meals. The unfailingly cheery manner of the waitresses in what must have been fairly strenuous work gave a fine lift to every meal. All services were phenomenally punctual.

Shortly before I was discharged from the hospital, I asked my physician about his fee. It was through my friendship with the surgeon that I had been referred to him, I said, and I did not want friendship at any stage to deter him from charging me for his services; in fact, I felt that he ought to present me with a substantial bill.

The physician replied offhandedly that the amount of his fee was not up to him but was fixed by the triangular arrangement between the hospital, the patient, and himself. "The arrangement," he said jocularly, "is designed to protect people like you from people like me." The charge arrived at, which appeared in my final bill, seemed to me very low indeed, and I asked him later whether the general financial basis of his work under such arrangements was satisfactory. Yes, he said, it most certainly was: formerly the staff had carried on a great deal of free work, but fees for this were now paid by the government under the National Health Service, and this income, together with that from private practice, was not out of line with earnings before the national program was begun.

St. Thomas's was certainly the finest hospital I have known. The all-inclusive rate for my double room was approximately $45 *a week*, the fee for the physician — a specialist of considerable reputation on both sides of the Atlantic — was a little over $70 for fifteen days of daily attendance, and the total charges for my sojourn in the hospital were about $165.

CHARLES W. MORTON

The One-person Discussion

BY C. S. JENNISON

C. S. JENNISON, who lives with her husband and three daughters in Shelburne, Vermont, writes light verse and prose with equal facility for the ATLANTIC and other magazines.

The other day I had an unsettling experience. I was driving the cleaning woman home and singing to myself, in lieu of conversation. The tune I sang was *I've Been Working on the Railroad;* but, since I was lost in an absent-minded reverie concerning my sins of omission as a housewife, I don't recall what words I used.

Quite often, while I am driving and singing to myself, I shift the verse of the song around a bit and ad lib, so that the result is somewhat as follows:

I've been working on the railroad
All the livelong night.
I forgot to clean the cellar.
Golly, it's a sight.
Better set the clock tomorrow,
Rise up and clean the cellar good.
Call the garbageman and trashman.
Also order wood.

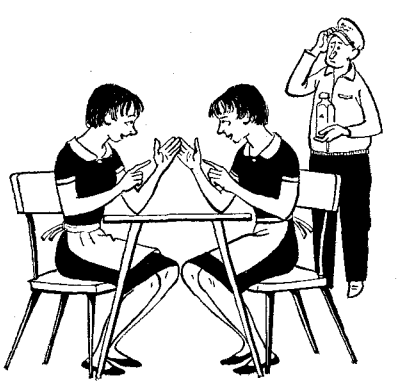
Now this kind of lyric is all very well when I am alone, but it is not the sort of thing I plan to sing in front of casual acquaintances. When the cleaning woman got out of the car — rather more hastily than usual, it seemed to me — I wasn't certain whether I had just thought the words or whether I had actually sung them. The worst of it is, I'll probably never know.

This substitution of song lyrics, though not dire enough to warrant my being institutionalized, is only a hop and a quick dance step removed from the more serious offense of talking to myself, which I also do. My indulgence in the latter practice is something I keep pretty well curtailed in the summer months, when the house is full of people. Around the middle of October, however, when the children are back in school and the doors and windows are closed against the eavesdropping of chance visitors, I gradually slip back into the habit of lone discussion. My autumn approach to the renewal of this vice is circuitous and, I suppose, sneaky.

I generally begin by talking to the dog.

"Well, Bruce," I remark casually, "shall I bake brownies for the PTA or not? What do you think?"

All I have to do is mention



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Bruce's name, and he thumps his tail and looks steadily at me, thereby giving the impression of undivided attention.

"Of course," I continue, "if I simply forget the brownies, I won't be asked to bake them again. Did you ever think of that?"

There is a short silence, during which Bruce eyes me reproachfully.

"Oh, all right," I say, lighting the oven, "I'll bake them. But you know what will happen from now on, don't you? I'll be making brownies every week. There's nothing more foolhardy than being dependable."

During the last weeks of October and the early part of November, I refer to myself in the first person singular and am careful to address the dog. Occasionally, in spite of its low audience reaction, I even direct my remarks at the cat. But as fall progresses into winter and my inhibitions diminish, I eventually throw caution to the winds and slip into the second person singular.

"Let's see," I remind myself aloud, "you ought to write that thank-you note to Louise today. And the silver needs shining. Remember, the Smiths are coming to dinner tomorrow. You'd better do the silver first."

By February I probably vary this monologue by adding, "Yes, I guess you're right." After a long, lonely winter, the worst has happened. I am carrying on both parts of a spirited, if uninspired, two-way discussion.

For the most part, I proceed with confidence, secure in the belief that my little dialogues are my own business. But awkward occasions do arise from time to time. At least twice a winter, the milkman clatters in unannounced while I am conversing with the steam iron. In a situation of this sort, I find the easiest way to save face is to hurriedly turn the conversation into a hum. If the milkman is too fast for me or I get too rattled to think up a tune, I try to create the impression that I am speaking to some unseen member of the family lurking around the corner in the dining room. I suppose if I wanted permanently to avoid embarrassment, I could join the local theater guild and pretend I was rehearsing a part in a forthcoming play. But it seems like a lot of trouble to go to just to fool the milkman.

Socially, solitary talking seems to

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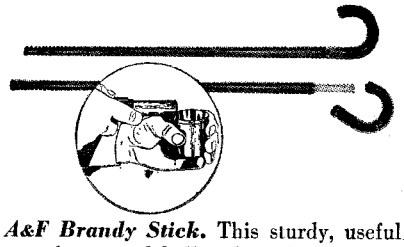

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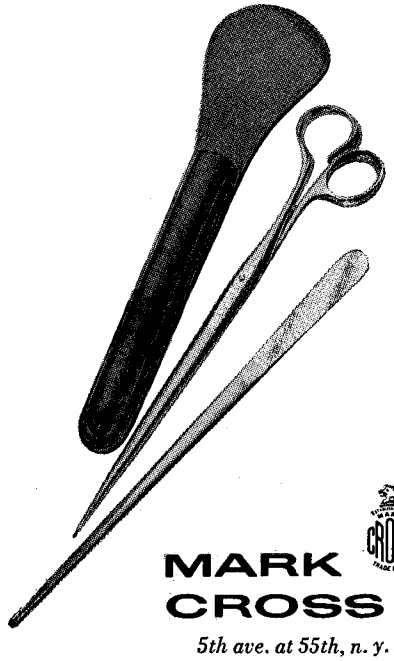

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fall into much the same category as solitary drinking. I imagine a poll of lone conversationalists would turn up three main groups. The first and largest would be the Certainly Not or Teetotaler group. The second would be composed of individuals who admit to swearing at the washing machine when it breaks, alcoholically known as the Sometimes-I-take-a-glass-of-sherry group. In the last group would be the incorrigibles like me — in short, the real Skid Row solitary talkers.

Frankly, I cannot see any reason for the stigma that has heretofore been attached to one-person discussions, and I feel I am doing the world a service, getting the subject out in the open, where it can be reappraised. I, myself, intend to go on freely admitting to my little domestic dialogues with my invisible alter ego. Sure I talk to myself. You wouldn't want me to go around talking to just the empty house, would you? People would think I was queer.

MOTHER HUBBARD'S CUPBOARD

BY EXTA WILLIAMS WOLKING

The spider sits in his spider bed
aluminizing silken thread
till looped and lustrous silver wire
is a Jacob's ladder of desire,
and a handy packaged wing and brain
is what the lovely moth became.

Oh, riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
the light's so bright I cannot see.

The bumblebee's embezzling sags
his Midas knees like moneybags.
His pleasing voice is so designed
to further what he has in mind
that his woozy rose is rousing, wan,
with a headache and her honey gone.

Oh, riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
the fog's so thick I cannot see.

The serpent slithers to a coil
of sinuous black as suave as oil;
in a wedding ring no one believes
but a spellbound bunny so naïve
she doesn't know it's time to go
till too far in his bungalow.

Oh, riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
the dawn's so deep I cannot see.

This Love's a babe that combs her hair
and weeps for Johnny too long at the fair;
this Love learns ABC's in time
to hang a scalp on a nursery rhyme;
and down the alley the morning comes
for the garbage cans of wings and thumbs.

Oh, riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,
the road's so dark I cannot see.

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The Cat Hotel

BY PAUL JACOBS

PAUL JACOBS *is staff director of the Fund for the Republic Trade Union Project and has written articles and books about labor. He is a staff writer for the* REPORTER *and a correspondent for the* ECONOMIST.

Julius, our cat, who is at least eight years old, received his first Christmas card this year. It came, naturally enough, from Los Angeles and was sent to him by the owner of a cat hotel where Julius had been a guest for some months while my wife and I were out of the country last spring.

The cat hotel had come to our attention while I was searching through the Los Angeles classified telephone directory for the number of a cat motel where we were considering leaving Julius while we were gone. But somehow, since Julius was going to live there for four months, a cat hotel sounded more substantial than a motel, with its obviously transient, flighty, overnight trade.

After talking to the hotel proprietor on the phone, I was convinced that my assumption had been correct. There was only a slight twinge of doubt in my mind, growing from the owner's assuring me that my "kid" would be very well cared for in our absence. After all, I pointed out to my wife, a kid is one thing and a cat another, and the two really shouldn't be confused. But on the other hand, it was also obvious that anyone who thought of cats as kids would probably take good care of his charges.

This turned out to be completely accurate. When I took Julius, protesting, to the hotel in West Los Angeles, the hotelier took me on an inspection tour of the premises after having first admired Julius, telling him how happy he would be with the rest of the kids, and congratulating me on having such a fine-looking kid.

Julius' accommodations were, indeed, almost elegant. He had a large cage, described at the hotel as a private room, complete with his own tree stump and a shelf for sleeping. He also had a long runway outside the room for promenading and patio privileges, this latter

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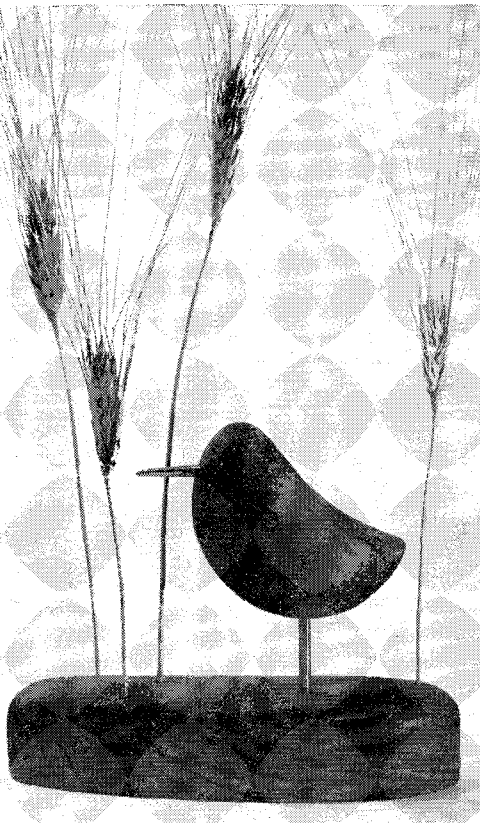

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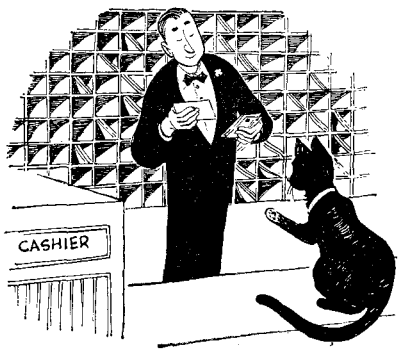
shared with a number of other cats, all of whom sat contentedly warming themselves under the California sun in the closed-off patio area.

Before we left the patio, the hotel operator insisted on introducing me



to a few of his more select guests, including one cat that he was especially proud to have staying with him. This cat, unlike Julius, had both a first and last name, and I shall call him Henry Adler, although this is not his real identity. Henry, I was informed, knew many movie stars and always spent his owners' vacations at the cat hotel.

After paying for Julius' room and board in advance, which seemed perfectly reasonable to me, I left the hotel grounds content in the knowledge that Julius was in the best of hands. For the next four months my wife and I traveled outside the country, only occasionally thinking of Julius but never doubting for a moment that the kid was being well cared for and was probably fairly happy. Once, in fact, while on a lovely Greek island, I did transmit greetings to Julius via another cat who regularly sat beneath my chair when we dined at a wharfside café. But, I must confess, this was our only contact with Julius during the entire trip, and I am not sure he got my message.

Before leaving Los Angeles, where we had lived for ten years, for Europe, we had sold our house and put all our possessions into storage in preparation for moving our residence to San Francisco when we returned to the country. When we finally did get back to the United States, we stopped in Los Angeles overnight to visit friends. I called the cat hotel to tell the hotelier that we had returned and would want him to send Julius up to San Francisco as soon as we had rented a house there.

"How is Julius?" I asked after identifying myself.

"Great," was the answer. "The kid's just great. We had a birthday party yesterday for Henry Adler, and I took some great pictures of the kids. I got a wonderful shot of your kid, and I'll send it to you after it's developed." Suddenly, his voice changed. "Say," he said accusingly, "you were gone for four months."

"Yes," I answered, "but we paid you in advance for the whole trip. Do we owe you any more money for Julius?"

"Oh, it's not the money I'm thinking about. Here you were gone four months and you never wrote Julius even once! Not even once! And Henry Adler got a post card or a letter almost every day!"

Shame flooded me, followed by guilt. Immediately, I conjured up a vision of mail call, like at camp or in the army, with all the kids lined up waiting for their letters. Every day something had come for Henry Adler or one of the others, but never even a postal card for poor Julius, who obviously must have felt rejected and unwanted.

Weakly, I made a few feeble excuses, explaining that I had never been a good correspondent but that I had really thought about Julius often. And, gladly, I escaped from the reproving phone after assuring the hotel owner that I would send for Julius just as soon as we had rented a house.

Three weeks later, I wrote to the hotel and asked that Julius be sent up to us when convenient, since we had found a house. Three days later, a telegram arrived from the keeper of the kids, informing me that Julius would arrive on a flight the next afternoon and peremptorily ordering me to meet him at the airport.

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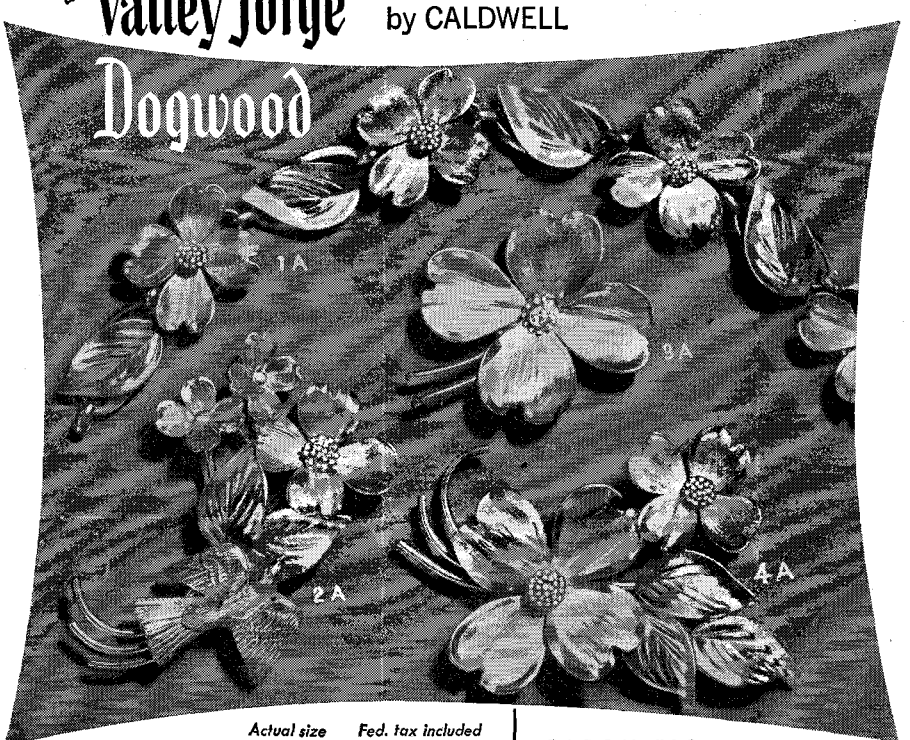

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The next day I was at the airport in plenty of time, awaiting Julius' arrival. It was only after the plane had taxied to a stop, the door opened, and the very last passenger filed down the steps that I suddenly realized Julius had probably traveled as cargo, rather than occupying a seat next to the window from which he could look down at the California countryside.

I rushed to the air freight office and there found Julius inside a cat carrier case. Moments later, I signed a receipt for "one cat, orange" and left with Julius, who had been given a sleeping pill and tucked into a pillow inside the carrier box.

On the surface, at least, Julius seems perfectly adjusted to our new San Francisco home. Nevertheless, I do not intend to tell him that he received a Christmas card from the cat hotel. It may not be nice of me to keep this information from him, but I see no reason to bring back unpleasant memories of the four-month period when he didn't receive a single letter or post card from us. What good would it do, anyway, to remind him of those bad days?

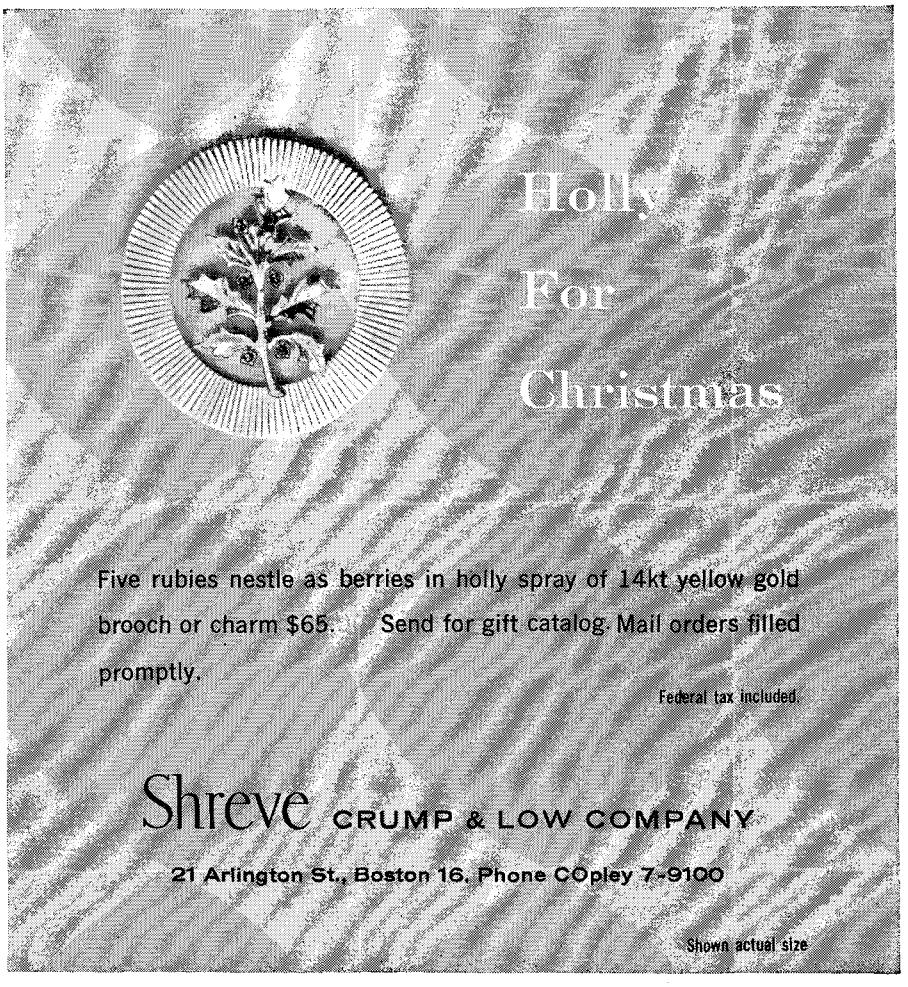
DEGREES OF CHARITY

BY BARRY B. SPACKS

Sainted women
Mystic men
Cherish forgiven
Crimes against them

Pray until
They have remitted
Sins committed
Against their good

Yet which of them will
Forgive if we should
Forgive them too
The forgiving they do?



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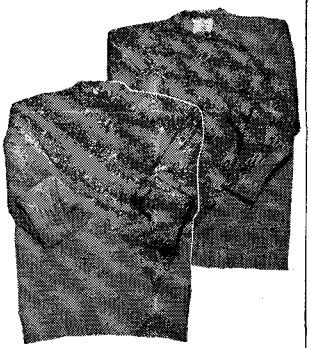

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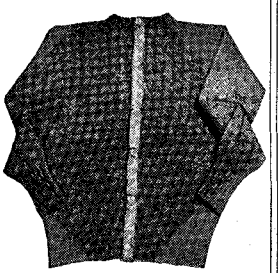
Cardigan style with eight-button front. **$19.50**

Berets to match **$4.00**



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Bronze Olive, Black/Red
Light Natural, Sage
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Candleholder

BY JUNE WILCOXON BROWN

After her graduation from the University of Maryland, JUNE WILCOXON BROWN *did promotional and publicity work in Washington. She now keeps house for her family in Madison, Wisconsin.*

Some people save string. Some save Christmas package wrappings. And some save odd buttons. Not me. I'm an old candle saver. And I am not referring to my age. I save old candles that have been burned down to thumb size in my assorted candlesticks. My penny-wise side simply will not let me throw them away. And, believe me, I've tried.

On the surface this may seem as unimportant as a ten-year-old's running down the sidewalk and avoiding the cracks. But it is not. After a few years, it begins to loom up Matterhorn-size. I finally reached the point where I could hardly open a drawer without seeing little black tongues of candles sticking out at me. It can give you quite a complex.

Candles were everyplace. In cupboards. In drawers. In old Christmas gift boxes. There were red ones, green ones, yellow ones, pink ones, and just ones. (We are a candle family. My husband maintains I set the table with candles so he can't see what he is eating. I am not a very good cook, either.)

Oh, sure, I found uses for them now and then, but the supply far exceeded the demand. I can use old candles when the electricity goes off during a storm. But this happens only about once a year for an hour or so in our neighborhood. And even if I light up the house like a night excursion boat, I can't use up too many old candles in an hour.

I could melt them down and seal jams and jellies. But I don't make jams and jellies.

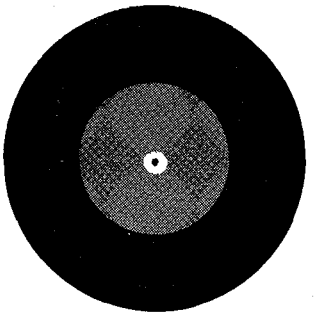
Then one day, after reading a jolly little article on homemade Christmas gifts, I decided to do something. According to the article I could use up great quantities of old candles at one fell swoop. I collected all the candles from all the drawers, cupboards, and old Christmas gift boxes — even found a few in an old Ming vase (pronounced "vahs"). Reading directions, I got out a pan, several old quart milk cartons, and a piece of string (which, thank goodness, I am not a saver of), and went to work.

The article said right there that I could make "simply beautiful Christmas candles" by melting down old candles and pouring the wax into used milk cartons for molds. You tie a knot in the string, put the other end through a hole in the bottom of the milk carton, and hold the string in the center while you pour the melted wax into the carton. I got four cartons filled with melted old candles, or old melted candles. I had only four quart milk cartons, so then I resorted to cottage cheese cartons, which were all I could find for the melted wax I still had left over.

Using a cottage-cheese carton mold was not mentioned in the article. And when I finally extricated the hardened wax from the cartons, I wondered what in heaven's name these fat, squatty candles could be used for. But, after keeping them around for two years, I finally discovered they worked beautifully in pumpkins at Halloween time. Because they are low and obese, they burn for a long time.

The big candles, after I once managed to separate them from the cartons (and this was not as easy as it said in the article), did not look at all Christmasy. They looked like small Washington Monuments painted by a three-year-old who had left them out in the rain. I have yet to master the art of blending old candle colors so they have "a beautiful rainbow effect."

So now I have the big old candles made out of the little old candles, and except for those little squatty jobs I use once a year in pumpkins, I can't find any use for them. They don't fit my candlesticks — ever see a candlestick that would hold a milk carton? The only good thing about it is that I have all the old candles collected in big blobs, and I don't have so many little black tongues sticking out at me.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Mass in B Minor

Eugen Jochum conducting Lois Marshall, Kim Borg, Peter Pears, other soloists; Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Epic BSC-102 (stereo) and SC-6027: two records

This performance was slighted here when it came forth as a monophonic record some months ago; its sonic newness seemed not to offset the greater excitement of the elder Westminster version by Hermann Scherchen. Stereo does Jochum's graceful deliberation much better justice. A shining breadth becomes apparent, the choirs set themselves apart, and the hall sings with the singers. Perhaps this is the most durable kind of performance, satisfied with reverence and beauty, seeking no meanings behind meanings. The recording, as has been implied, is trouble-free, a boon to the ears.

Boïto: Mefistofele

Tullio Serafin conducting Cesare Siepi, Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, other singers; Orchestra and Chorus of the Saint Cecilia Academy; London OSA-1307 (stereo) and A-4339: three records

Arrigo Boïto, poet-musician, librettist to Verdi, and sometime lover of Eleanora Duse, managed to finish only one opera in his seventy-six years, *Mefistofele*, and he got it published before he was thirty. It irked the first-night audience in Milan, who followed their tiresome tradition and tore up the theater. They probably had a point, though. This, as a show, must be impossible to stage: at one juncture Faust is supposed to ride through the air on Mephistopheles' cloaktail. On records this is no problem, so on records, for my taste, Boïto's becomes by far the most interesting of all Faust operas. It shows the influences of Beethoven,

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Verdi, and probably Wagner and Berlioz, but remains Boïto. There is fine grandeur in the famous prologue (set in heaven), but also, throughout, there is a nice high-colored cynicism. The Devil is far and away the most attractive character in the action, especially when he is sung by Cesare Siepi. Tebaldi has one good aria and Del Monaco several. The Roman hall sounds a little boomy, but this is not out of keeping with the music. Serafin keeps things moving in his usual knowing way.

Mozart: The Marriage of Figaro
Erich Leinsdorf conducting Giorgio Tozzi, Roberta Peters, Lisa della Casa, George London, Rosalind Elias, other singers; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and State Opera chorus; RCA Victor LSC-6408 (stereo) and LM-6408: four records
We have an embarrassment of riches. In many opinions, including mine, the *Marriage* is the most nearly perfect of all operas; it has everything. And now it has on records, including stereo, two of the most compelling operatic performances ever perpetuated. These are by the late Erich Kleiber, for London, and by Leinsdorf, now, for RCA Victor. It is impossible to choose between them. Kleiber's was a very early stereo recording, but a marvelous one. He has a flowing line in his continuity that Leinsdorf cannot yet match. But even the inspired easiness Kleiber's singers show cannot make them as good as Leinsdorf's, who are all young and healthy and respondent to his tautness. Probably if I were forced, I would choose the Kleiber, for its orchestral parts, but anyone could live happily ever after with either of these recordings. Both are treasures.

Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra
Herbert von Karajan conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Willi Boskovsky, solo violin; London CS-6129 (stereo)
I do not care as much as I once did for Strauss's immensely scored Zoroaster-Nietzsche oratory, but no one can deny that it makes a wonderful exercise in high fidelity, from the organ snore at the start to the great gonging at the end. I attended the sessions when this version was made by John Culshaw's demonic London engineers. They rented a 2500-pound church bell from a Vienna foundry for the penultimate passage. They also had to hire five men to play it: one to hit it with a sledge, four (in white coats, like hospital orderlies) to leap in and hug it, so it would stop vibrating. The orchestra could not help laughing whenever this happened, but they were able to muffle their mirth with handkerchiefs, so naught went amiss. Karajan, a sound enthusiast himself, got more and more exultant as the taping progressed, and you will see why when, and if, you hear the record. This is about the most tintinnabulation that modern science can give to the listener for five dollars.

Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker
Robert Irving conducting New York City Ballet Orchestra and Choir of the Little Church Around the Corner; Kapp 5007-S (stereo) and 5007: two records
Being no balletomane, I made my first acquaintance with Robert Irving by way of a record, RCA Bluebird's *Boutique Fantasque*, now, alas, gone. As it seemed to me then, it seems to me now that he is the best conductor of ballet music in the world. Apparently the Sadler's Wells and New York City Ballet companies share this approval, and now Kapp Records is spreading the benefit. I wish they had got a real musket to shoot, as Mercury did back in 1956 for their complete *Nutcracker*, when the mice and the toys go to war, but music is more important than muskets. Irving's music has a wonderful lifting lilt to it; you almost want to dance yourself. The sound gets scratchy in the inner grooves but, once more, the music makes you forget the flaws. I don't know of anybody else who can put the feeling of dance so well onto records. The youngsters from the Church of the Transfiguration are a delight.

Whitman: Selections from Leaves of Grass
Ed Begley, reader; Caedmon 1037
Ten poems figure here, including one big one: *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*. Caedmon has made this mature and retrospective, which is probably right. The veteran actor, Begley, a star since he played in *Patterns* for TV and Hollywood, makes the reading virile and tragic: the hissing sea urges "Death!" but he and we are not quite persuaded. Yet we still know the yearning of the boy Whitman, on the beach, suffering a loss of love in share with a bereft brown shore bird from Alabama.

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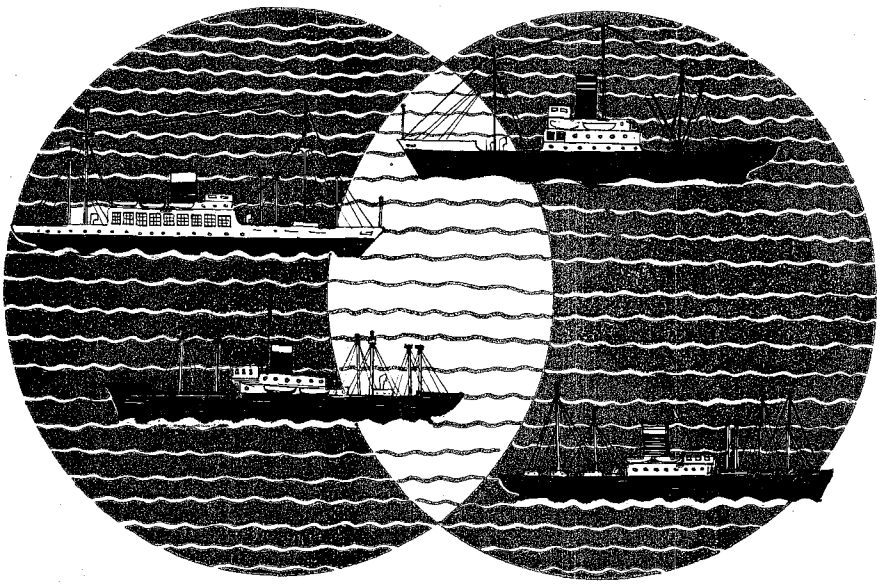

ALL ABOUT FREIGHTERS

BY NORMAN D. FORD

If one likens big passenger liners to floating resort hotels, then freighters correspond to working dude ranches. All cargo ships may carry up to twelve passengers without a doctor on board, and nowadays most do. The fortunate dozen find themselves quartered in spacious, outside, midship cabins — equivalent to expensive first-class accommodations on liners — with a seat at the captain's table and the run of practically the entire ship.

For all this, fares range roughly from $25 a day for short trips to a low of $7 for long round-voyage cruises lasting from three to six months. On freighters, cargo pays the way; passenger fares are so much extra gravy. A typical American freighter carries 12,500 tons of cargo and fuel.

A freighter sails the moment the last piece of cargo is aboard and not a moment before. It will go to any other port for cargo when sufficient inducement is offered. All this makes freighter itineraries extremely vague. One never knows exactly from which port a freighter will leave, and a passage ticket typically reads "from last U.S. port to first Japanese port." Ports are added to or dropped from itineraries after the vessels sail. On one ship bound to London the entire cargo was sold in mid-Atlantic to a merchant in Hamburg, and the ship took it there instead. Often a shipmaster, Europe bound, does not know until twenty-four hours before arrival which Continental port he is to enter first.

Of all forms of transportation, freighters are the least predictable, least standardized, and least organized. Travel agents represent only some two thirds of all freighter companies and do not sell tickets on others, which, because they belong to nonconference shipping companies, frequently offer lower fares.

Freighter travel can be distinctly upsetting for anyone with limited vacation time, unless he can connect with one of a handful of Caribbean fruit companies whose vessels run to something approaching timetable schedule. One couple who booked an advertised twelve-day voyage to Europe were delayed eight days when the ship called at Newfoundland and Iceland; on arrival they had to cut their planned twelve-day sightseeing tour to a mere four days.

Yet the coterie of freighter addicts continues to grow. Qualifications are an elasticity of plans to conform to flexible freighter itineraries, a capacity to turn a change of plans into a memorable occasion, and more time than money. For example, during a transatlantic voyage recently I tobogganed down a mountain, fished for trout, and spent a weekend at a spa hotel, all long before setting foot in Europe. This seemingly curious phenomenon was achieved by taking passage from New York on a small Portuguese freighter which called at three Azorean islands and Madeira before reaching Lisbon. The seventeen-day voyage cost $200, less than median cabin-class fare for a five-day crossing by liner, and, though far from luxurious, the little ship's accommodation reflected a great deal of carefully studied comfort.

Getting on a freighter simply amounts to choosing the trip you want, booking passage at least four months in advance — either by writing direct or through a travel agent — and then being ready to go whenever the company sends its wire. One can find out which freighters are in service, where they go, and what they cost by consulting *Ford's Official Freighter Guide* (no connection with author), which lists about three fourths of all sailings from the United States, and Harian's *Travel Routes Around the World*, which gives every freighter and liner service throughout the world.

A great deal of the mystery and confusion surrounding freighter travel evolves from the neophyte's unfamiliarity with the world trade routes. Freighters, in fact, operate only on well-defined trade routes between regions having a surplus of products and other regions which lack these same goods. Thus, since Australia needs nothing from South America, no freighters ply between these continents.

The best short trips are those in eastern Canada and on the Pacific Coast. From Montreal, several Canadian freighters sail on reasonably regular schedules to the mushrooming boom towns of the north St. Lawrence shore and to Newfoundland; a typical eight-day round cruise costs $166 in midsummer. From Los Angeles or San Francisco one may take a short six-day trip aboard some of the most luxurious of European flag freighters to Vancouver at a cost of $95 to $125. Here again, the vagaries of freighter travel

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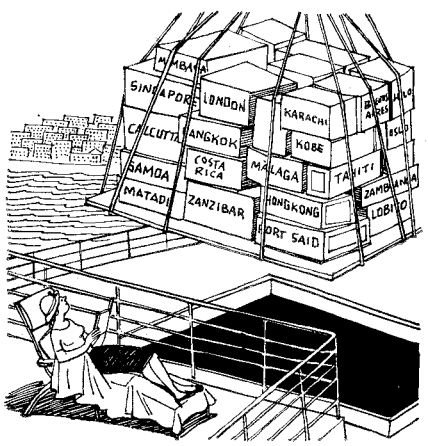
ire such that on many trips calls nay be made en route at Coos Bay, Portland, or Puget Sound, extending the cruise to as long as fifteen days and calling for $20 to $100 more n fare. Actual voyage duration often remains unknown until a day before sailing, and one must simply take potluck on time and fare.

Very comfortable British, American, Scandinavian, and Philippine freighters cover the distance between New York and Panama in six days for an average fare of $150, and one may fly back in under twenty-four hours, return on another freighter, or change ships and make the eight-day voyage up the Pacific Coast to California at a further cost of about $200. Not generally known is the fact that the through coast-to-coast voyage via the Panama Canal is permitted on American flagships only. This trip occupies about two weeks and costs an average of $350.

For those with limited vacation time and a yearning to sail under tropic skies, there are Caribbean round-voyage cruises which operate on surprisingly punctual schedules. From New York and the Gulf, smart yacht-like fruit boats sail weekly for sleepy banana ports in Central America: a sample nineteen-day itinerary takes one from New York to Nassau, Kingston, Port Limón in Costa Rica, Puerto Cortés in Honduras, and back, for $450. A brisk trade in sugar is responsible for short cruises to Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic: a twelve-day cruise from New York to San Juan and Mayagüez in Puerto Rico and to Ciudad Trujillo and return costs $280. Every week a score of



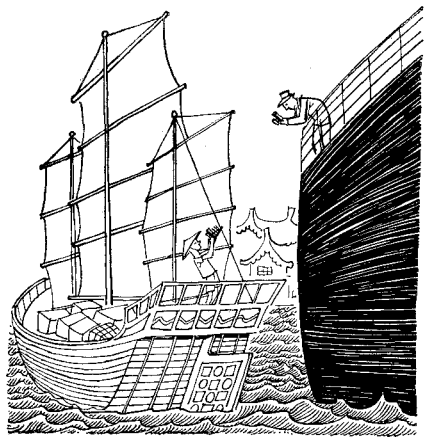
freighters sail for Venezuela, Curaçao, and Trinidad, and the average fourteen-day round cruise costs $400. From Canada there are longer, twenty-eight-day island-hopping cruises through the British West Indies at $445 to $550, and a still longer summertime junket from Chicago down the Great Lakes to Cuba, Jamaica, Venezuela, and return costs $925.

A heavy trade in automobiles and machinery southbound, in coffee, hides, meat, grain, and sugar northbound, creates a steady stream of freighter traffic to South America's east coast. From New York or the Gulf freighters take some fifteen days to reach Rio; they then touch into Santos and Montevideo and arrive at Buenos Aires in twenty-two to twenty-eight days. Both American and European freighters serve this route; among the best ships are the Norwegian Ivaran and Nopal Lines and the Danish Torm Line ships — all well-appointed vessels, spotless and immaculate, with cheerful cabins, lounge, and smoke room, and a really excellent Scandinavian cuisine which invariably includes midday smorgasbord. Fares average $325 to Rio, $425 to Buenos Aires, and about $800 for the round trip.

With confirmed advance reservations, one may complete a unique triangular voyage, sailing down to Buenos Aires on a Moore-McCormack freighter, going to Cape Town on a Dutch ship, and returning to New York on an American flag Farrell Lines freighter; all three lines allow a 10 per cent fare reduction, and the combined voyage yields some sixty-two days of cruising for $1205 to $1309. Naturally, a great deal of both South America and South Africa can be seen while awaiting connections.

Lighter trade with South America's west coast results in somewhat fewer freighters sailing down to Valparaiso. From the East Coast or Gulf, ships transit the Panama Canal, then hug the Andean coast for 2500 miles. Calls are made at Buenaventura, Colombia; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Callao, Peru, eight miles from colonial Lima; and Valparaiso, Chile, as well as many smaller ports. From Callao, most passengers manage a quick flight to the Inca cities of Cuzco and Machu Picchu high in the Andes, while Chile's mountain-rimmed capital, Santiago, lies at only a three-hour bus ride from Valparaiso. Fares to Valparaiso range from $300 to $500, and the voyage takes twenty-one to twenty-five days.

Freighters to North Europe sail from almost every port in North America. Thanks to the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Chicagoan can board a freighter almost at his doorstep and sixteen days later walk down the gangplank in England or Germany. From the East Coast, one may choose from comfortable German tramps charging as little as $125 to really excellent Belgian, German, Scandinavian, and Dutch vessels. Companies with solid reputations include the Belgian, Cosmopolitan, Red Star, Hamburg American, and Swedish American Lines,



all taking nine to eleven days and charging $185 to $270. From the Gulf, I would suggest the Independent Gulf, Hamburg American, or Armamente Deppe Lines, which take fourteen to eighteen days, for $215 to $285. Most freighters sailing from California rank as true pocket-sized luxury liners. For example, the magnificently appointed Johnson Line Swedish ships carry five stewards and one stewardess. Other good freighters are those of the Royal Mail, Furness Pacific, Blue Star, East Asiatic, Hamburg American, Fred Olsen, and Interocean Lines. For the twenty-six-day voyage, fares average $500.

Round-the-world cruises run from ninety to a hundred and fifty days, cost between $1300 and $1600 (up to $3450 by de luxe American mariner-class ships), and are available from American, Japanese, Dutch, and British lines. Among the best are the luxurious British Prince Line ships, staffed by suave East Indian stewards. During the eighteen- to twenty-week voyage, the ships call at twenty-four ports for a fare between $1400 and $2000.

Few freighters actually girdle the globe. Some head east from New York into the Mediterranean and through the Suez Canal to India, Malaya, and Indonesia. Still others

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leave the Pacific Coast for Japan, the Philippines, Malaya, and India. As a result, one may leave California for Bangkok, Singapore, or Calcutta and change there to another freighter bound home through Suez. Several lines or their affiliates offer such round-the-world cruises with a single break of voyage midway. For an eighty-eight-day voyage from California to New York fares start at $956, running up to $1450 for a hundred-and-five-day cruise New York to New York. These arrangements are virtually unknown to most travel agents; the lines to contact are Barber, Hoegh, Maersk, and Nedlloyd — all European flag and widely known for their excellence.

By this same global route — Mediterranean, Far East, Orient, Pacific — one may take a freighter to the Mediterranean or beyond, or from the Pacific Coast to Japan and the Orient. From the East Coast or Gulf to the western Mediterranean fares average $250, and any recommendations would extend to the de luxe Spanish ships of the Aspe Line and the first-rate Concordia Line's Norwegian freighters. Fifty-day round-voyage cruises to the eastern Mediterranean average $800 to $900; those via the more economical Hellenic Line (Greek), only $550 to $600. For India I suggest the truly superb British freighters of Ellerman and Bucknall Company; fares to Calcutta are $635 to $685 for a thirty-six-day voyage. Most other lines charge slightly less. The average freighter takes thirty-four days to Singapore, forty-four to Djakarta, and rates are $550 to $600.

Overlapping these services are the itineraries of some of the most splendid American and Scandinavian freighters, which sail west across the Pacific. From the Pacific Coast, most make a swing through Japan, Hong Kong, and the Philippines; others trade south to Thailand, Indonesia, Malaya, and India. From New York to Japan, fares average $500, to Manila (thirty-three days) $550 to $600, to Hong Kong $700, and to Bangkok (thirty-nine days) $600 to $675. From the Pacific Coast fares are $150 less and voyages approximately thirteen days shorter. Most freighters offer a complete round cruise of fifty to sixty days for about $850. Fall is the coolest season. Almost all lines can be recommended.

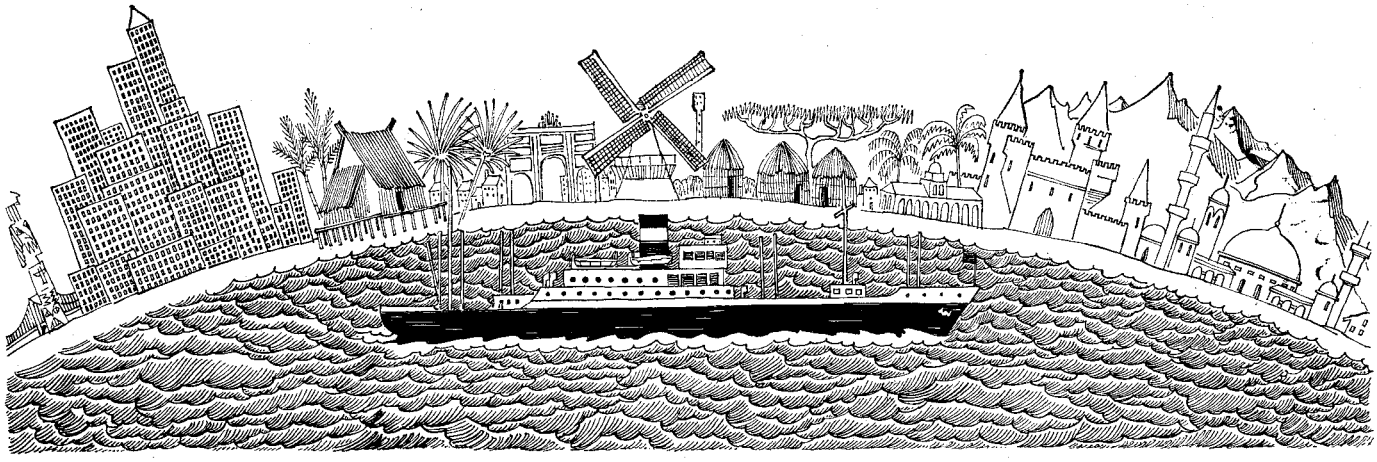
From the United States only one company's freighters sail around Africa. Leaving California, the Nedlloyd Line Dutch ships transit the Panama Canal to Trinidad, cross the South Atlantic to Cape Town, and then trade their way north through Durban, Lourenço Marques, Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar, and Mombasa to Aden, Suez, Málaga, and New York. Fares run from $990 to $1160. All other freighters sail either to West Africa or else to Cape Town and up the east African coast to Mombasa.

West Africa bound, one first sights massive Cape Vert looming over modern Dakar. Freighters then trade along the coast, exchanging cotton goods, liquor, and machinery for latex, palm oil, ores, and other African products. Invariably the final port is Matadi on the Congo or Lobito in Angola. Travelers may choose between Belgian, American, French, British, and Norwegian ships; fares average $500 to $550 for the twenty-four-day voyage.

Prelude to South Africa is a sixteen-day ocean voyage from New York. On the seventeenth day Table Mountain appears, mantled in a shroud of drifting cloud. For the next twenty-four days, freighters call at some of the most exotic ports on earth: cosmopolitan Durban, continental Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa, Beira, headquarters for safaris to Gorongoza National Park, and fascinating old Arab towns with dhow-packed harbors, such as Mozambique, Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar, and Mombasa. Round cruises of seventy to eighty days run from $920 to $1080, and during the ship's Mombasa turnaround, travel agents have a variety of East African tours for five to twenty-one days. One-way fares to Cape Town are $475 to $500, Lourenço Marques $525 to $600, Mombasa $590 to $650.

That, briefly, is almost the entire list of freighter trips from North America. Each route is also served by more numerous, often more comfortable, and somewhat cheaper freighters from North Europe. With unlimited time, it is possible to take a freighter from, say, California to Valparaiso, cross by air to Buenos Aires, and catch another freighter to Europe for a fare only $300 or so in excess of that charged by other freighters sailing direct from California to Europe. One may also cross to Europe by freighter, spend some time on the Continent, and take another freighter to Africa or the Far East at a total fare below that charged by other freighters sailing direct from North America.

Above all, freighter voyaging requires time. For this reason, perhaps, freighter passengers are usually people able to name their vacation dates — business and professional couples, retired people, actors, writers, college professors, housewives. Time alone is sufficient screening process to guarantee fairly congenial company, a compensation not to be underestimated while living with 12,500 tons of erratic, untimed, undisciplined cargo on a slow boat to Zamboanga.



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A member of the ATLANTIC'S *editorial staff now representing us in Europe,* CURTIS CATE *was born in France and received his education at Harvard and at Oxford. He recently visited Isak Dinesen, the Baronesse Blixen, in Copenhagen to secure the source material for the following appraisal of one of the world's most skillful craftsmen in the field of the short story.*

ISAK DINESEN

BY CURTIS CATE

In a world which is becoming increasingly wedded to the idea that writers are made and not born, Isak Dinesen stands forth as a shining exception. Here is someone who never went to college, never took a course in creative writing, and who has never felt the professional urge to spawn books as Detroit manufacturers mass produce automobiles.

In a half century of creative life, she has written four books of stories and a book of reminiscences about Africa, an average of one book per decade. To this we must add her only novel, *The Angelic Avengers,* but this work, which she likes to call her "illegitimate child," was composed in such a mood of amateur fun that she casually dictated it to a secretary, improvising chapter by chapter as she went along, at a time when her fortunes were at a low ebb and when she wanted to seek relief from the grim monotony of the German occupation of Denmark. When the novel was published at the end of the war, it appeared under a French pseudonym — a second nom de plume, since, like George Sand, she had already hidden behind a man's name, Isak, when her first tales appeared.

There is a somewhat cynical proverb which says: "*À dix-huit ans on adore, à vingt ans on aime, à trente ans on désire, à quarante ans on réfléchit.*" Isak Dinesen had done all these things; she had adored, loved, desired, and reflected before her first book was ever published. She was forty-nine years old when *Seven Gothic Tales* appeared in 1934, which may help to explain why it was a work of such perfection that, had she never put pen to paper again, it alone would have sufficed to assure her a solid niche in European fiction. If I were a teacher of English, I would give my students this book to read to reassure them that not every would-be author of twenty can, or need try to, be a Rimbaud.

In Isak Dinesen the storytelling instinct is a heaven-sent gift. She was born with an imagination charged with such energy that it works even in her dreams. "The moment I fall asleep," she told me not long ago, "I have lovely dreams. I hardly know what people mean when they say they have nightmares. I have them only occasionally, when I am ill or suffer from a high fever. . . . You know," she continued, "I *do* think in modern art that painters are specializing much too much in nightmares. I don't like nightmares, and I don't think nightmares sufficiently important to make a subject for art. Anyone can have a nightmare, then it is over."

We are a long way here from the dark, gloomy universe of Franz Kafka and from that morbid introspection which has cast its pall over so much of modern literature and art. For Isak Dinesen is one of those happy mortals whom Thomas Mann liked to call "the children of sunlight, the children of the Gods" — those who are blessed, not cursed, by the gift of creation.

One often hears it said that, before setting out to write a novel, the aspiring writer should first cut his teeth on the compact grist of the short story. But how often do we hear it suggested that before writing short stories one should begin by telling them? In *Out of Africa* Isak Dinesen has written of her great friend, the English big-game hunter and flyer, Denys Finch-Hatton:

> Denys had a trait of character which to me was very precious, he liked to hear a story told. For I have always thought that I might have cut a figure at the time of the plague of Florence. Fashions have changed, and the art of listening to a narrative has been lost in Europe. The Natives of Africa, who cannot read, have still got it; if you begin to them: "There was a man who walked out on the plain, and there he met another man," you have them all with you, their

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> minds running upon the unknown track of the men on the plain. But white people, even if they feel that they ought to, cannot listen to a recital. If they do not become fidgety, and remember things that should be done at once, they fall asleep. The same people will ask you for something to read, and may then sit all through an evening absorbed in any kind of print handed them, they will even then read a speech. They have become accustomed to take in their impressions by the eye.

Isak Dinesen's love of stories is so great that her tales are peopled with characters who like nothing so much as telling or listening to stories. Whence, I think, the presence of sailors and fishermen in so many of them; for is not the mariner, as in Coleridge's famous poem, the prototype of the eternal storyteller? Thousands of years before the printing press was invented, the Ulysseses and Sindbads of the world were plying the seven seas and filling the monotony of the long, star-filled nights with the recitations of their adventures. Only the desert Bedouin, beneath the fire-filled dome of heaven, feels the same wordless solitude, the same craving for companionship and exchange of fantasies in that soft, sunset hour when he sits cross-legged by his tent and his camels.

It is to this great family of mariners and storytellers that Isak Dinesen belongs. Last winter, when she was in the United States, she would sometimes come into the living room where she was staying and, sitting down by a table, would proceed to entertain the privileged guests invited in to meet her. "I shall tell you a story," she would quietly begin, looking out over the assembled company with her incredibly large, owl-like eyes. And out the story would come, as though pulled from a magician's hat, each new word, each new sentence following effortlessly, faultlessly on the footsteps of its predecessor, without hitch or hesitation. Isak Dinesen admires the modern novel and the good novelist — she once said that discovering *Crome Yellow* was like coming upon a rich, new flower — but she knows that her own art is different and far older. As she once gaily remarked to an interviewer: "I am really three thousand years old, and have dined with Socrates."

The author of *Seven Gothic Tales* was born seventy-four years ago and given the name Karen Dinesen. Her father came from an old country family of Jutland, and from him she inherited a certain yearning for romance and adventure and a taste for letters.

The young daughter's upbringing was of that fruitfully haphazard kind so often found in the nineteenth century. Spurred on by her father and by his memory — for he died when she was only ten, leaving behind him a volume of memoirs about Paris and the Commune and a collection of "hunting letters" (*Boganis' Jagtbreve*) — she browsed at will in the family library, avidly reading Shakespeare, Dante, and other classics. She received private instruction at home and was sent to Switzerland and England to perfect her knowledge of English, which she speaks and writes as fluently as her native tongue, and French.

At the age of twenty she published her first short stories in several Danish literary reviews, but though they were well received, she had no particular desire to be a writer. Much of her time was then devoted to painting, which she made a special trip to Paris to study — a biographical detail of no slight importance, since, along with her other gifts, Isak Dinesen is a loving observer of nature who can make a landscape glow in words like a Ruysdael or a Gainsborough.

In 1913 she was engaged to her cousin, Baron Bror Blixen, and as newlyweds they started life together in East Africa. For the next seventeen years she lived on a large coffee farm in the highlands of Kenya, not far from Nairobi. Here everything held and delighted her artist's eye: the mighty, weightless, ever-changing clouds towering up above the distant, blue Ngong hills; the unfamiliar trees growing up, not in arcs or cupolas, but in flat, horizontal layers; the brilliant, diamond-studded nights, and the new moon lying on its back; the lumbering elephant, padding along as though it had an appointment at the end of the world; the royal lion, its face still red up to the ears from its dawn banquet; the giraffes, looking like long-stemmed, speckled, gigantic flowers; the ballet of the black-crested cranes which, the ritual wing-beating dance completed, would rise from the ground and soar away like the peal of church bells, leaving behind them, as an echo of their flight, a faint chime from the clouds. Not least, the dances of the chalk-smeared Kikuyu and Masai warriors, leaping about with their spears to the rhythmic sound of drums, and the native mind fascinated and enchanted her.

Not all was beauty and light, however, during these years. Her marriage was not a success, and shortly after World War I she and her husband were divorced. While he gave himself up to big-game hunting, she was left to tend some ten thousand acres of farmland against periodic assaults of drought and locusts. From the start it was a losing battle, for the plateau on which the farm was situated was too high for successful coffee raising. The dreaded day finally arrived when she knew that she would have to sell the farm that

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had been her home for so many years and bid good-by to her friends and to all her native servants, who had come to look upon her as some kind of divinity. As though this were not misfortune enough, just as she was preparing to leave Africa, her greatest friend, Denys Finch-Hatton, was killed in an airplane accident.

Yet out of all these mingled joys and sorrows there sprang a book which soars and sings. Bernardine Kielty, who visited the Dark Continent after reading *Out of Africa*, has said that she knows of no book that has so lyrically caught the spell of Africa. It may well have been this book of beautiful reminiscence, as much as *Seven Gothic Tales* and *Winter's Tales*, which moved Hemingway to say, when he received the Nobel Prize for Literature, that it should have gone to Isak Dinesen.

The ways of Providence are mysterious, and the stonyhearted Nemesis which brought Isak Dinesen back to her native Denmark in 1931 may have secretly intended to free her from her myriad agricultural preoccupations in Kenya so that she could at last find the time to apply that final seal of perfection to the tales she told her friends. After the publication of *Winter's Tales*, which was smuggled out of occupied Denmark and published in the United States in the middle of World War II (1942), fifteen years were to elapse before she was ready to let the world see another group of her stories. This collection, which had an air of finality about it and was called *Last Tales*, was published in 1957. But it was followed one year later — as though a delightful surprise to both author and public — by another, smaller volume of five stories, entitled *Anecdotes of Destiny*.

"This is played on a lighter instrument," she remarked to me recently. "You might say it was played on a flute, where the others were played on a violin or a cello." And it is so indeed, for we have only to read "The Immortal Story" — the tale of a wealthy tea trader obsessed with the idea of bringing literature to life and of playing the part of puppetmaster with human beings — and compare its happy ending to that of "The Poet" (in *Seven Gothic Tales*), where a similar theme is worked out to a quite different and tragic conclusion against the somber organ notes of *Faust*.

Today Isak Dinesen lives, as she has done for the past quarter of a century, in the coastal village of Rungsted, in a tall-roofed, eighteenth-century house which was once an inn where Denmark's greatest lyric poet, Johannes Ewald, lodged for three years in the 1770s. A bare fifty yards away the cold Baltic washes the bone-white strand, close to the road which leads from Copenhagen to Elsinore.

Here, attended by great vases of flowers, old pictures of sailing schooners, and soft lace curtains which trail upon the floor like bridal trains, Isak Dinesen sits at peace with the world. But her hands, like Penelope's, are busy still, weaving new fantasies on the ancient loom of myth. And it is a truly monumental tapestry she is working on today, "a tremendously long novel," she once described it, "which has got a real plot to it, but in which each chapter may still be read as a tale of its own." The title, *Albondocani*, is taken from *The Arabian Nights*, but the novel itself is set in seventeenth-century Naples at a time when it was ruled by the Bourbons. If the live, creative spark that has sustained her through the maladies of the last few years can give Isak Dinesen strength to complete this ambitious design, it will provide a fitting grand finale to the life of one who, though small and frail, has always been a *grande dame*.

Not long ago, in Rungsted, I asked her why she had thought of calling her first book of stories *Seven Gothic Tales*, when in fact they are all set in the nineteenth century. Was it because this age was close enough to the memory of her own youth to be brought back vividly to life, and at the same time glamorous enough to make the stuff of fine stories? She looked at me for a moment out of her extraordinarily deep, penetrating eyes and then said slowly: "Yes, yes, I suppose you can say that, that it was an age I heard older people, an older generation, talking about. But it isn't only that. I think it natural for authors to go back a bit in time. Take Thackeray, for example, with *Vanity Fair*, or even with *Henry Esmond*, though that was going a little further back, or Walter Scott — I don't mean in his medieval novels, but in books like *Guy Mannering* or *The Heart of Midlothian* — or Tolstoy in *War and Peace*. They were all times a bit before, but still close to their own. . . . Yes, you can say that the nineteenth century made a playground for fine stories. The generation before my own has something fascinating for me. You know it so well, yet you say: 'Why did they behave like that?' Now people are not interested in it any more. It is a world that is all gone." She paused as a wisp of distant memory drifted before her eyes. "And when I used the word 'Gothic,'" she went on, in her peculiarly mellow, almost oracular voice, "I didn't mean the real Gothic, but the imitation of the Gothic, the Romantic age of Byron, the age of that man — what was his name? — who built Strawberry Hill, the age of the Gothic revival."

The use of the word "Gothic" in the title of her first work was, as a matter of fact, anything but a literary affectation, for there is more of the genuine Gothic in Isak Dinesen's stories than there is

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in *The Castle of Otranto*. The allusion to Horace Walpole, who was a fully eighteenth-century man of letters, does, however, put us on the right track; for it would be a mistake to think that the deliberately archaic language, particularly in the mode of speech, which so often characterizes Isak Dinesen's tales, owes anything to the influence of nineteenth-century authors like Thackeray or Dickens.

Some time ago I was surprised, while reading an address given by Robert Edmund Jones, to come across a quotation from Isak Dinesen. It had never occurred to me to associate their two names, but in a flash it dawned on me why he had found in her a kindred soul. It was because this inspired *metteur en scène* had immediately recognized in Isak Dinesen a passion for the artistically artificial, deliberately melodramatic, stylized world of the stage. We may not quite realize just what is happening when we open one of her books, but in fact we are softly sinking into the darkened pit at the magic moment when the footlights spring up and cast their golden glow out beyond the heavy velvet folds of the lifting curtain toward the enchanted universe beyond.

Isak Dinesen's tales abound in allusions to the world of the theater, and it is clear that they are not just there as ornamental decoration or metaphorical flourishes. She shares the view that all men of the stage have instinctively acquired: that the world of the theater is, in a way, a truer and more meaningful world than that of everyday life, and that everyday life is never richer than when it rises to the heights of drama.

If we look closely at the characters in her stories, we find that virtually every one of them is aware of some role in life he or she should be playing. These roles need not necessarily be easy or happy ones; they may, on the contrary, be harsh and tragic, but the characters remain faithful to them. For it is not some hedonistic pursuit of happiness which moves them, but fidelity to the play itself — that is, to life lived at its grandest, at its most heroic. Pellegrina Leoni, the Italian diva in "Echoes," who has lost her voice in a fire, accepts the fact that she must wander over the face of Europe as an exile, so that the broken-voiced figure she has become will never cast its shadow over the deathless soprano she once was. Mizzi and her sister, Lotti, in "The Invincible Slave-Owners," recognize that it is their fate to act out the complementary roles of untouchable young daughter and inseparable dueña in the spas and watering places they haunt, lest love and marriage separate them. The young town clerk in "The Poet" knows in advance that in falling in love with the councilor's bride-to-be he will be sealing his own doom. But he does so because "An unhappy love is an inspiring feeling. It has created the greatest works in history. . . . A hopeless passion for his benefactor's wife might make a young poet immortal." So too the Count, that splendid Canute figure in "Sorrow-Acre," accepts the fact that he must be stonehearted in keeping to the terrible terms he has imposed on the peasant widow, who must reap her acre in just one day, because, as he says of her: "Anne-Marie might well feel that I am making light of her exploit if now, at the eleventh hour, I did nullify it by a second word."

This heroic, larger-than-life world, in which the protagonists swear fealty to some ideal greater and more enduring than their transient selves, inevitably seems a bit alien to us, for we have lost this particular sense of life. Our grandfathers and their fathers had it — to such an extent that they brought the stuff of drama into their daily lives. This is the eternal enchantment of the Romantic age: it loved the theater so intensely that it unconsciously adopted its gestures and poses, its sighs and swooning passions, and even its heroic deaths.

Isak Dinesen's tales betray a nostalgic attachment to this age, but in so doing they also touch upon one of the transcendent mysteries of human life. In "The Roads Around Pisa," one of the most intricate and beautiful of her tales, there is a sudden interlude in which two of the leading characters go off to visit a puppet show. At the end of the show the witch appears and says: "The truth, my children, is that we are, all of us, acting in a marionette comedy. What is important more than anything else in a marionette comedy is keeping the ideas of the author clear. This is real happiness in life."

The analogy between the puppet stage and real life is, as Isak Dinesen knows well, much too simple to be true; for where the puppet passively responds to the finger movements of his master, we mortals are not tied by puppet strings to the hands of God. The great drama in human life comes precisely from the solemn obligation imposed on every mortal of discovering the particular role it is his destiny to play. But what happens when, as the witch suggests, the ideas of the author are no longer clear, when the actors are in revolt and no longer recognize the need for either author or allotted role, and when each insists on following his own caprice? Is not the human comedy then bound to degenerate into boundless confusion?

This is, quite simply, the predicament we are in today. And it is this which makes Isak Dinesen, behind her nineteenth-century mask, such a thoroughly twentieth-century writer. We find the same preoccupation with the role in human life

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in the plays of Pirandello or in the philosophy of Ortega y Gasset. But we would look for it in vain in the contemporaries of Byron, for it would never have occurred to them to doubt that they were enacting a mighty drama, in which each man must play his part, in which the king must be faithful to his kingship as the lover to his passion.

Today we have lost this particular vision of the world to such an extent that even the necessity of a role in human life has become problematical. The very floor boards under our feet are no longer sure. For when the presence of the author, of the creator, is no longer clearly felt, when, as Nietzsche shouted, "God is dead," then all is thrown into confusion, the actors no longer know their lines or what roles they are to play. Each man must become his own director, puppet and master, actor and author. Man, everyman, must become a superman.

Isak Dinesen's universe is not that of Friedrich Nietzsche. It is, if such a term can be used, willfully pre-Nietzschean. Yet a similar preoccupation with the human predicament in an age of vast change and perplexity runs through her work. Anyone doubting it should reread "The Deluge at Norderney," in which the floodwaters have been loosed upon the earth, the world turned upside down, and an actor who has usurped the role of a cardinal speculates on the mystery of creation and on the possibility of a revolution in heaven.

"There are only two courses of thought seemly to a person of any intelligence," remarks the Persian storyteller, Mira Jama, in "The Dreamers." "The one is: What am I to do this next moment? — or tonight, or tomorrow? And the other: What did God mean by creating the world, the sea, and the desert, the horse, the winds, amber, fishes, wine?"

Isak Dinesen's tales are peopled with characters who ply themselves with this second, fundamental question, and this is what gives them their peculiar philosophic depth — something we have trouble finding elsewhere in the field of contemporary letters. Though almost every one of her stories is set in the century which proclaimed the theory of evolution, Charles Darwin might just as well have never lived. His name is mentioned only twice, and then as a kind of interloper who has tried to upset the established order of things. For the rest, Isak Dinesen's imaginary universe is essentially the universe of Genesis. It is the world of the Creation, of Adam and Eve, of Noah and the Flood, of Paradise and the lost Eden. It is a world in which the saints smile and in which the Queen of Heaven still sits on her radiant throne. It is a world far closer to that of Henry Adams than to that of Charles Darwin, and it is in this sense that the "Gothic" in *Seven Gothic Tales* finds its supreme justification.

We live in an age which has grown so secular that it sounds strange to hear someone talk in terms of Divine Providence or to question his daily conduct in terms of the Almighty. Even the story of creation, as it is told in Genesis, now sounds to most people like a fairy tale, something which children may believe in but which no educated adult should take seriously. But for Isak Dinesen's characters, precisely because they move on a luminous and higher plane, the great mystery of creation and the intentions of God can be discussed as the most natural thing in the world.

In this enchanted universe the Divine is never far distant. The flowers, the trees, the birds of the air, the elephant of the jungle and the lion of the plains, no less than man, bear witness to the mystery and glory of creation, much as the assembled beasts, in the rainbow arches of the great Gothic cathedrals, join the angelic host in chanting the praises of the Christ of the Apocalypse.

When Isak Dinesen's great forerunner, Hans Christian Andersen, composed his fairy tales, he sought to make them as entertaining for adults as for children. It is questionable if he fully succeeded, despite his poetic genius, wit, and extraordinary faculty for infusing life into the most unexpected and seemingly inanimate objects. His tales, nevertheless, enchant us only to the extent that they reawaken in us echoes of the lost innocence of our infancy.

Isak Dinesen's tales are not written for children. They are far too sophisticated, too psychologically subtle, too philosophically speculative for any but a child genius. This, however, may help to assure them against the skepticism of a down-to-earth age now threatened by a new despotism — that which Dwight MacDonald has brilliantly diagnosed as "The triumph of the fact." Isak Dinesen's stories belong to another realm: the realm of the court ball, of the carnival, of the masquerade. They belong somewhere out in literary space in a constellation brightened by the stars of Shakespeare, Plato, and Guy de Maupassant. These are her torchbearers at the banquet table to which, in the mask of Hoffmann, she bids us sit down with Socrates and talk about eternity.

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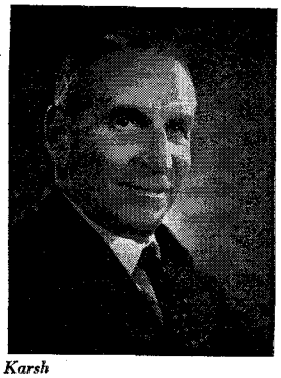
BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE round-table discussions with Soviet writers which we attended in Moscow were sensitive, contentious affairs. They began innocently enough with words of welcome in the foyer and press photographs taken as we seated ourselves; on one side, the four Americans backed by two interpreters, and, facing us, our hosts — novelists, poets, and editors of the Writers' Union. It was clear from the outset that neither side knew very clearly what the other had been doing. The Russians, who tend to be overconfident about their knowledge of America, were quite sure that they had sampled the best of our contemporary writing in their translations of Hemingway — whom they revere above any other living American — Erskine Caldwell, Arthur Miller, and Lillian Hellman. But, on being questioned, they acknowledged that they had no novel of Faulkner's in the works and had read little or nothing of Thornton Wilder, John Hersey, Saul Bellow, James Gould Cozzens, Eudora Welty, J. D. Salinger, and Norman Mailer.

We, for our part, were just as ignorant of their gay young satirist, Sergei Antonov, of their enormously popular war poet, Alexander Tvardovsky, the author of *Horizon Beyond Horizon;* we had never read the essays of Konstantin Paustovsky, a fine stylist, or the novels of Konstantin Fedin, or the comedies by Valentin Kataev. The Russians were eager for the recognition which had been denied by the Cold War; so were we (and for royalties, which up to now have been paid to very few American writers). Both groups had every intention of improving the situation, and we said so, across the table and in our toasts. But then, as we came to closer grips, a note of competition would begin to sound. Our questions would probe into areas that brought a flush; the Russians would retaliate with something equally disparaging, and in a twinkling the give-and-take degenerated into a contest in which each side tried to score against the other. I think it surprised them that, when tempers rose, we Americans should differ so openly among ourselves.

The Russians enjoy contention, they like to score points, they don't lose their tempers, and they are masters of the art of answering the embarrassing question by asking another. When, for instance, we would press them for an explanation of why we could not buy a copy of the New York *Times* or the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune* in Moscow, while they could buy a copy of *Pravda* in Washington or New York, they would look at us reproachfully and ask, did we want them to litter up their bookstores with all of those half-naked women which they saw on the newsstands in New York?

They were franker than this when we approached a subject of vital interest to them and of great curiosity to us: the business of writing to a formula. The prescription that novelists should celebrate "a positive hero," should be puritanical in matters of sex, should avoid criticism which reflects unfavorably on the state, and should seek for a happy, rather than a tragic, ending could be, we thought, stultifying. Russian writers have long had to contend against one form of restraint or another (we, too, as I admitted, have seen books banned, in the twenties and under the pressure of McCarthy), and to judge from Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Turgenev, and Chekhov, each of whom was censored in his day, they have done magnificently well in their statement of truth. Our question — and it was intended sincerely, not as a taunt — was, simply, how far could they go in breaking out of the current formula?

This was very difficult to phrase. "How does it feel," said one member of our delegation, "to have to write under such thought control?" This was too much like asking a man when he had stopped beating his wife, and I was relieved when a veteran novelist, Leonid Leonov, came straight to the point. "It is neither easy nor comfortable," he

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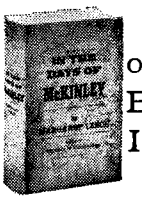

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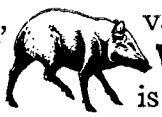

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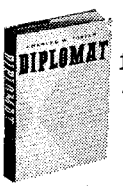

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES **Harper & Brothers**

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said, and he went on to tell of three occasions when he had been reproved for his writing: in 1927, with the publication of his novel *The Thief;* in 1939, when again he was in hot water; and, finally, his difficulties with the play which had been banned in 1947 and not produced until 1954. This was coming clean, and I admired him for it. But most of the other Russians present bridled at the question: it came too close; they took it as an insult. As one of them said to me afterwards, "This was a question we could have responded to after four hours; coming at the outset, it was like a punch on the nose."

The Russian writers defend such compromises as being in the readers' interest, and here again we entered an area where neither side could accept the reactions of the other. According to the Russians, the masses are and should be the final determinant of what is good, and therefore the best books would be those which evoke the greatest response from the greatest mass. A poet present told of having received forty thousand letters in response to a long and dramatic poem of his. Ilya Ehrenburg touched on the same point in our private talk at his *dacha* — the readers are the arbiters, their opinion should decide; it was a thesis we were to hear again and again as we talked with the Writers' Unions in Tashkent and Kiev. This reverence for mass approval was something of which we were suspicious; it went against our grain. *Moby Dick* was not written, we said, with the masses in mind, nor was *Life on the Mississippi*, nor *An American Tragedy*, nor the poems of Emily Dickinson — these were the works of an individual who did not court popular approval, and they have survived because they were good.

As so often happens in round-table discussions, the truest words were spoken afterwards. While we were sampling the grapes, the poet with all those letters drew me aside. "Try to understand our relations with our readers," he said. "During the early years, it was imperative that we reach them and sustain them, and this was increasingly so during the war. Later there will be time for latitude and experiment."

We had the best of interpreters, idiomatic and impartial, and we soon learned how to communicate through them: we learned how much can be transmitted before a pause, and, since it requires more words to convey an idea in Russian than it does in English, we instinctively used the pauses to clarify our next point. Humor — the witticisms and gibes of Paddy Chayevsky — brought an instant smile; Alfred Kazin, our expositor, was lucid and patient and, when challenged, rose to eloquence in his affirmation of the individual's pre-eminence in a democracy. Such group meetings are necessary, and they leave their mark, though never as congenially as a Russian picnic or a supper party in the home. But we learned from them, and I suspect the Russians did, too.

IS THE ICE MELTING?

The question AVERELL HARRIMAN asks in his book PEACE WITH RUSSIA? (Simon and Schuster, $3.00) is one which he is singularly qualified to consider. He went to the Soviet Union in 1926 to wind up, with profit, a large manganese concession in the Caucasus; he was sent back in 1941 with Lord Beaverbrook to negotiate a war aid agreement with Stalin, returned again with Churchill to represent FDR in the first military strategy talks, and was our ambassador to Moscow from the autumn of 1943 to January, 1946. Last spring, he and his wife traveled 18,000 miles in the Union, seeing parts of Central Asia and Siberia hitherto closed and holding extended and candid discussions with Khrushchev.

Harriman was present at the high tide of cooperation during the war; and when, in 1945, he remonstrated with Stalin for not living up to the Yalta agreements, it became all too clear to him that the Soviet government had decided to go its own way and "to press for Communist expansion wherever the opportunity offered." His warnings to this effect were sounded early and often.

This is matter-of-fact prose; what gives it color is Harriman's encounters with the Russian people, his comparisons between Stalin and Mr. K, his account of the advances for which the latter is responsible, and his direct intercourse with the Russian bureaucrats. He speaks of the Russian people's yearning for peace and for friendly relations with the United States, but this sentiment, he believes, will not deflect the leaders in the Kremlin from their "firm faith in the triumphal spread of their doctrine across the globe. For a long time to come we are going to face this threat everywhere." He thinks it remarkable that the Soviet authorities have dominated the pastoral nationalities of Central Asia without signs of friction; he is impressed by the economic developments which are prospering in those republics.

Harriman has never believed that war is inevitable, and looks for some limitation of arms "with adequate controls." Until these have been achieved — and they must be "foolproof" — we cannot consider any relaxation in our defenses, and we must strengthen NATO "as a united and productive community." He says nothing about the possibilities of East-West trade, for which the Russians are so eager, although some notion of the oncoming competition appears in his reference to "the high quality and relatively low cost" of the

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

Aloof from the din of publishers crying their wares with intemperate superlatives, the peripatetic advertiser offers this scientific field guide to the readers on your Christmas list. Where possible, excerpts from reviews will present a simple factual description of the books recommended. The shopper has only to identify the recipient and the job is nearly done.

For those who read every word of the front page of the Sunday *Times Book Review*, these three titles which were introduced there as follows: *The Coming of the New Deal* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. ($6.75) "One of the major works in American historical literature." *A Natural History of New York City* by John Kieran ($5.75) "A remarkable book." Illus. by Henry B. Kane. *The Armada* by Garrett Mattingly ($6.00) "Quite simply, a historical masterpiece."

For those who check the bestseller list: *The Ape in Me* by Cornelia Otis Skinner ($3.00) "Lavishes splendidly deserved invective." *New York Times* *A Natural History of New York City* and *The Coming of the New Deal.*

For men who want to fall in love with a beautiful woman: *The Light of Common Day* by Lady Diana Cooper ($5.00) "Some books bring out the beast in the reviewer. Not this one. Its effect is to make you want to give Lady Diana a big kiss." *New York Times*

For discoverers of first novelists: *Goodbye, Columbus* by Philip Roth ($3.75) "His story is brilliant . . . one catches lampoonings of our swollen and unreal American prosperity that are as observant and charming as Fitzgerald." *Alfred Kazin, the Reporter*

And those who follow our writers of note: *Pursuit of the Prodigal* by Louis Auchincloss ($3.75) "Tells his story with the speed and color of a writer of good adventure yarns." *Saturday Review* *Dance Back the Buffalo* by Milton Lott ($4.50) "Moving, colorful, rich." *New York Times*

And those who want to be beguiled by wit and grace: *Storm in the Village* by "Miss Read" ($3.50) "Rare combination of humor, delicacy, irony and precision." *New York Times* *Love in the Mist* by Rosalie Packard ($3.50) "A grand mixture of positively dancing figures of speech and of sympathetic understanding." *Orville Prescott, New York Times*

For anyone who has visited an art gallery: *A History of Art* by Germain Bazin ($9.00) A survey of the entire record of man's achievements in painting, sculpture and architecture

And for those hundreds of thousands who own *A Field Guide to the Birds: A Field Guide to Bird Songs* ($10.00) Two 12″ LP recordings of the songs and calls of more than 300 species of land and water birds; the latest addition to the Roger Tory Peterson Field Guide Series.

For those who want their news, today's and yesterday's, in depth: *From the Morgenthau Diaries, Years of Crisis, 1928-1938* by John Morton Blum, with a preface by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt ($7.50) "Fresh and vitally significant pages." *New York Times* *The Fourth Branch of Government* by Douglass Cater ($3.50) "A penetrating critique of the dynamics of American publicity." *New York Times* *The Yellow Wind* by William Stevenson ($6.00) "Most readable book on Red China . . . as well informed as the best and singularly fair and just." *New York Herald Tribune*

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For the young scientist and his contemporary on the biography jag: *Realm of Numbers* by Isaac Asimov ($2.75) "A most entertaining and informative blending of modern science, ancient history, word study and general information." *John Kieran.* *The North Star Series* ($1.95 ea.) Written by America's most distinguished authors about famous events and famous people in American history.

For those who would prefer this gift above anything in the bookstore: *The Second World War, An Illustrated History* by Sir Winston Churchill and the Editors of "Life" The most eloquent words of the greatest modern military historian, matched by the best photographic coverage of World War II, and climaxed by the voice of Churchill himself delivering his greatest war-time speeches. The list price of the deluxe edition will be $27.50. For the regular edition (without box and record) $25.00.

Merry Christmas field work.

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latest Soviet imitation of Leicas, and the same might be said for the Chinese Parker pens.

WALTER LIPPMANN

On September 23 at the National Press Club in Washington, Walter Lippmann, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, received an ovation such as has never been accorded to any other American journalist. Mr. Lippmann spoke sagely and modestly about the job of a Washington correspondent and how that job has changed during his lifetime, and the questions that followed reflected the respect and affection with which he is held by his profession.

He began his column in the New York *Herald-Tribune* in 1931, and it was approximately a year later that the *New Yorker* commented upon the Lippmann influence in its cartoon by Barlow of two women in a diner, with one of them remarking, "Of course, I only take a cup of coffee in the morning; a cup of coffee and Walter Lippmann is all I need." To have maintained and amplified that influence through twenty-eight years is a unique achievement. Mr. Lippmann's power of analysis, his self-discipline and discretion, his courage in speaking out, his changes of mind, and the judgments he arrives at in loneliness have been honestly appraised in a symposium of twelve writers, WALTER LIPPMANN AND HIS TIMES (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), edited by MARQUIS CHILDS and JAMES RESTON. Such tributes are usually laudations unopposed; this is not. Rather, we have the good sense of Mark Childs and the hearty humor of Harry Ashmore, a tender period piece by Dr. Carl Binger, Walter's classmate through school and college, Lippmann's early understanding of the problem of Soviet power (1917–1921) by George Kennan, a scholarly estimate of Lippmann's books and their influence by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the critical points in *The Public Philosophy*, with which Reinhold Niebuhr takes issue, and the encompassing, warmhearted summing up by James Reston.

CHANGING RIVERS

RODERICK HAIG-BROWN emigrated from England in his teens, worked as a Canadian lumberjack, and gradually, by the combination of writing and farming, came to possess his twenty-acre home on the banks of the Campbell, famous for its steelheads, cutthroats, and salmon. Here, under idyllic conditions, he wrote his earlier books, *A River Never Sleeps* and *Fisherman's Winter*, and, when duty called, served as a magistrate and juvenile court judge. Then, as were other streams on the Pacific slopes, the Campbell was harnessed by hydroelectric dams. The first dam directed the river into penstocks; the second raised the level of Lower Campbell Lake by fifty-eight feet and flooded out several miles of the stream; the third destroyed the whole of Buttle Lake's beautiful shore line, and with it the main values of Strathcona Park. "The total of destruction has been prodigious, and all to produce industrial power at six mills per kilowatt, which could far better have been done with two or three strategically placed thermal plants." In many of the river engineering projects in the United States and Canada, the giant trees were sent toppling into the stream before the angler could ask for mercy. The gloom was relieved by the fact that the fish did return, though in diminished numbers; and since a man cannot argue against six turbines in operation, the author set out to discover what the altered river was good for. Working his dry fly or a lightly greased Silver Brown, he experienced a series of adventures which make lively telling in his new book, FISHERMAN'S SUMMER (Morrow, $3.75).

In a more reflective mood, he discusses the past and the future. He remarks on how little fishing was attempted by the pioneers George Vancouver and Alexander Mackenzie, and then considers the "angling pressure" of today, when well over thirty million licenses are issued each year in the United States and Canada. He has sound things to say about the stocking of streams, the more cautious use of outboards, and the protection of the redds. Finally, as an incentive and to show the way it ought to be, he writes delectable chapters about his quest for grayling in the arctic and sub-arctic waters, his adventures on the Nimpkish, the Tsable, the Beaverkill, and the Blackhole, which should induce in any spinning barbarian a healthier respect for the preservation of fish and stream.

A FASTIDIOUS NOVELIST

William Dean Howells, an aspiring young poet from Columbus, Ohio, came East in the spring of 1860 to present himself to the Boston Brahmins. His eagerness and his charm had an instantaneous effect upon the first and second editors of the *Atlantic*, James Russell Lowell and James T. Fields, who sized him up as a possible assistant, and with Oliver Wendell Holmes the Younger he struck up a lasting friendship as they walked the Common until two A.M. discussing their futures. Holmes was to serve in the Union Army; Howells, who was twenty-three, had recently published a campaign biography of Lincoln, and as a reward he was appointed our consul in Venice, where he was married in 1862. This exemption from the

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fighting allowed him a ripening period in which to write about his Italian journeys, and when, in 1866, he was asked to join the *Atlantic* staff, he came as both editor and author.

In HOWELLS, HIS LIFE AND WORLD (Dutton, $5.00), VAN WYCK BROOKS introduces us to one of the friendliest and most fastidious men in American letters. It is Mr. Brooks's gift to knit together biography and critical interpretation in such a way that we see a man developing through his books. Howells in his sunlit years was of catholic taste, zestful and perceptive in his reading, and his judgment made him unquestionably the best literary editor of his time. He brought to the *Atlantic* the Westerners Bret Harte, John Hay, and Mark Twain; from the South, George Eggleston's most provocative serial, *A Rebel's Recollections;* he published Henry James's first novel, *Roderick Hudson*, and others; he discovered Charles Warren Stoddard and Sarah Orne Jewett. He did all the proofreading, wrote longhand to all the contributors, and in addition produced book reviews, stories, and poems for the magazine, and later a novel each year. "It seems like rather full work," he said in a masterpiece of understatement.

Howells reviewed *The Innocents Abroad*, and Mark Twain, on his next lecture trip in Boston, dropped in to thank him. They took to each other on sight: they were in and out of each other's lives constantly thereafter, and it was Howells who prodded Mark into writing *Life on the Mississippi* for the *Atlantic's* serial beginning in January, 1875. As he read the manuscript, he remembered that it "almost made the water in his ice pitcher turn muddy." The chapter on their friendship is one of the happiest in the book.

Howells was devoting each morning to his fiction before he resigned his editorship, learning how to fictionalize his own experience and how to delineate the young American women — the girls he had flirted with in Columbus, the daughters whom he had seen ruling their mothers in Boston. "Howells," writes Mr. Brooks, "was never so charming as in his courting episodes, through grape-trellises, in rowboats, in the parlours of summer hotels." He was determined to be realistic, but perhaps because of his magazine training he drew the line against what was illicit or violent. "My children are my censors," he was to say later. "I could not have palpitating divans in my stories." He wrote for an audience four fifths of which, as he knew, was women. He was enormously popular, a craftsman alert to the brilliance of Zola and the power and fullness of Tolstoi. In his ten best he is the American Trollope, but, as Mr. Brooks says, he wrote too much and too often, and it is sad to see him at the end of his career, stranded and in the shadows.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

THE FAR-OFF HILLS

Yesterday BY MARIA DERMOÛT

Recollections of her childhood in Java, by the Dutch authoress of that remarkable poetic novel, *The Ten Thousand Things*. This book, actually her first, is full of shimmering light and color, exotic detail, and eerie but erratic insights into the doings of her elders. A little wonder. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, $3.00.

Segaki BY DAVID STACTON

Set in Japan in the fourteenth century, this story of a Zen Buddhist abbot blends philosophy, mysticism, history, and fantasy and makes a compelling book out of the unlikely mixture. PANTHEON, $3.50.

The Flight of Ikaros BY KEVIN ANDREWS

For four years, Mr. Andrews poked about Greece as an archaeologist, but his book is about the people he met and the ways and feel of their country, and it is written with great love and a superbly effective, flexible style. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, $3.75.

LIFE AT COURT

La Petite BY JOAN SANDERS

Mrs. Sanders' biography of Louise de la Valliere, the gentle girl who became the mistress of Louis XIV because she loved him, is written with charm, skill, and vitality. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, $4.00.

Daughter of France BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

There was more to the life of Louis XIV's hoydenish cousin, La Grande Mademoiselle, than the matrimonial fiasco commemorated by Madame de Sévigné, and this lively, detailed biography does belated justice to that muddleheaded princess. DOUBLEDAY, $4.95.

Richard Coeur de Lion BY PHILIP HENDERSON

A fast-moving, unsentimental life of a too-much-romanticized king, whose gaudy activities still make good reading, although they seem to have been of small benefit to anyone. NORTON, $5.95.

COMEDY

By Rocking Chair Across America
BY ALEX ATKINSON AND RONALD SEARLE

A spoof of life in the United States by Mr. Atkinson, a *Punch* author who has never seen the place, and Mr. Searle, a cartoonist who has seen it too well. FUNK & WAGNALLS, $3.95.

Dear Dead Days BY CHARLES ADDAMS

Rooting through Victorian archives, Mr. Addams has turned up a batch of pictures illustrating all the wholesome virtue of the last century. His trove includes a photograph of a rat hunt in Paris, motorcar massacres, and a two-headed baby. PUTNAM, $3.95.

One Man's Meter BY W. W. WATT

The trials of the citizen, parent, and householder, poor fellow, lamented in impish verses that reduce quiet desperation to unquiet absurdity. RINEHART, $3.00.

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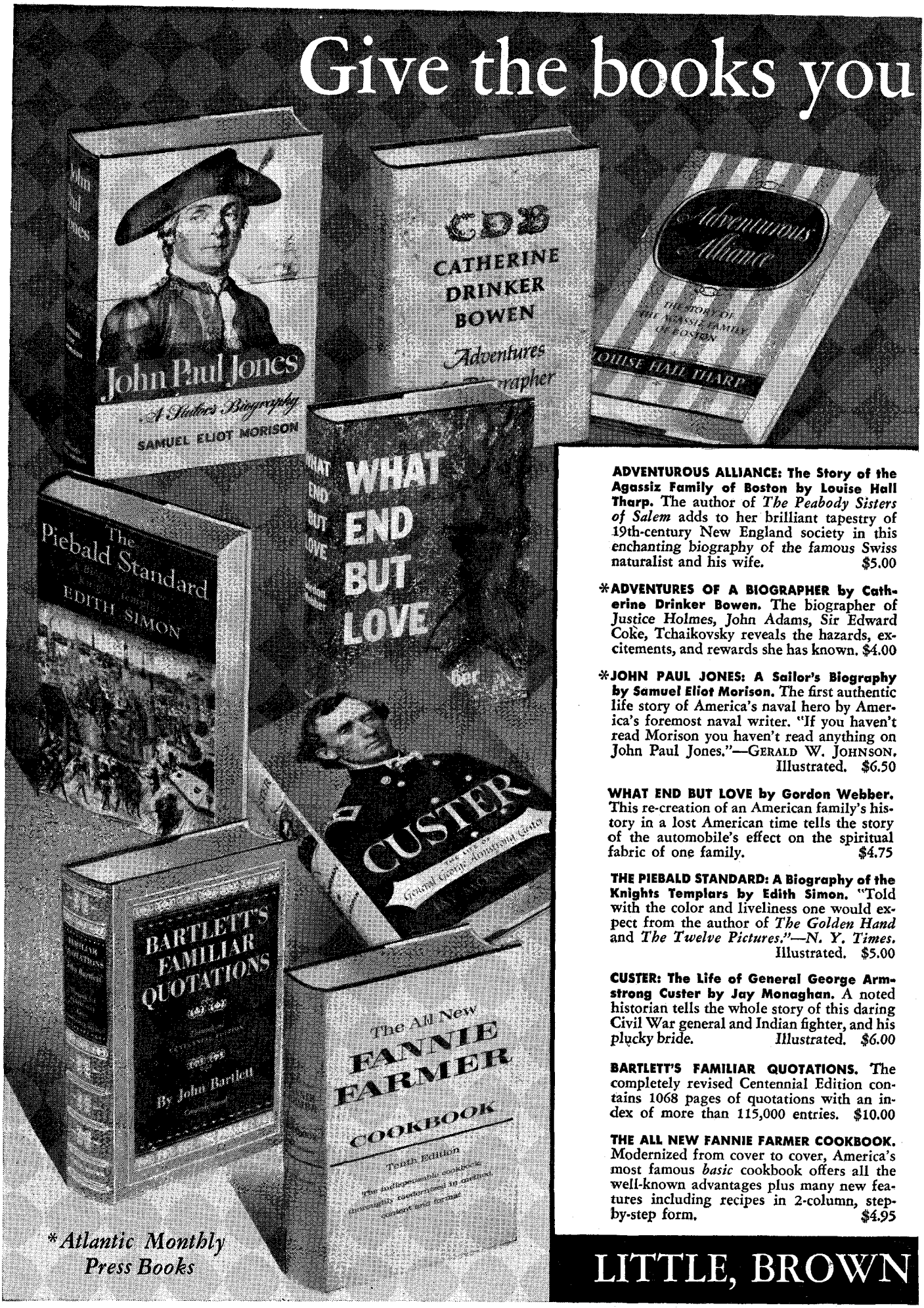

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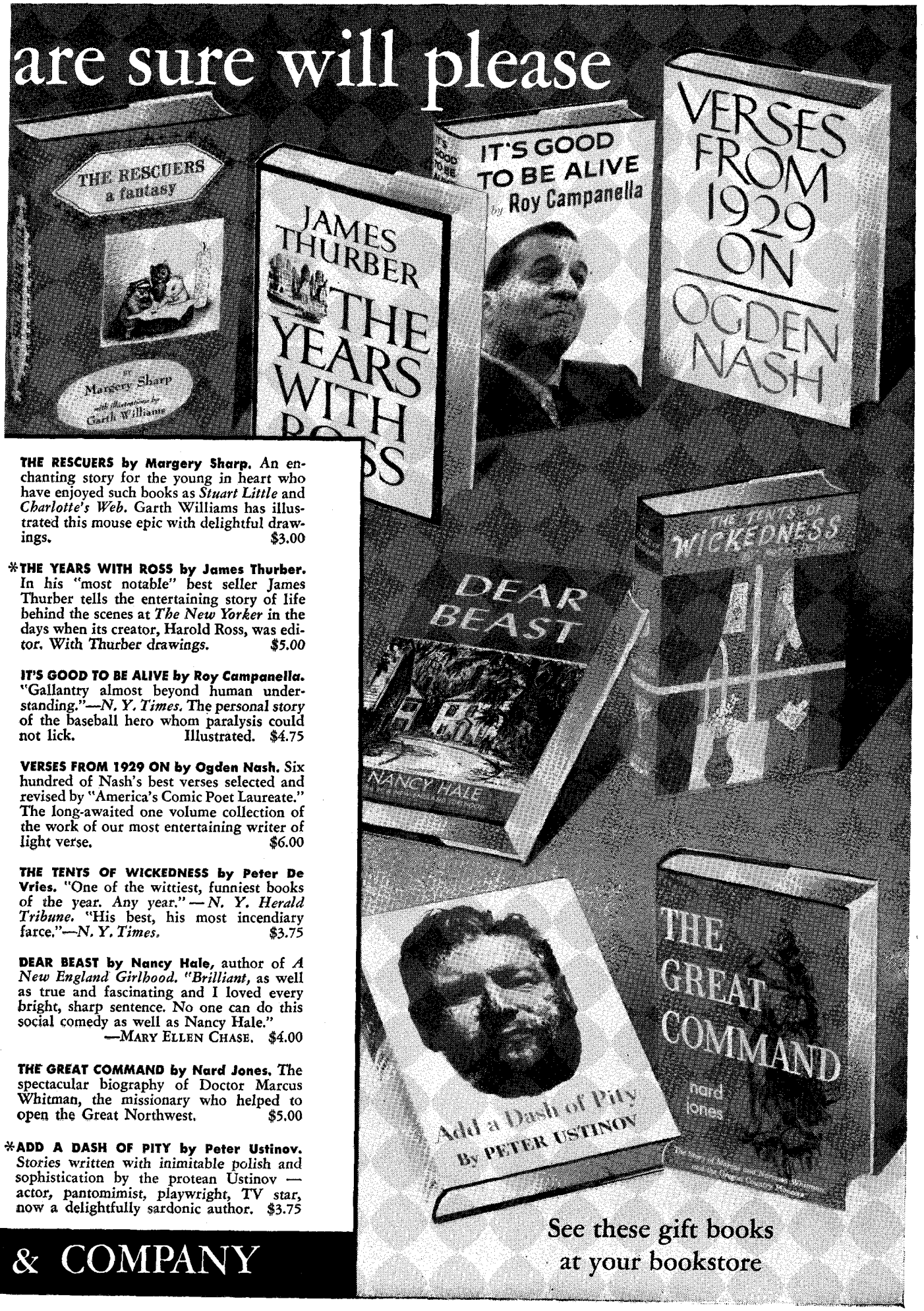

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THE ATLANTIC

Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The new books by NORMAN MAILER and COLIN WILSON are both expressions of the avant-garde or Outsider revolt against the Age of Conformity. Mailer and Wilson feel, as do many non-Outsider critics of contemporary society, that most people have become stiflingly "other-directed," that they have lost their sense of individuality and freedom, their aliveness. Describing themselves as existentialists, Mailer and Wilson argue that man's salvation from this condition lies in turning inward and re-establishing contact with the unconscious sources of his energy — with the *élan vital*. They are acutely hostile, however, to Freudian psychology, on the ground that it promotes a lazy and cowardly adjustment to the existing social order, and they look to a new type of existentialist hero to bring about, in Mailer's phrase, "a revolution in the consciousness of our time." At this point, crucial differences between their outlooks emerge. Mailer's hero is the hate-filled hipster, Wilson's a sort of Shavian superman; and while Mailer develops a tortuous mystique of sex, Wilson asserts the primacy of pure will. In both cases, I feel, a potentially valuable spirit of revolt has gone astray, carrying Mailer into an ugly-tempered perversity and Wilson into crankishness. Both are incorrigible simplifiers, and their visions of revolutionary change have the flavor of literary fantasies, disconnected from social realities.

THE STATURE OF MAN (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00) seems to me considerably less interesting than Wilson's two previous books because much of the argument and of the supporting evidence is thoroughly familiar. The problem to which Wilson initially addresses himself is that of "the vanishing hero" and the "cult of the ordinary chap." Like a great many people, Wilson finds the greater part of modern writing permeated by a sense of defeat and futility; it makes society the hero or the villain, reducing the individual to a cipher. This point is repetitively illustrated in a succession of capsule summaries of sociological works (*The Lonely Crowd*, *The Hidden Persuaders*, *The Organization Man*), contemporary American and English best sellers, and dramas by Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Eugene O'Neill, and John Osborne. Wilson is a Procrustean commentator who ruthlessly makes whatever he reads fit his thesis, and, like most zealots, he is devoid of a sense of the ridiculous. For instance, he gives Goethe a schoolmasterish rap on the knuckles for failing to see that the solution for Faust was to become inner-directed.

Wilson's sociological and literary survey leads him to the conclusion that other-direction has become "such a basic attitude in modern culture that it affects all our thinking." He then proceeds to examine two existentialist writers, Sartre and Camus, who have consciously sought to develop a philosophy of inner-direction, and he finds that they, too, have failed to supply us with an authentic inner-directed hero.

Wilson winds up by trying to envisage a "new, positive Existentialism." He speaks of it fuzzily as "a mystical revolt, based on the recognition that . . . all men are supplied by a power house of will and subconscious drive," that they are all "raw, unqualifiable freedom." Its hero will be "the absurd man," who has caught "the essence of mystical optimism" and directs his desire "toward the unattainable." To one's amazement, Wilson cites, as tentative versions of this hero, those nonmystical *arrivistes*, Julien Sorel, and Joe Lampton of *Room at the Top*. The woolly, speculative character of Wilson's final chapter makes it clear that he has not advanced appreciably from the position he reached in *The Outsider*. Indeed, his work is assuming the pattern of a serialized philosophical suspense story. In each book, he poses a problem and appears to be working his way toward an answer, but ends by hinting that he will have it for us in the next installment.

Norman Mailer's

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FOR MYSELF (Putnam, $5.00) is a collection of his shorter writings, each of which is accompanied by a commentary that is a mixture of autobiography and polemics. The contents include three stories written when Mailer was a Harvard undergraduate and three war stories, interviews, an interesting account of the prepublication history of *The Deer Park* and scenes from the play version of that novel, and two extracts from a long novel in progress, which is intended to be so epically scandalous and subversive that it will probably not be acceptable to any orthodox publisher. Mailer's considerable literary talent shows up in several of these items, and the rowdiness of his polemics makes the going pretty spirited throughout. The book as a whole shapes up as the manifesto of a writer "on his way out": Mailer, in effect, announces that his ambition is to be a Hip reincarnation of the Marquis de Sade. "I wish to attempt an entrance," he writes, "into the mysteries of murder, suicide, incest, orgy . . . to become the first philosopher of Hip."

At one point, Mailer describes himself as a "Marxian anarchist, which is a contradiction in terms." Mailer's weird contradictions are his chief claim to originality; his outlook is largely a jumble of ideas and obsessions in which there are echoes of Sade, Marx, Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence, Gide, Hemingway, and Wilhelm Reich. Mailer proceeds from the hoary Marxist dogma that all our social ills are due to "the crisis of Monopoly Capitalism." The need for socialism has become "unconsciously" compelling enough "to flood with anxiety the psyches of . . . millions," with the result that "everyone in the civilized world is at least in some small degree a sexual cripple." The logic of this critique requires championship of a socialist revolution (which presumably would make the world safe for sex). But Mailer, standing logic on its head appoints himself the prophet of a sexual revolution fomented by the antisocial hipster, whom he labels "the White Negro" (because the Negro, forced into the status of an outlaw, has supposedly retained his primitive sexuality and his aliveness, and the hipster is seeking nourishment from his experience). This new savior is defined by Mailer as "a philosophical psychopath" who has set out courageously to explore "the

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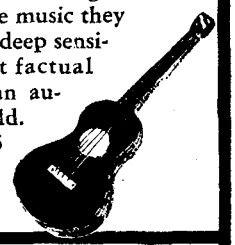

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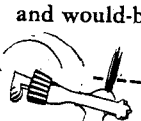

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dangerous imperatives of his psychopathy."

Mailer brushes aside the medical evidence that psychopaths are usually more crippled sexually and emotionally than the average square, and therefore that they are odd candidates for the regenerative mission he has assigned to them. He fails to show why sexual liberation should usher in socialism. And judging from the extracts from his new novel, he conceives of healthy sex as a sort of gladiatorial contest in which one seeks to vanquish a hated adversary and score a victory for the ego. But it is pointless to submit his outlook to rational scrutiny. Mailer himself describes his strictures all too aptly as "the cocky arguments of a bright boy . . . ill-mannered bleeding and gripes," and he admits to being buffeted by megalomania, paranoia, and self-pity. Already, Mailer's cult of "sophisticated" primitivism and animal energy has led him to play around with fancy excuses for murder and rape and with threatening prophecies of "cold murderous liquidations." In one of these passages, he makes the disgusting point that two young hoodlums who bash in the brains of a defenseless storekeeper are at least displaying courage — their act "murders an institution . . . violates private property." The plain fact is that, soured by what he interprets as "defeat" at the hands of "a most loathsome literary world, necrophilic to the core," Mailer has chosen to be a literary terrorist. He has surrendered to that nihilistic immoderation which Camus has so eloquently diagnosed as the source of the great scourges of this century.

THE SPIRIT OF A CITY

Like her *Venice Observed*, MARY MCCARTHY'S THE STONES OF FLORENCE (Harcourt, Brace, $15.00) is a mosaic whose pieces are history, visual description, comment on art, social observation, and what Huxley has called "culture gossip." The text is richly complemented by a hundred and twenty-eight superb photographs in black-and-white, most of them by Evelyn Hofer, and twelve color plates.

With notable exceptions, the literary portraiture of famous cities has tended to suffer from cant, sentimentalism, and either pedantry or brisk superficiality. To this somewhat ailing genre, Miss McCarthy has

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brought an invigorating combination of individuality, adventurous seriousness, and literary brio. Her method reminds me of Cocteau's description of Picasso as "*un chiffonier de génie*" — "an inspired ragpicker" — who ransacks the world for forms he can utilize to convey new truths. Miss McCarthy gives one the impression that she has, in effect, ransacked the past and its works, contemporary life, the landscape, and the market place in a search for clues that will lead her beyond accepted ideas and plausible appearances to her own image of truth.

The Stones of Florence is, I think, a better and more sympathetic book than its remarkable predecessor; more forceful, and more illuminating. I felt that Miss McCarthy rather disapproved of Venice, with its materialistic Byzantine heritage. Florence is clearly more congenial to her. She sees it as a successor to fifth-century Athens — a city with a tradition of sharp, clear thought, a city of radical vision and daring speculation, of drama and struggle, out of whose extremism there came, in the triumphs of Brunelleschi, an art of perfect balance.

Miss McCarthy begins by puncturing the "tooled-leather idea of Florence as a dear bit of the world" handed down to us by the Victorians. Presenting contemporary Florence as a working place committed to modernism and intent on its diversified commerce, she discusses its conduct under fascism and in the war, its unwillingness to be a shrine and its inhospitableness to tourists, its inescapable noise and ubiquitous traffic problem. In the opening pages, she points out Florentine traits, which are further explored in her journey through the past and are gradually drawn together into a unitary whole. The distinctive spirit of Florence takes shape as that of a city-state whose people are stubborn, independent and proud, frugal and austere; highly civilized people whose severe tradition of elegance has been transmitted from the artist to the shoemaker and seamstress and whose genius for the wise government of space now manifests itself in agriculture as it once did in architecture.

The greater part of Miss McCarthy's book is devoted to the art of the Renaissance, and I see no point, not being an authority in this sphere, in quibbling with her interpretations. Whether she is writing

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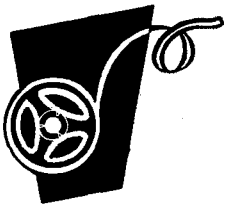

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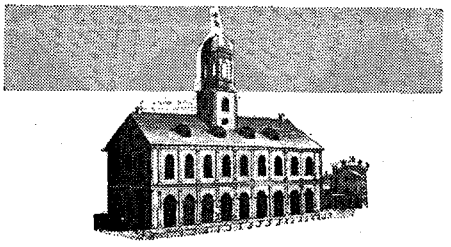

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about the "autumnal" palette of the great Florentine innovators, or the statuary that is the very genius of the republic, or the aberrations of the mannerists, Miss McCarthy is a graphic, precise, and provocative commentator, with an acute sensitivity to the connections between art and life.

A NEGLECTED PRESIDENT

MARGARET LEECH, who won a Pulitzer Prize in 1941 for her *Reveille in Washington*, has written an immensely detailed study of a President who for quite some time has been neglected by biographers. Her IN THE DAYS OF MCKINLEY (Harper, $6.95) is a sympathetic re-evaluation of McKinley and the era to which he gave his name. Miss Leech does not in any way minimize his limitations, but, from her meticulous documentation of his life, he emerges as a firmer, more principled, and more attractive figure than the established image suggests. His tact was so remarkable that it is said that, while Harrison had made an enemy when he awarded an office, McKinley made a friend when he refused one. Although he was a consummately successful politician (someone remarked that he "kept his ear to the ground so close that he got it full of grasshoppers"), he had scruples and standards which he would not violate. His aversion to war was profound, and he allowed his great popularity to change into odium by persisting in his efforts to avert a conflict with Spain.

Five topics are especially prominent in Miss Leech's book: the Spanish-American War and this country's subsequent application of the policy of Manifest Destiny; the continuing controversy over tariffs; the "free silver" issue; McKinley's appointments and the conduct of the men in his Administration; McKinley's devotion to his wife, who suffered from epilepsy, and her behavior as First Lady. This massive concentration on political history seems to me unfortunate in a work of such spacious proportions and one whose title prepares one for a panoramic vista. The social and cultural history of this era of transition and adventure — it witnessed the emergence of realism in American literature, the spread of social Darwinism, the spectacular expansion of all forms of capitalist enterprise, the appearance of Veblen's

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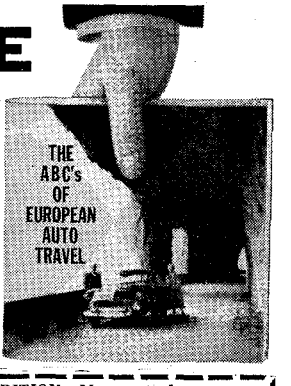

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The Theory of the Leisure Class and of a growing revolt in economic thought against *laissez faire* — is largely neglected. Miss Leech is a highly accomplished historian whose industry and scholarship are matched by her readability. But as the portrait of an age, her book, though masterly in the political sphere, omits significant elements.

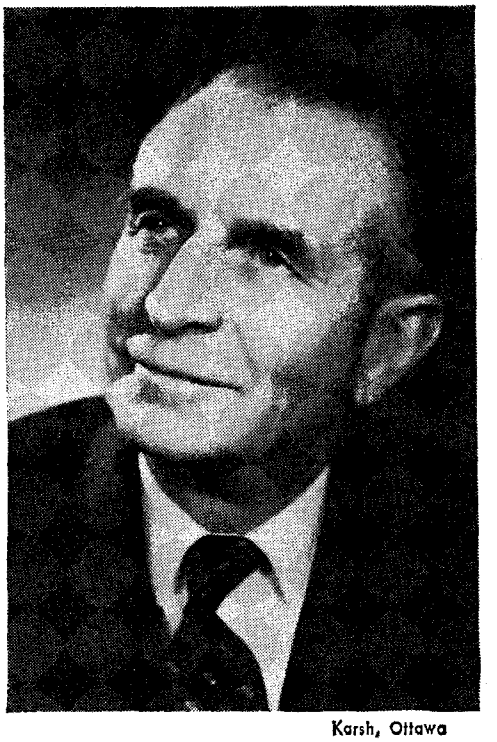
"BASIC ILLEGALITY"

Before coming to this country in 1940, VLADIMIR NABOKOV wrote a number of books in Russian which earned him a considerable reputation in *émigré* circles in Europe. INVITATION TO A BEHEADING (Putnam, $3.95) is the first of these to be translated into English. In a foreword, Nabokov takes issue with the European critics who called the novel "kafkaesque," his refutation being that he had not read Kafka when he wrote it. Certainly the style, like that of *Lolita*, has a pronounced parodic quality which one does not find in Kafka's, and there is a more robust vein of zany farce than in *The Trial* or *The Castle*. Nonetheless, the adjective "kafkaesque" goes a long way toward suggesting the novel's singular character and hallucinatory atmosphere.

Nabokov's hero, Cincinnatus C., has been sentenced to death for "basic illegality"; he is not "transparent," as are all legitimate people in Nabokov's dingy conformist society of the future. The story describes the queer incidents that take place while Cincinnatus is in prison awaiting the unknown day of his execution. Its underlying tension is his struggle not to let his fear and horror seduce him into accepting the "false logic" of everything around him. He insists that the prison staff, his wife, his mother, and his other visitors are parodies of human beings — specters in an unreal world. And in a startling, surrealistic climax he literally causes the world to dissolve.

What is one to make of this bizarre fantasy? My guess is that Nabokov's hero is the artist, and also the ordinary individualist, who is struggling to hold on to his real self in a totalitarian society, or simply the modern world. The novel is original, full of wry comedy, and written with Nabokov's customary virtuosity. But, for reasons which elude me, I found myself reacting to it with something short of enthusiasm.

The story of an editor in action



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In Friendly Candor

by EDWARD WEEKS

Editor of *The Atlantic*

IN FRIENDLY CANDOR is the personal story of a distinguished editor in action. In discovering new writers, as in working with established *Atlantic* authors, Edward Weeks has shown himself to be an editor of integrity and skill. The account of his relationships with those whose books he helped to bring to publication is the heart of this new book. It tells of his education, of his adventures as a young editor, and of his friendships with Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, the war pilots whose collaboration on the BOUNTY TRILOGY and other books was unique; with Mazo de la Roche, whose talent was discovered in the first Atlantic Fiction Contest; with Agnes Newton Keith, the bride in North Borneo who barely survived her three-and-a-half years' imprisonment by the Japanese; with Dr. Harvey Cushing, Hans Zinsser, and other authors old and young.

The editor reveres these writers, but he also examines their craftsmanship with a close and intimate knowledge. He has made his taste and enthusiasm felt among a very large number of distinguished writers, and he has enjoyed a personal acquaintance with many of the interesting people of this generation. IN FRIENDLY CANDOR also gives us light, nostalgic passages about holidays on the trout streams and salmon rivers of England, Canada, and New England. And, in conclusion, Edward Weeks writes of the reflective side of an editor's life and of his aspirations for our ever-changing country.

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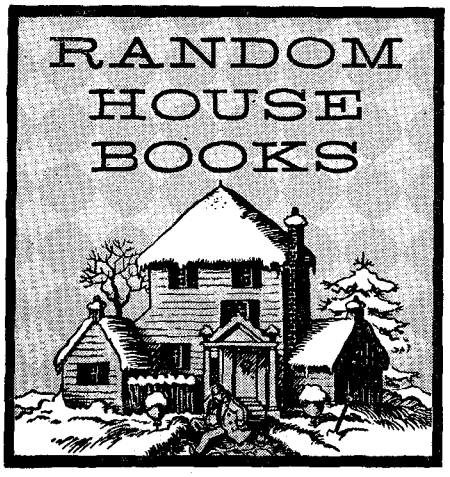

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BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A Christmas List

BY CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of seven juveniles, is children's book editor for the San Francisco CHRONICLE.

Children's books in vast numbers have been tumbling from the presses since midsummer — more than enough to befuddle even the most experienced holiday book shopper. The following selections are noteworthy because of lively presentation of particular subjects, quality of writing, and beautiful illustration and book design. We shall begin in chronological sequence with the picture books.

Three- to six-year-olds were enchanted last year by the ingenious "flap" books written and illustrated by a talented Italian artist. This year, three more stories, THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT, THE ELEPHANT'S WISH, and JIMMY HAS LOST HIS CAP, by BRUNO MUNARI (World), are equally charming. The brief tales, filled with wit and mild suspense, are augmented by a series of doors that, when opened, reveal surprise pictures, one superimposed upon the other in rich, bright color.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS by the Brothers Grimm, with colored lithographs by Felix Hoffman (Harcourt, Brace), a story familiar to many generations of children, is handsomely printed and illustrated in this new edition.

THE CARELESS KANGAROO, written and illustrated by EARLE GOODENOW (Walck), tells of an absent-minded kangaroo who dreamily deposits a koala baby in her pouch, instead of her own child. In her frantic leaps and hops all over the continent of Australia seeking her baby, she encounters many strange birds and beasts. Hilarious pictures in color are in tune with the story.

HUBERT'S HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE, written and illustrated by BILL PEET (Houghton, Mifflin), in humorous rhyme animated with cartoonlike pictures in four colors, tells what happened to Hubert, a lion inordinately proud of his flowing mane. His jungle friends become helplessly entangled in his dilemma as well.

LUCY MCLOCKET by PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, with pictures in dainty pink and green by Helen Stone (Lippincott), is another story in verse — this tale particularly salutary for little girls who are forever losing things, including their mothers, when on shopping expeditions.

THE LITTLE ONE, story and photographs by DARE WRIGHT (Doubleday). Miss Wright, author of those endearing books *The Lonely Doll* and *Holiday for Edith and the Bears*, now writes and photographs the adventures of Persis, another doll, and her two bear companions. The action photographs of Persis with animals, birds, and butterflies will hold the interest of the most intractable child.

SCAREDY CAT by PHYLLIS KRASILOVSKY, pictures by Ninon (Macmillan). Timid children will enjoy listening to this encouraging story of how a kitten, frightened of everything, including his shadow, overcame his fears by boldly investigating objects and noises instead of hiding under the sofa.

BROWN COW FARM, written and illustrated by DAHLOV IPCAR (Doubleday), with its arresting pictures of various farm animals, will take the young child far beyond the ordinary counting books into the realm of simple multiplication, explaining a bit about the life of farm animals.

CIRCUS MAGIC, verses by SHARON BANIGAN, pictures by Katharina Maillard (Dutton), is a sturdily constructed book with pictures of circus favorites in eye-catching color. The text creates a visual image that enhances the picture impact.

THE TIGER HUNT, written and illustrated by MARY VILLAREJO (Knopf), takes a small boy on a safari with a real maharaja, where he meets jungle animals galore and bags a tiger in a surprising, harmless way.

PUPTENTS AND PEBBLES by WILLIAM JAY SMITH, illustrated by Juliet Kepes (Atlantic–Little, Brown). This unusual, nonsense A-B-C has words like "frog-boy," "inkspot," "volcano" to illustrate the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, with an appropriate verse for each word. Lively

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pictures in bright color complement each verse.

PITIDOE THE COLOR MAKER, story and pictures by GLEN DINES (Macmillan). Rainbow colors are expertly splashed on every page throughout this delightful book, even though Pitidoe, apprentice artist, muddies the landscape somewhat upon his first try.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!, written and illustrated by DR. SEUSS (Random House). Any child lucky enough to be flown to Katroo on Smorgasbord's back will be reduced to a happy state of hypnosis by the skillful rhymes and Seussian pictures, in full color, of strange creatures, one of which is a Time Telling Fish. There's a birthday cake, too, of amazing ingredients, and hot dogs that roll endlessly off a spool, plus a Mustard-Off pool for cleanup.

WHICH HORSE IS WILLIAM?, story and pictures by KARLA KUSKIN (Harper). A guessing story with beguiling pictures that supply the key to each question. An amusing bedtime game for the youngest ones.

FIERCE JOHN by EDWARD FENTON, illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Doubleday). John, after a visit to the zoo, decided he was a lion. He couldn't convince his family of his metamorphosis until the artist supplied him with a tail, a mane, and sharp claws, which properly scared his family into hilarious retreat.

MADELINE AND THE GYPSIES, story in verse with appropriate pictures by LUDWIG BEMELMANS (Viking). The inimitable Madeline, who forever attracts trouble, this time gets marooned with her friend Pepito on the top of a Ferris wheel at the circus. Before she gets back to her schoolmates and the long-suffering Miss Clavel, she and Pepito have a riotous time with the gypsies who have been kind enough to rescue them from their lofty perch.

THE PORCUPINE KNOWN AS J.R. by RITA VANDIVERT, photographs by Will Vandivert (Dodd, Mead). When Susan found a baby porcupine and brought it home, her parents were at first horrified, but soon realized that the prickly creature was responsive, easy to handle (with the aid of leather gloves), and a delightful show-off. Excellent, full-page photographs of J.R. in action.

THE REASON FOR THE PELICAN by JOHN CIARDI, illustrated by Madeleine Gekière (Lippincott). In his first book for children, this gifted

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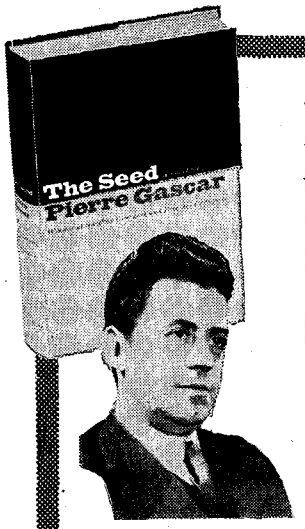

Anthony West of The New Yorker expresses his admiration:

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Germaine Brée in the *Saturday Review:* "'The Seed' is a key to a universe which is moving cautiously toward a warmer, wider human content. It is a moving, revealing book on childhood."

Henri Peyre in the *New York Times Book Review:* "Gascar stands among the finest writers of his generation. Many of the pages in this book are among the truest and the saddest written on the childhood of an orphan boy."

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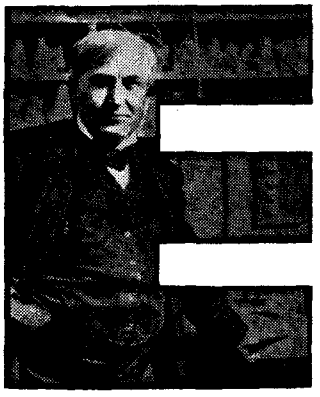

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poet writes on a variety of subjects — animals, birds, and the elements. This slim volume of light nonsense verse, flawlessly executed, makes a worthy shelf companion for Lewis Carroll and W. S. Gilbert.

THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY UMBRELLA by DAVID DEJONG, *illustrated by* Harvey Weiss (Atlantic–Little, Brown). David took his derelict yellow umbrella with him when he went to meet Grandmother, who was arriving for his birthday party. On the way, wondrous additions, including purple fringe, a flamingo handle, and tiny windows — birthday gifts from his friends — made the umbrella unusual indeed. Grandmother's present added the perfect musical touch.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT, retold by LILLIAN QUIGLEY, illustrated by Janice Holland (Scribner's). This thought-provoking fable, *simply written for beginners,* tells of the wise Rajah who, by his logic, quelled the arguments of six blind men, each of whom had a different idea of what an elephant was like by having touched a single part of the great beast. Striking pictures in four colors.

FATHER BEAR COMES HOME by ELSE HOLMELUND MINARIK, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper). Little Bear and his mother, who have carried on so long alone, welcome Father Bear when he returns from an extended fishing trip. Short, easy sentences for beginning readers.

OTTO IN TEXAS, story and pictures by WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS (Viking). Sam Hill, a Texas millionaire, graciously invited Duke and his giant dog, Otto, to visit him, even though Duke had turned down his million-dollar offer to buy the world-famous dog. While the big dog is in Texas, he unearths a rare dinosaur but, more important, exposes three oil rustlers masquerading as gentle grandmothers.

THE BIG FISH by BARBARA GREENOUGH JOHNSON, pictures by Mary Greenough Means (Little, Brown). Pierre, the only boy in a family of six sisters who live in the woods of Northern Quebec, awaited the day when he could go fishing with his father. When the great day arrived, catching a small fish was just a part of the exciting experiences the river and the woods provided. A stimulating story for junior woodsmen.

THE THREE HAPPY LIONS by LOUISE FATIO, pictures by Roger Duvoisin

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(Whittlesey House). François becomes a problem lion when he proves too awkward for a lady's pet and, again, when he fails to be ferocious enough for a circus act. He makes everyone happy, though, when his vocation turns out to be gardening in the park.

THE SEAL THAT COULDN'T SWIM by ALEXIS LADAS, illustrated by Marc Simont (Little, Brown). This true story about a rare baby seal, rescued by a young Greek lieutenant during the last days of World War II, tells how the helpless creature had to be protected from its own foolishness as well as from the superstitious anger of Greek fishermen. An exceptional tale, affectionately told, which children from seven to ten will enjoy.

For this same age group, VOYAGE OF THE SEA WIND by HETTY BURLINGAME BEATTY (Houghton Mifflin) is a salty adventure tale in which small Sandy accompanies his father to Bermuda in a three-masted cargo schooner. In Bermuda, Sandy meets Willie, a little Negro boy who proves to be a helpful friend in several ways, and, when the schooner returns to Boston, Willie goes along for a visit. This story, with its lovely water colors of Bermuda and the sea, is sure to be a favorite.

THE TWO UNCLES OF PABLO by HARRY BEHN, illustrated by Mel Silverman (Harcourt, Brace). Pablo listened respectfully to the advice of his two uncles, the one a lovable braggart, the other an unworldly poet, and then decided, by weighing and balancing, which course to pursue. The author constructs a perceptive narrative, keeping in mind the Mexican temperament and the gentle ebb and flow of Mexican village life.

ESMERALDA AHOY! by ELISABETH FAIRHOLME and PAMELA POWELL, illustrated by Peter Spier (Doubleday). An adventure story spiced with mystery and danger in which four English children spend money given them for rail fare to purchase a river boat instead, and off they go down the Thames.

THE MAGIC CHALK by ZINKEN HOPP, illustrated by Malvin Neset (David McKay). When John found a piece of chalk dropped from a witch's pocket and drew a boy who came to life, that was the beginning of hordes of people and animals that he was able to create. Irresistible fantasy that has won the approval of children in other countries.

MARTIN'S DINOSAUR by REDA DAVIS, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Crowell). An American boy traveling in Wales with his parents encounters a monster in an old Welsh castle, which may have been a dinosaur or a dragon. Whichever it was, the conversation is extremely funny, and the boy and the creature have a gay adventure.

DRUMMER BOY FOR MONTCALM by WILMA PITCHFORD HAYS, illustrated by Alan Moyler (Viking). Readers from ten to fourteen will learn a lot about the famous battle on the Plains of Abraham and how a brave French boy fought for his country.

STONEWALL JACKSON by JONATHAN DANIELS (Random House). A successful biography, in the Landmark series, of the courageous Confederate general who was accidentally shot by his own men.

RANJIT OF THE CIRCUS RING, by ANNE FREELING (Roy), centers about a twelve-year-old chimpanzee trainer but manages to include a great deal of fascinating information about other circus performers and the wild animals who live most of their lives in the confines of a circus tent.

Legacy Books, a new series published by Random House this fall, deal with Greek, Roman, Norse, and German folk tales that have influenced Western culture. THE VOYAGE OF ULYSSES by CLIFTON FADIMAN, illustrated by William Huchinson, harks back to that timeless adventure, covering the disasters and triumphs of the wanderer with skillful deletion of unnecessary verbiage. THE SWORD OF SIEGFRIED by KATHARINE SCHERMAN, illustrated by Douglas Gorsline, another standout in the new series, properly prepares the young reader by first exploring the Wagnerian Ring Cycle before telling the classic saga of Siegfried.

High school students with an eye to a career in science will find MATHEMATICS AND THE PHYSICAL WORLD by MORRIS KLINE (Crowell) stimulating reading. The author has replaced the usual monotony and dryness associated with mathematics with infectious enthusiasm and wit as he shows its relation to nature and science, from the discovery of numbers to the latest developments in calculus.

MEET THE CONGO by JOHN GUNTHER, illustrations by Grisha (Harper). This is an informative report and summary of what is happening to the land and the people of the

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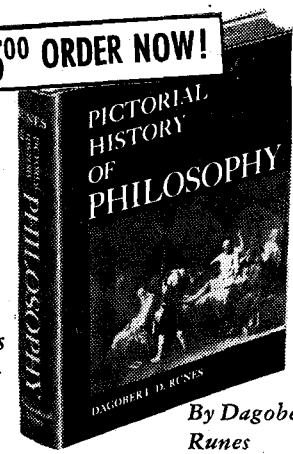

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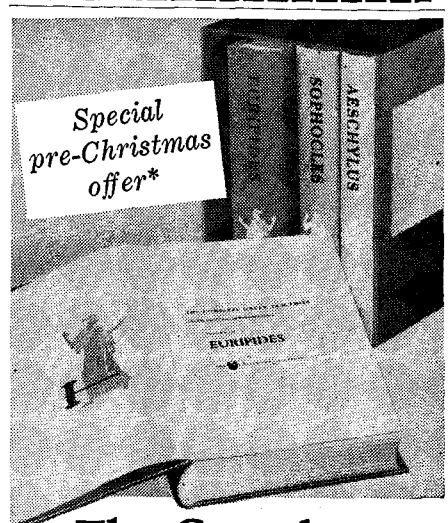

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JOURNEY FOR JEMIMA by GWENDOLYN BOWERS (Walck). High school girls will revel in this fresh, romantic novel set in the United States and Canada during colonial times. Kidnaping, intrigue, and ultimate rescue keep the story moving.

ASHES OF EMPIRE, by MARGUERITE VANCE (Dutton), tells the tragic story of Maximilian and Carlota, the royal European couple who came hopefully and innocently to Mexico to reign over that turbulent country and became martyrs of treachery. Appealingly written, with an excellent historical background.

I MARY by RUTH PAINTER RANDALL, illustrated with photographs (Little, Brown). A moving biography of Mary Todd Lincoln, which clears up many distorted facts about this ambitious Southern belle and stresses her love of husband and family.

THE ST. LAWRENCE by WILLIAM TOYE (Walck). From the sixteenth century to the present, the St. Lawrence has played a leading role in American history. The author tells of the conflicts that involved Americans, French, and British and how, now, for the first time, the river is an important connecting link with the world. Diagrams, photographs, index, and bibliography. Intensely interesting.

ONION JOHN by JOSEPH KRUMGOLD, illustrated by Symeon Shimin (Crowell). Andy, a preadolescent boy, tells in touching, humorous detail of his admiration and belief in a lovable old addlepate who lives in happy poverty in the city dump. Woven into his tale is the conflict at home, particularly with his father, who tries unsuccessfully to impose his own unfulfilled dreams upon Andy.

AMERICA IS BORN by GERALD W. JOHNSON, woodcuts by Leonard Everett Fisher (Morrow). The clear dramatic language in this book takes the three hundred years of our history out of the dull, dry category and into a meaningful, exciting panorama of events that will evoke gratifying response in any child over twelve.

CHRISTMAS STORIES

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, story and pictures by PHYLLIS ROWAND (Little, Brown). In a Christmas story stressing the importance of family love, the author of the popular *George* books tells the results of a small girl's picture letter to Santa Claus. Different interpretations of the letter make Christmas morning a bountiful surprise for everyone. Pastel drawings with true Christmas sparkle.

NINE DAYS TO CHRISTMAS by MARIE HALL ETS and AURORA LABASTIDA, illustrated by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). The youngest child will be completely transported by this lovely story of Mexican Christmas parties, as preparations for Ceci's first one unfold with a visit to the market, then dressing in costume for the party that turned out to have a special magic of its own. Detailed pictures in gay Mexican color.

THE CHRISTMAS MOUSE by ELISABETH WENNING, drawings by Barbara Remington (Holt). Over two hundred years ago, *Silent Night* was sung for the first time in St. Nicholas Church in Austria. This re-creation of the lovely village, the church, the congregation, and particularly the small mouse whose nibbling changed the musical course of a memorable evening, has great charm, with pictures to match.

THE NUTCRACKER by DANIEL WALDEN, pictures by Harold Berson (Lippincott). An interpretation of the famous ballet, with fairylike drawings in soft color of mice, toys, and children decorating each page of text.

Two handsome books of Bible stories are out in time for Christmas giving. The first, STORIES FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT, retold by Piet Worm (Sheed and Ward), is the third volume to come from this talented artist. Printed in Holland in lovely color with gold illumination, this is a collector's item.

The second book, aimed at more advanced readers, BIBLE READINGS, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Nelson), has selections in Biblical language taken from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Color and black-and-white.

THE LITTLE SILVER HOUSE by JENNIE D. LINDQUIST, pictures by Garth Williams (Harper). This pleasant story of Swedish family life, with a shining thread of mystery running through it, tells a great deal about Christmas customs and traditions of the north country. Fine, readable type.

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